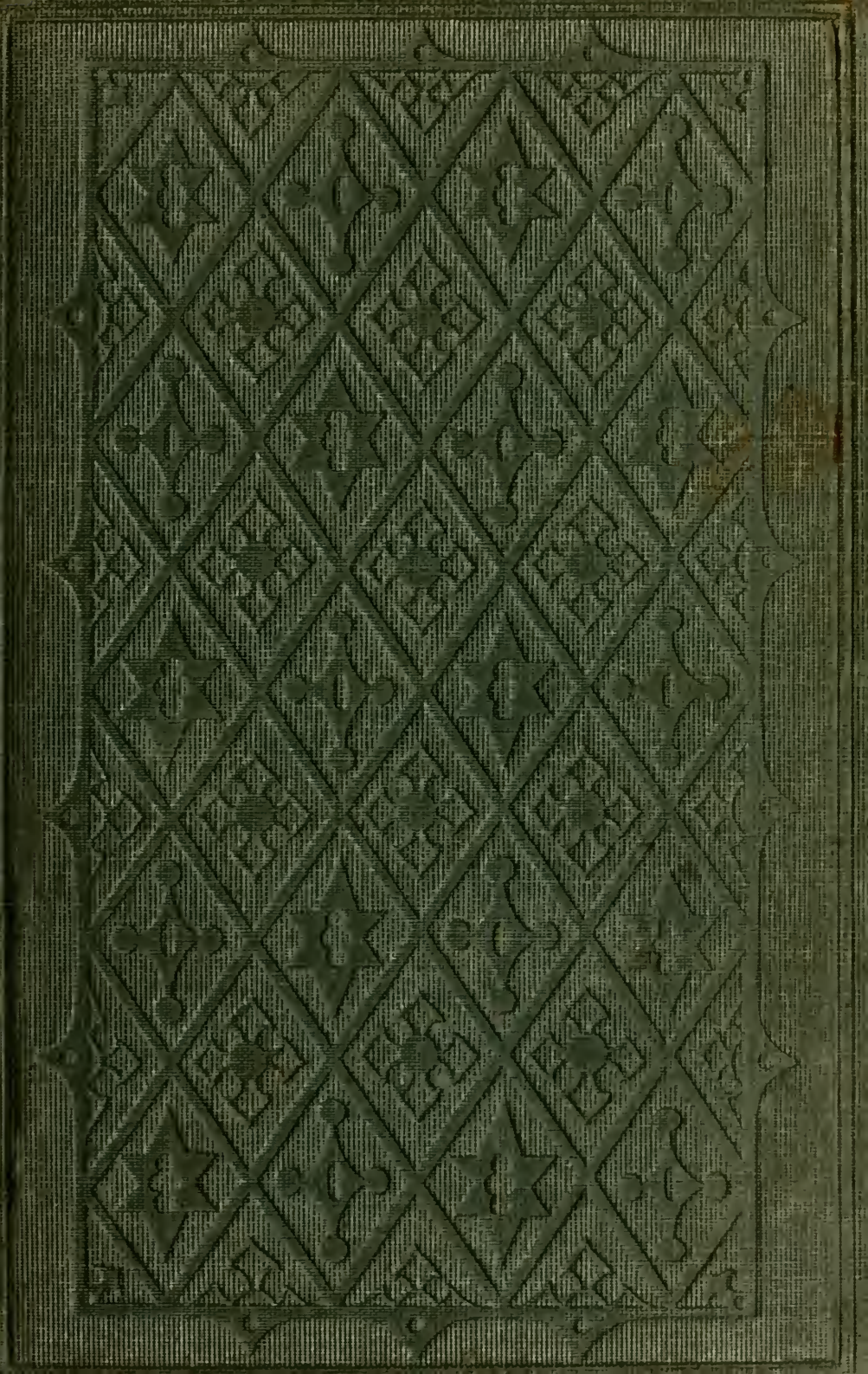

Henry Lazabee
from his friend
A. Duncan
Newark,
Ohio

GROUP OF JAPANESE, SHOWING COSTUMES OF NOBLES, WARRIORS AND PROFESSIONALS.

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE:

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE

IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY,

DURING A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD,

IN A SHIP OF THE LINE.

BY CHAS. NORDHOFF.

AUTHOR OF "THE MERCHANT VESSEL;" "WHALING AND FISHING."

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PREFACE.

THE popular conception of a sailor is—a creature who spins yarns. Like the silk-worm, he is supposed to be forever enveloping himself in a web, spun out of his own brain.

In accordance with this idea, when some two years ago the writer of these pages returned home, after an absence of nine years at sea, he was considered by the young folks a fit subject to levy upon for a story. But, unluckily, yarns are not ever ready on demand, at beck and nod.

It requires various peculiarities in the surroundings, certain favoring circumstances as to time and place, to draw out your real old tar. Let the gale blow, and the good ship plow deeply through the rugged seas, as he lies snugly ensconced under his huge pea-jacket, protected by stout bulwarks from the cold blast and drenching spray, with the bright stars looking kindly down upon him, and you may be sure of a yarn. There is somewhat suggestive

in the scene, and the memories of other times come freely to him, as though driven back on the breeze which roars through the rigging overhead.

But sitting at home, by the fireside, among his friends, there is nothing to remind him of his past life ; the incitement is wanting—the yarn can't be spun.

Not being able, in any other way, to gratify the wishes of certain of my young friends, I have endeavored here to jot down such reminiscences as will not, it is trusted, prove entirely uninteresting. To give a sailor's impressions of a sailor's life, "nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice," has been the aim. Neither exaggerating its hardships—they do not need it—nor highly coloring its delights, whatever those may be, the very plainest truth has been thought sufficient for the purpose in view.

With one more remark, the Book is handed over to the reader. It is to beg indulgence for the frequent occurrence of the first person singular in these pages. The nature of the story renders it impossible to avoid this. And I can only repeat what was once said by an Irishman under somewhat similar circumstances—"Knock out my *I*'s, and what would be the use of me?"

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MAN-OF-WAR LIFE:

OR

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I went to Sea, and how — Difficulties in getting a place on board Ship.

I WENT to school until I was thirteen, when, at my own choice, I was apprenticed to the printing business. I was fond of reading—a regular book-worm—and printing seemed to me, therefore, a most delightful trade. But my constitution would not bear the confinement. Ere I was six months in the "office," I was more weakly and puny than I had ever been, and was taking medicine for general debility. I became alarmed, as my friends thought I would get the consumption if I continued at my chosen trade, and began to cast about for some means to recruit my health. The perusal of books of travel had always given me great pleasure, and in them I had frequently read glowing accounts of the invigorating and restoring powers of the sea air and tropical climes. And so, one day the idea occurred to me to try the salt water.

I had always had an absorbing desire to see somewhat of the great world, and the thought of doing this in the capacity of a sailor, although now for the first time entertained, pleased me exceedingly, and soon took entire possession of my mind. Sleeping or waking, I thought of nothing but the sea, ships, sailors, and the wonders of foreign lands.

So much for the cause which led me to choose the roving life of a sailor, or rather, of the reasons by which I sought to justify to myself the step I was about to take —that of "running away" from home. In common with most Western boys, I had very crude and ill-defined notions of the new phase of existence in which I was about to embark. Marryat's, and Cooper's, and other approved sea novels and tales are delightful reading, but scarcely calculated to give one true views of the life they pretend to describe.

Having managed to save out of my earnings in the printing office the sum of twenty-five dollars, I thought myself amply provided with funds for an independent start in the world. After due consideration, therefore, of the step I was about to take, and laying out my plans as far ahead as I could, one bright September morning, in the year 18—, I took my money in my pocket, two clean shirts and a pair of socks in a bundle, and engaged passage on a steamer about to start for Wheeling, Va. From there, I proceeded to Baltimore, which place I had determined upon as the one in which to make my first trial at obtaining a situation on board ship. Of my sensations upon finding myself actually leaving home, it is not necessary here to speak, except to say that the

feeling of satisfaction at being about to attain a cherished desire, drowned out all regrets. I threw myself upon my own resources, without any feeling of alarm at the result, because I had often heard it said, that "in this country no industrious person could starve," and in simple faith, I determined not to fail in industry or diligence.

Arrived in Baltimore, I spent the first day in wandering about the docks and quays, looking up at the vessels, watching the sailors hoisting in or out cargoes, or busy about their various other duties, and listening admiringly to the songs with which they enlivened their labors. I made choice, in my own mind, of a large vessel, from which were being landed crates and boxes, and which I therefrom took to be a China ship, as the one on board which I would on the morrow apply for a berth. And after looking up at her tall masts, and wondering if I should ever learn to climb the rigging which supported them, I returned to the hotel where I had stayed the previous night, got my supper, and went to bed, praying first for success in my effort to get a place on board ship.

The next morning about eight o'clock, I went on board my China ship, and, after looking about decks a little, walked up to a gentleman whom I heard called captain, and making him my best bow, informed him that I was desirous of obtaining a place as cabin boy or sailor boy in his vessel, and asked him to give me a berth on board.

"Ship you, you little scamp!" said he; "not I; we on't carry runaway boys. Clear out this minute, and don't let me see you about the ship again." And the

captain pointed significantly to the gangway, as the appropriate place for my instant exit.

Without daring to exchange a word, I turned about and hastened on shore. My heart was full. This was my first disappointment, and it was a severe one. I had pleased myself with the idea that I should get a place on that ship, just for the asking, and had never contemplated the possibility of such a rebuff.

"But never mind," thought I to myself, "try again—better luck next time."

But my better luck did not come that day. I walked about the quays all day, applying on board nearly every vessel I could get on board of—but no one wanted a boy. Some "had too many lazy boys already;" others "wouldn't give a boy his grub;" and others yet did not condescend even to allow me to state my business; but as soon as my head was fairly over the rail, ordered me back on shore with:

"We want no loafing boys here."

Meeting with no better success than this, and having made application on board nearly every vessel of any size, in the harbor, I was forced to the conviction that in Baltimore I should not be able to attain my object. I thought of Philadelphia, as the place where I would try next. I had read of the kindness of the Quakers, and having heard Philadelphia called the "Quaker City," indulged the hope that there I should meet with a better reception than had befallen me in Baltimore, and should perhaps be able to induce some kind-hearted captain to take me with him.

Finding that a boat would start for Philadelphia at

seven o'clock that evening, I engaged my passage on board. On examining into the condition of my finances, after paying my passage, I found that I had but two dollars and a half remaining. My heart sank a little, when I saw myself getting so near the end of my means.

It was a dark night, and as I sat alone in a corner of the boat's cabin after starting, I had abundant time to consider on my situation. I was obliged to confess to myself that matters had not gone so well as my over-sanguine hopes had led me to expect. I was alone among strangers, without friends, and nearly at the end of my means. Suppose I could find no captain in Philadelphia willing to take me with him. I pondered awhile on this view of the matter, until my heart grew far too heavy for comfort. At last the thought occurred to me, that as my money was so nearly out, I would waste no more time at present in what appeared to be rather an uncertain search for a ship, but would at once seek work in a printing office in Philadelphia, where I would be earning a livelihood, and be ready for any opportunity to ship, that chance or my own inquiries might throw in my way. This idea raised my spirits a good deal, and so, repeating to myself the additional comforting reflection that "in America there was work for all willing hands," I sank to sleep in my corner, murmuring a prayer to God for success in my efforts on the following day.

After changing from boat to cars, and back to another boat, we finally arrived at Philadelphia at four o'clock in the morning. As soon as it was broad daylight, I took my bundle in my hand and went on shore. There were but few ships ranged along the wharves—a fact which

added strength to my resolution to seek work on shore for the present. Walking up Dock-street, I espied on the corner of Third, a sign, "Daily Sun," and immediately under the bulletin-board a notice, "Boy wanted—apply within." Without stopping to consider, I walked immediately up the front steps and into the office, and asked a gentleman there if he would please give me the situation which I saw by his notice was vacant. After catechising me concerning my whereabouts and my abilities to do—(I being careful not to tell him that I had left home for the purpose of going to sea)—he concluded to take me on trial, promising me a permanent situation if I proved trustworthy and competent. Learning that I had only that morning arrived in the city and was a perfect stranger in it, he kindly procured me a boarding place with a gentleman who was also engaged in the office, under whose hospitable roof I found a home during my stay in Philadelphia.

That evening I was inducted into my new post, which was that of "devil," or boy of all work. My labors lasted from six, P. M., until the time of going to press, generally about midnight, and this it was arranged should pay my board. To defray my other expenses, for clothing, etc., I was allowed to set type during the day time, and was shortly able to earn easily from two to four dollars per week. I was thus, through the kindness of strangers, placed in a situation in which I was able to provide abundantly for all my wants; and I resolved to render myself worthy of this kindness by upright, steady conduct, and was happy in the consciousness of having accomplished this, and secured the esteem of all

who knew me, up to the time when I succeeded in obtaining a place on board ship.

As before said, my desire to become a sailor I confided to no one; yet it continued as strongly within me as ever, and I generally spent my Saturday afternoons (a holiday for the employees on a daily newspaper) down among the shipping, occasionally asking for a berth on board vessels nearly ready for sea, but invariably without success. I was not discouraged, however, but determined to bide my time. Thorough and persevering trial, however, as well as after experience, served to convince me of a fact which I will here dwell a little upon, as a caution to youth who look forward to going to sea, viz.: that it is almost impossible for a boy, unaided by outside influence, to obtain a place on board a merchant vessel. And this for the following reason: this class of vessels is at best but poorly manned, carrying, in sailors' parlance, "no more cats than catch mice"—that is, no more men than are barely sufficient to do the necessary work. Captains are, therefore, extremely loth to encumber themselves with green hands, whom it will be necessary to teach their duties, and who will be worthless at any rate for the first voyage. To obtain a situation even as a cabin boy on board a merchant vessel, it is necessary that the lad's friends should have some influence with the owners or officers. The supply of boys in American ports and vessels is always much greater than the demand; so much so, that lads who have been three or four years at sea, and have about them an air of knowing smartness which is not to be counterfeited, frequently find it a difficult matter to secure a berth.

English merchant vessels are compelled by law to carry a certain number of apprentices. These receive little pay, hard fare, and the severest of treatment; they are, therefore, always anxious to runaway to American vessels, where they are very generally liked and well received, because, although in general far less intelligent than American lads, they are inured to labor and hardship, and consequently, much more useful than the latter. And these English runaways fill every vacant place in American vessels. I have seen a dozen boys come on board a vessel in a single day, in New Orleans, begging the captain to ship them, but without success; and the same holds good of all other seaports.

I soon became convinced that I should not be able to succeed in my desires of going to sea in a merchant vessel, unless I could enlist my new friends in my favor; for when I applied to the owner of a vessel, to whom I was one day shown, he at once refused to ship me, because I was forced to acknowledge that I could bring neither parents nor guardian to him to engage me; and as I was a minor, I could not make an engagement myself. But when I hinted the matter to my friends, they were so unanimous and decided in their disapprobation, that I did not dare to push my entreaties with them.

About this time, a paragraph went the rounds of the press, to the effect, that the United States ship C——, of seventy-four guns, had just been put in commission, under the command of Commodore B—, and would shortly proceed on a voyage to China and Japan, making a stay of some time in the East Indian seas, and finally returning

home by way of Cape Horn, thus circumnavigating the globe: and, furthermore, that the naval rendezvous were at that time shipping hands for this vessel. Here was a voyage such as I had been longing for. To visit the East Indies and China, had always seemed to me the most desirable object of my life. And then to circumnavigate the globe. Shades of Magellan and Cook, was it in my power to follow in your illustrious footsteps! This was, indeed, far transcending my most sanguine hopes. I determined within myself that such a chance should not pass by me.

I lost no time in hunting up the naval rendezvous. Consulting a directory, I found it to be located on Front-street. I immediately proceeded thither, and made application to ship, but was told that they were not yet prepared to ship boys. Calling a few days afterward, I was informed that a sufficient number of boys were already enlisted; and even if they were shipping, they would be unable to take me, unless I was accompanied by my parents or guardian. This was a severe blow to my eager hopes.

Baffled, but not disheartened, and more determined than ever not to be overcome this time, I set my wits to work to consider the next step. But I was completely at a loss, and finally, in my extremity, frankly laid my case before the recruiting officer. After listening impatiently to my short story, he said gruffly:

"Well, I can't do anything for you. You're too late, and we would not dare to ship you now, even if your folks were willing, without you got a special order to that effect from Commodore Elliott."

This was said by way of an annihilator to my hopes, but it suggested to me a new idea, which I immediately proceeded to work upon. There existed, at that time, in Philadelphia, a great deal of political excitement, arising out of the then recent Native American riots. The Sun newspaper, upon which I had so fortunately gotten a situation, was the organ of the Native American party, and its editor, Mr. Lewis C. Levin, had just been elected member of Congress from one of the Philadelphia districts. He was an intimate political and personal friend of Commodore Elliott, at that time commandant of the Navy Yard, and I felt certain that the latter would not hesitate to grant any request of Mr. Levin. Him, therefore, I determined to bring to my assistance. Part of my daily duty was to carry to his house proof-sheets of his editorials, for his final revision. On such occasions, I generally sat in his apartment while he was looking over the proofs, in order to receive any instructions he might desire to send to the office. I took occasion one day when he was in a good humor, having just pitched into foreigners to his own entire satisfaction, to lay my case before him, telling him briefly that I entertained a very strong desire to go to sea; that the United States ship C— was about to sail on just such a voyage as I desired to go, but that the written permission of Commodore Elliott was needed to make my enlistment practicable. I finally asked him, as a very great favor, to give me a few lines to the commodore, stating to the latter that I was not an apprentice to the office, and asking his intervention in my behalf. Levin, who knew nothing of me beyond the fact that I was the office boy who brought his editorials, and

who was too anxious a seeker after popularity to indulge himself in a point-blank refusal, even to a boy, after a little consideration, wrote me a few lines, as follows:

"DEAR COMMODORE:—The bearer, our office boy, or 'devil,' desires to go to China in the United States ship C——. He says, that in order to do this, it is necessary to obtain your permission. Please give him a talking to."

This was *hardly* what I wished but I made my very best bow and "thank you," and determined to make the better use of it. I made no delay in bringing myself to the notice of Commodore Elliott. He was frequently at our office, and it was only a day or two after I received Mr. Levin's note, that I found him alone in the "sanctum," when I brought in the morning papers. Handing him the papers I took the same opportunity to put the note into his hand. After deliberately reading it over, he turned to me and said:

"You young scoundrel, you want to ruin yourself, do you? You want to go to sea. Haven't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"No guardian?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do here?"

"I am errand boy, and also set type, sir."

"Why do you want to go to sea?"

"I want to see the world."

"You want to see the deuce! You ought to be sent to the house of correction."

This not being an argument, but simply an assertion,

I made no answer to. The commodore turned to his papers with an air as though he thought he had settled that matter, while I stood silently by his chair, convinced that he had not, and waiting for a final answer. Seeing that I made no move to go away, he finally said to me, but in a kinder tone of voice:

"Look here my lad; take my advice: get this crazy notion out of your head; learn your trade; study your books; continue a good boy, and you will grow up to be a useful man. If you go to sea, you will be nothing all your life but a vagabond, drunken sailor—a dog for every one to kick at." Then getting up to leave, he added: "Now, think of what I have said. You don't want to become a dirty, drunken old sailor—a miserable fellow who can't be admitted into any decent society. Stay in your place, and be contented to let those who are bigger fools go to sea. Look at me; I have been in the navy all my life, and an officer, which is more than you would ever get to be; but see what a miserable old hunks I am. Boy, if I had a dozen sons, I would gladly see them all in their graves, sooner than at sea."

With these words, he went out of the room, leaving me disappointed, despairing *almost*, of accomplishing my object; but I was too thoroughly determined, to be put off by one denial. Waiting two or three days, I waylaid the commodore, and told him, that after considering upon all he had said to me, I was still inclined seaward as strongly as ever; and therefore requested him to write for me the few necessary words to the recruiting officer. So saying, I laid before him paper and pen, and put on my most beseeching look.

"Confound the boy," said he; "I suppose I shall have to do what he wants."

He wrote: "Officer of the naval rendezvous will ship the bearer—a boy.—Com. C. ELLIOTT," and threw it to me. I thanked him — he told me to go to the devil— and I took the nearest way to the rendezvous, determined to lose no time in testing the efficacy of my "permit." The shipping officer was standing at the office door as I came up, and at the sight of my rather too-well-known face turned impatiently into the room. I followed him in. He looked around, and said pettishly:

"Boy, I've told you a dozen times that we can't ship you. Go away, and don't let me see you any more."

In reply to this, I quietly handed to him the note from the commodore. He looked at it, then at me; then at that again. Then his whole manner changed—he politely asked me to take a seat. I did so.

"This note alters the case, my lad," said he, in the tone of a gentleman—a tone I had not known him to assume before. "So your father is acquainted with Commodore Elliott?" And without stopping for an answer, he rapidly continued: "Did you have hard work to get your mother to let you go? I should think some one would have come down with you, to see you sign the articles; but, I suppose, they just gave you the commodore's note, eh?"

I mechanically said: "Yes."

He did not hear me. There was no explanation needed. I possessed the magic signet before which all doors flew open—all difficulties vanished. The articles of agreement were read over to me in a monotonous drawl;

and I was asked, if I, of my own free will, did propose to sign them—a question which, in my ignorance, I considered highly superfluous, seeing that I had been at so much pains to obtain the chance so to do. At the tinkling of a small bell, I was requested to walk into an adjoining room, where a naval doctor examined into the stoutness of my frame and lungs, and the general soundness of my constitution. A report, in lead pencil, of the result, was placed in my hands, which I rendered up to the man of the drawl, who expressed his satisfaction thereat; and in conclusion, asking me if I was fully aware of all the responsibilities I was about to take upon myself, and would swear to submit to the rules and regulations laid down for the government of the seamen in the United States Navy—questions which I did not presume to answer—told me to "touch the pen," while he very ingeniously wrote my name for me—a matter that I could have performed much more satisfactorily and legibly myself—and then said to me, with an expression of intense relief depicted in his countenance:

"There, my boy; now you belong to Uncle Sam."

I was thereupon asked "when I would go on board;" answered, "immediately;" received a paper certifying that I, ——, was shipped on that day, as first-class boy, for general service in the Navy of the United States; was placed under the care of a rascally-looking Jew slopseller, who, looking at me twice, picked me out a small bag of clothing; was then placed, together with the bag of clothing and a bundle of straw, in a furniture-car, which drove down to the navy yard; and in less than half an hour after speaking to the old

commodore, found myself on board the U. S. Receiving Ship Experiment, lying off the navy yard, Philadelphia.

The whole matter was so quickly over, and I was so fearful of some outside interference to defeat my plans, that I did not take time even to give up my situation, or to bid good-bye to my employers, my friends in the office, or even to the kind people at whose house I had found a home during my stay in Philadelphia. As soon, however, as I collected my scattered senses sufficiently to be able to think, I wrote on shore, explaining my movements, and the reasons for my haste.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE on board a Guardo — How "Green Hands" are fitted out — The Outfitter's game — Free Trade and Sailors' Rights — Sickness on board ship.

THIS was in March, 18—. Arrived on board the Experiment, I was first presented to the officer of the deck, to whom I made a polite bow, receiving in return an outrageous grin; then taken below by the master-at-arms, who turned the contents of my clothes-bag out on deck, kicked them over with his foot, pronounced them "all right," and bade me put them in again; showed me where to put the bag, where to put away my bedding —the straw sack before mentioned—and finally showed to me the limits within which I was expected to confine myself.

Here I must explain the mode of "fitting out" green hands and drunken sailors, when they ship in the United States Navy. Each non-commissioned officer, seaman, landsman, or boy receives, on entering the service, a sum of money amounting to three months' pay of such individual. This sum is designed to defray the expenses of a regular outfit of uniform clothing, bedding, etc., which, by the navy regulations, each man is compelled to have. The old man-of-war's men, who "have learnt a thing or two," when sober, generally take this

advance-money into their own possession, and with it procure the necessary articles. Drunken sailors and green hands, whether men or boys, being unable to fit themselves out, are generally taken in hand by certain speculators in slop-clothing, who loaf about the rendezvous, where their cheatery is in a manner winked at. These thieves become security for the safe delivery on board of the new recruit, and then furnish him, in exchange for his three months' pay, with the articles of clothing enumerated in the navy regulations. To see that all is done fair and aboveboard, it is provided that the master-at-arms shall, on the rendering on board of the recruit, examine his clothing to see that the requisite number of pieces is there. So far, so good; but unfortunately for poor "greeny," the *quality* of the clothing is not made matter of regulation. The consequence of this is, that the slop-seller, while furnishing faithfully the *number*, made too in the fashion required, provides it of stuff which, it is safe to say, can not be found any where else than in the establishments of these thieving outfitters.

I was shipped as first-class boy, at a wage of eight dollars per month. Three months' pay would, therefore, be twenty-four dollars. In return for this the navy regulations required me to become the possessor of the following mentioned articles of clothing, to-wit: "One blue cloth mustering jacket, one pair blue cloth mustering trowsers, two white duck frocks (called shirts on shore) with blue collars, two pair white duck trowsers, two blue flannel shirts, one pea-jacket (overcoat), two pair cotton socks, two pair woolen socks, one pair pumps, one pair shoes, one black tarpaulin hat, one mattress and mattress cover,

two blankets, one pot, pan, spoon, and knife, and one clothes-bag." It is a matter of curiosity, as well as a striking instance of the successful pursuit of dollars, under difficulties, to see how faithfully this list could be copied, without, in one item of them all, coming up to the evident intention of those who made it the standard. For instance, the blue cloth jacket and trowsers, which are only for *mustering* in on special occasions, are supposed to be made of very fine blue cloth. Those with which I was furnished by my friend, the Jew, were made of a species of rusty-looking serge, of which an old salt gave me a most faithful description, when he said it was "made of dogs' hair and oakum, and cost three pence an armfull," and added, "one might take a bull-dog by the neck and heels and fling him between any two threads of it." The white duck frocks and trowsers were made of yellow bagging, which, so coarse was its texture, would scarcely hold peas; and which was warranted not to last beyond the first washing. Instead of the "neat" black silk neckerchief and shining pumps, articles of dress in the excellence of which a true man-of-war's man greatly delights, the recruits are furnished a rusty bamboo rag, and shoes made of varnished brown paper, which vanish before the damp salt air as mist before a bright sun. And in place of the neat tarpaulin, hard as a brick, and almost as heavy, smooth and glossy, as though made of glass, the *crowning* glory of a man-of-war man's costume, was a miserable featherweight of lacquered straw, which imparted to the countenance beneath it a look of indescribable, almost unfathomable greenness, instead of that

knowing, confident air peculiar to an old salt. To complete the list, came the mattress, a coarse sack, loosely stuffed with a mixture of straw, shavings, and old rags—and the blankets, which would *not* serve as riddles for peas. The entire assortment was worth *nothing* to any one except old Robyeknow, the slopseller, himself. Him they probably cost about three dollars. He came on board the next morning to have his account examined and signed, according to the regulations, which, as a final and complete preventive of cheatery, provide that no shore accounts shall be allowed unless the sailor against whom they are brought acknowledges their correctness before an officer. In virtue of this, I was called before the lieutenant of the watch, and asked by the master-at-arms if I was perfectly satisfied with my account, and with all the articles of clothing received. This worthy having previously instructed me that it *was* all right, and that if it was *not*, I would be sent ashore again, I very readily declared my entire satisfaction, "touched the pen,"* and retired, with a smiling assurance from Mr. Robyeknow, that I was a "regular brick," and would no doubt become an admiral, if I lived long enough.

But to return to the time of my first arrival on board. I was shown the way "forward," where I found assembled, some standing, some sitting, some lying down, one reading, several sewing, and the balance either spinning yarns or asleep, about two dozen regular old tars. They all, but one or two, bore about them the marks of recent excesses, and smelt strongly of bad liquor—which I after-

*The phrase for signing one's name to an account or other document.

ward found was smuggled on board in no inconsiderable quantities. Leaving out the liquor, they were fine, bronzed, weather-beaten looking fellows, with broad shoulders and well-knit, massive frames. My diffidence did not permit me to intrude myself upon their august presence, and I, therefore, took a seat on a shot-box, at a little distance from the group. Presently one of the most sober of them approached me, saying:

"Well, boy, they shipped you, did they?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"You'd better have gone and hung yourself first," growled out one of the others.

"Leave the boy alone, will you," retorted the one who had spoken first; "don't frighten him to death. Don't you see he's as green as grass? Who got you to ship, my lad?"

"Nobody; I wanted to be a sailor."

"Oh," said he, with a look of great enlightenment; well, you've come to rather an out-of-the-way place to learn sailorship, to be sure. And you fell into old Robye-know's clutches at the first jump. Well, the old scoundrel *did* me once. When you're green, you have to suffer."

After some further conversation, in which my personal appearance, as well as my desire to become a sailor, were pretty freely criticised and commented upon, my friend, the master-at-arms, placed in my hands an oblong strip of stout canvas, having a number of strings tied to each end, and informed me that this was my hammock, in which I was to sleep. I had read of sailors sleeping in hammocks, but had before this no proper or definite idea of what might be the shape of that most necessary article. As I was holding it in my hands, with rather a puzzled air,

the sailor who had first spoken to me, took me in charge, to enlighten me as to the manner of its use. We proceeded to the lower deck, where I was shown a number of hooks set into the beams and carlings overhead. The little strings before mentioned—*clews* they are called—I now found, were used to suspend the hammock between two of these hooks, thus making a swinging *bedstead*, at an altitude of about four feet from the deck or floor. Into this *bedstead* were now placed my rag-and-shaving mattress and dog's hair blankets, and the affair was pronounced ready for occupancy, by my guide.

"But," said I, "it swings." I was ashamed to confess that I was afraid to fall out of so unsteady a resting-place.

"Now let us see if you can jump in," was his only reply. A matchtub was brought for me to stand upon, in order that I might be able to reach my hands to the hooks overhead; then I was told to catch hold with my hands of two of the hooks, give my body a swing, and alight in the hammock. One of the sailors went through the performance, in order, as he said, to satisfy me that it was "as easy as eating soft tack and butter;" and then all stood clear for me. I made all due preparation, held my breath tightly, gave my lower extremities a hoist, but touching the side of the hammock slightly as I rose in the air, it slipped from under me, and I launched clear over, and landed on deck, on the other side of it, with a thump, that made all hands grin.

"Try again," was the word, and the next time, with the help of a lift from one of the men, I succeeded in placing myself fairly in my bed. Here I soon found that

it was not a difficult matter to keep from falling out. I was next shown how to tie or "lash" it up, and where to put it.

It was now supper-time, and the cook called out "come and get your tea." I got my pot, pan and spoon, as the rest did, and proceeded to the "galley," or cooking range, where each individual was served with a quart of tea, ready sweetened, with which we betook ourselves to the "mess," a place on the lower deck, where, in a "mess chest," are kept the bread and meat, and whatever else may constitute the daily allowance of food. Here the individual who was the acting "cook of the mess," had set our supper out on a "mess cloth" on deck. It consisted of sea-bread, raw salt pork, cold boiled potatoes, and vinegar. We gathered around the cloth, each one bringing his tea, and a seat, although some squatted right down on deck. When all was arranged, an old salt said, "well, boys, here's every one for himself, and the d—l for us all—Jack, pass the pork." And this was grace to the first meal I ate in "the service."

I was not a froward boy, and therefore waited patiently for my share until the rest were helped. One of the sailors seeing this, cut me a large slice of fat salt pork, gave it a dip in the vinegar pan, and laying it on a cake of bread, handed it to me, saying, "eat hearty, my lad, and give the ship a good name." I was quite willing to do so, but at sight of the raw meat which was being consumed on all sides of me, my appetite failed me, and I was content to eat a little bread and tea, and look on at the performance of the rest. I soon learned, however, to like sailors' *prog*, especially as I was given to

understand that this was necessary in order to become a thorough sailor myself.

It will be necessary here to give a short description of my new home. Receiving ships, such as the one on board which I now was, are old vessels, dismantled of their guns, and laid up, in the larger seaports, to be used as temporary places of deposit for sailors whose ultimate destination is some vessel just being fitted for sea, and not yet ready to receive her crew. When a vessel of war returns home from a completed cruise, her crew is discharged, and the vessel placed under the hands of Navy Yard men, and by them dismantled, and laid up in ordinary, in the Navy Yard. When she is again ordered for service, she is fitted out at the Navy Yard, and not until ready to receive her stores of ammunition, provisions, etc., does her own future crew go on board. Thus it becomes necessary to have "receiving vessels," on board which the newly shipped hands may be kept until the vessel for which they are intended is ready for their reception.

The discipline on these receiving vessels is very lax, nothing being required of the men but to keep themselves and the vessel moderately clean. None of the rigors of man-of-war discipline are enforced, and the strong arm of authority is not shown or felt, except in a total restriction of liberty to leave the vessel. Being only a sort of transition state, there is much confusion: to which, the liquor so plentifully smuggled on board, adds no inconsiderable share. Most of the old tars make it a point to keep constantly about half drunk, and many of the beginners eagerly follow and even exceed them in this pet

vice. In fact, I had occasion to notice among the green hands a very general and prevalent impression, that the easiest and quickest way to become a thorough sailor was to drink rum and chew tobacco. And many of them shortly succeeded to admiration in these two accomplishments—often far surpassing their models.

Life on board a receiving ship is very monotonous. All hands are called up at daybreak, the decks washed, and then breakfast is had. At eight o'clock all hands are mustered, and the roll called to see that all are present, and this finishes the day's labor. The balance of the time is devoted to talking, reading, singing, sewing, or gazing at the shore, and casting retrospective glances at the pleasures there enjoyed. When once on board the receiving vessel, a return on shore is almost impossible, and a "guardo," as one of these vessels is called by the sailors, is therefore much like a prison.

It is a singular fact, that no sooner has an old man-of-war's man shipped and rendered himself on board the "guardo" than he seems to be suddenly possessed with an inordinate longing to run away from the obligations he has taken upon himself. The shore, of which he was so tired, and so glad to get rid, all at once assumes new charms to him. The memory of past pleasures seems to urge him, with force irresistible, to a return to their scenes, and he spares no pains, nor hesitates at any danger to effect his escape. No step seems too rash nor any sacrifice too great to effect an object which evidently becomes dearer to him in exact proportion to the difficulties attending its attainment.

Our number, on board the Experiment, was gradually

increased by additions from on shore, until at the end of four weeks it reached seventy. Of these, several effected their escape. One, I recollect, had a suit of citizen's clothing provided for him by the kindness of friends on shore, dressed in which, he took advantage of a day when the vessel was open to visitors, and walked past the sentry and officer of the watch, entirely unsuspected, making good his escape without difficulty. Two others, one dark, stormy night, lowered themselves over the bows into the water, and although it was freezing, succeeded in swimming ashore, where one of them was caught within two days after, and returned on board, to be the laughing stock of the rest. And finally, when on the cars, on our way to join the ship at New York, one mad drunken fellow broke out a little window in the side of the car and thrust himself through, while the train was going at full speed. We saw him strike the ground and roll over and over down the embankment, but in a moment more were out of sight. I learned afterwards, incidentally, that singularly enough he escaped with scarcely a scratch.

On the last day of April, it was found there was a sufficient number of men gathered together to make up a draft for New York. We were accordingly mustered and counted off, to get ready for leaving. Bags and hammocks were securely tied and lashed; we dressed ourselves in our best bib and tucker, and then went aboard of the steamer, which had come alongside to take us off. Special care had been taken to prevent smuggling of liquor; and we started off in very tolerable style, an old fifer playing, as we left the town, "The girl I left

behind me." Taking the cars at Camden, we again changed to a steamboat, at Amboy. Here trouble commenced. There was a *bar* on board, which at the request of the draft officer, had been closed. So far so good. Had it been kept strictly closed there would have been no difficulty. But it was soon found out that it was freely opened to retail poison to the citizen passengers, but closed in great haste on the approach of a sailor. This was voted on all hands to be an outrage—"an infringement on the ever-to-be-respected doctrine of Free Trade and Sailor's rights," as a wag of the party observed; and it was determined to punish the discriminating barkeeper by drinking his liquors without paying for them. N sooner said than done. All hands gathered quietly in the vicinity of the aristocratic dram shop, and there formed an impenetrable belt outside the scene of operations. Half a dozen of the stoutest and heaviest fellows then clung together, and making a little run to acquire additional impetus, threw their whole weight against the bar door. Not made for resistance, it flew back on its hinges at the first effort, and the whole crowd entered, just in time to see the coat-tails of the retailer of drams vanishing out of a side door. Our fellows now conducted everything in a quiet and orderly manner. Guards were posted, to prevent intrusion of strangers, and the liquor was at once made way with. Comparatively little was drunk, the most of it being spilt on deck, where it ran out of the scuppers. When all that was to be found had been destroyed, the crowd quietly dispersed, carefully closing the door after them. During the whole time of the proceedings, the deck outside of the bar-room was

filled with the citizen passengers, attracted thither by curiosity to witness the proceedings. They were not allowed, however, to *see* anything. Most of them thought "the sailors" were about right. It was said the officers of the boat remonstrated with the naval officer who had charge of the draft, but he was too sensible a man to interfere.

I need scarcely say here, that the scenes of drunkenness and riotous debauchery of which I had been a witness almost constantly since my entry into the Navy, could not fail of being highly disagreeable to the feelings of a lad like myself, who had been raised among religious people, and was a stranger to the appearance of vice. In truth, I was more than half sickened already of the life which I had embraced with so much ardor. But I had been informed that all this drunkenness and riot found place only in the receiving ships, and would cease when we were once on board our own vessel, and at sea, bound for foreign lands. And then, those foreign lands: if ever any scene of unusual violence, or any superlatively disgusting exhibition of drunken brutality filled my mind with fear and abhorrence of the men among whom I had so eagerly cast my lot, the thought of the strange countries which I was now about to visit, of the wonders of animate and inanimate nature, so long read about, which were to be spread out before my eager eyes, banished all unpleasant thoughts from my mind, and more than reconciled me to the disagreeableness of my position.

Arrived at New York, we were transferred at once on board the vessel for which we were destined, the C——, a seventy-four gun ship, which was then lying off the

Navy Yard, taking in stores, and preparing for sea. Here a new scene of wonder was opened to me. I had often, while at Philadelphia, boarded the large merchant vessels lying at the wharves, and had cause for surprise at the massive strength and solidity of all things about them, but here I found everything on so much greater a scale as to make all I had seen before dwindle down to Lilliputian dimensions. The hight from the water's edge to the top of the railing or bulwark, a distance of about thirty-five feet, gave me at once an idea of the vastness of the entire structure, which an examination of the details confirmed, and which my mind had never conceived of. Used to the sight of nothing larger or more solid than the steamboats which plough the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, I had roamed with surprised astonishment over the larger class of vessels which came to Philadelphia. But here was a vessel which eclipsed those in vastness of structure as far as they were beyond the little schooner boats which dot the Delaware. I stood on deck and looked about me. Forward and aft stretched a long line of guns; amidship were placed two launches, boats capable each of carrying the loading of a moderate sized schooner, and containing at sea, four other boats, laid one within the other. Looking down the hatchway, I saw a long line of ladders, communicating with tier after tier of deck, until the lowest was lost in a darkness never illumined by the light of day. And overhead, the tapering masts seemed to lose themselves in the clouds, and the wilderness of rigging which supported them to be an endless and undistinguishably confused mass of ropes.

But there was no time for surprise. "Come look alive

there, don't go to sleep," shouted in my ear by a coarse voice, startled me out of my propriety nearly, and interrupted the strain of wonderment in which I had become lost.

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" said I, politely and timidly, making a respectful bow at the same time, to a burly, doublefisted sailor, from whom the coarse voice seemed to have issued. A shout of laughter from all within hearing greeted this green sally of mine, amidst which I hastily made my descent to a lower deck. Here new scenes awaited my ready eyes and ears. But there was no time to be astonished. Everybody was busy. Men running hither and thither with loads of rigging. Officers, in uniform of blue and gold, shouting orders through tin speaking-trumpets; the cheering sound of the boatswain's mate's pipes, and the regular tramp of the hundreds strung along, on deck, at the tackle falls, hoisting in provisions; all united, made a scene of noise and confusion in which it was impossible to stand still, or to think, and I soon found it necessary to get some employment myself, in order to avoid being knocked down and run over, in the rush of the many conflicting crowds. I therefore joined a division of about a hundred, who were hoisting in barrels of beef and pork on deck, from a lighter alongside. We had hold of one end of a rope, the other end of which being made fast to a dozen barrels of provisions, the boatswain's shrill whistle piped "go ahead," and we walked off with the fall, to the merry notes of a fife. Landing the beef on deck, the barrels were there coopered, and then consigned by another set of men to their resting-place in the hold.

A man-of-war is supposed to have on board, when ready for sea, six months' supply of provisions and water, together with a sufficient quantity of powder and shot, spare clothing, sails, and rigging, to last the cruise of three years. To take in these supplies, and complete the fitting of various portions of the rigging, for sea, was the work now on hand, and at this we were kept early and late, rain or shine. All hands were called up at four o'clock A. M., and the work continued from that hour until six P. M., with intermission only for breakfast and dinner. Not used to this kind of a life, the first wet weather completed what previous exposure had laid the foundation for, and I woke up one morning gasping for breath, and scarcely able to stir. I managed to tumble out of my hammock on to the deck, but could not lash it up. The "hurry up, hurry up, there" of the cross old boatswain's mate, although filling me with terror, was left unheeded, while I crawled between two guns, and laid myself down, crying and moaning with pain. Nearly all the hammocks were on deck, and mine not yet lashed up, when a kind old sailor, passing that way, heard me crying, and approached. He quickly saw what was the matter, and taking me up in his arms, like one would a baby, carried me into the "sick bay," the place set apart on shipboard for the sick. Returning directly with my hammock, he hung that up, lifted me into it, and bidding me not cry, but be of good cheer, hurried off to his work. I lay there quite unnoticed until nine o'clock, when the doctor made his regular round; after an examination of the symptoms, my disease was pronounced to be a violent pleurisy. Here I lay sick for

many days. My sickness, or else the paregoric which was given me for medicine, stupefied me. My existence seemed to me as a dream; objects and events passing about me, I was merely conscious of, without receiving from them any impression. The doctor ordered a mustard plaster to be applied to my breast. Two days after, I was cupped, and then blistered. I stood it all, not with fortitude, but with apathy. There seemed scarcely sufficient life left in my body to suffer. I said nothing, ate nothing, and drank nothing but water for nine days.

In the meantime the sick bay was filled with sick men, many of them having upon them loathsome diseases, contracted in their debaucheries on shore. Several men died. While I was yet lying very low, the occupant of the hammock adjoining mine—(our beds touched)—died. He was an Englishman, a strong man, in the prime of life, and he parted from existence reluctantly. The chaplain was with him in his last moments; and as he and the sick bay steward closed the dead man's eyes, I heard the latter whisper, pointing to me:

"That little boy will be the next, sir."

But, somehow, I did not believe it. I had determined to go to sea; I had longed for it, striven for it, and suffered for it, so much—and I could not believe that I was going to die now, when just upon the point of attaining the one strong wish of my heart.

One morning, when I was at the worst, a man, one of those peripatetic venders of ill news, whom it would be well to hang up wherever they can be caught, came to my hammock, and after taking a good look at me, said coolly:

"Boy, the doctor says you are going to die." I made no answer to this remark, and he continued: "The sick bay steward says you are to be sent on shore to-morrow, because the ship is to sail next week, and the doctor don't want to have you die on board the vessel." I was so weak to make any reply to this, but was much excited at the thought of being sent ashore. I lay and thought the matter over. If I was put ashore, I felt convinced the disappointment would kill me; and if I died at sea, I should at any rate have had the satisfaction of dying on salt water, and should be no worse off. So I determined, when next I saw the doctor, to represent my case to him, and beg to be kept on board.

While revolving in my mind the manner in which I should prefer my request, the doctor came to my bedside. It happened, fortunately for my wishes, that the one who that day made the rounds was a noble-minded man, whose cheerful and sympathizing countenance and kind words had really done more for me than all the medicine. To him I related my story, and succeeded in enlisting him in my favor; and before he left me he promised me faithfully to intercede in my behalf. From that day I mended. The ship did not go to sea before two weeks, and by that time I was able to walk about a little, and to look out once more on the bright sun whose rays never penetrated into our dingy "sick bay."

To be sick on board ship seems to be the very hight of earthly misery. The sick room on shore, surrounded as it is by every comfort, by all the appliances invented by art or suggested by love, which can make the sufferer's lot more bearable, waited on by sympathizing friends,

watched with anxious and loving care, is yet far from desirable. But to be bedridden on ship board is a horrible fate. Cooped up with dozens of others in a narrow space on one of the lower decks, badly ventilated, and reeking with all the odors peculiar to sick-rooms and ship's holds, annoyed constantly by the fretful complaint, the dull moan of pain, or the hollow cough, half stifled perhaps by the feverish gasping of a neighbor, whose close proximity makes it impossible for one to get a breath of fresh air, the invalid lies in his cot, hour after hour and day after day, thinking and thinking, until his brain is bewildered and his soul grows weary and faint. At stated intervals, a steward or loblolly boy makes the round of all the hammocks and cots, and supplies the wants of the sick. Twice a day, once at nine o'clock, A. M., and again at four, P. M., the dull monotony is invaded by the doctor's visit. At dark, or in bad weather, the port-holes are closed, thus shutting out the last remnant of fresh air, and a dingy lantern, hung to the beams, sheds a faint light around its immediate proximity, by which the utter darkness of the outskirts is only made more clearly tangible. And there the sick man lies, his cot swinging with the motion of the vessel, the bilge-water rushing across the deck, the timbers creaking and groaning in concert with the moan of pain, until after an almost interminable night the bustle and noise overhead announce the advent of another day of misery. Really, it is surprising that any one recovers in a "sick bay." For my own part, as soon as I was once able to walk on deck, the doctor's steward saw my face no more.

CHAPTER III.

At Sea at last — Hunting a Mess — Some account of the Vessel and her Crew.

On the 4th of June, 18—, we finally hoisted sail and steered through the Narrows, seaward bound. But we were still destined to delay. Owing to our heavy draught (twenty-seven feet), we were obliged to take advantage of the highest or spring tides, to make our way out. While going along with a steamboat ahead, it was found necessary to hold her with the anchor a few moments, and the order was accordingly given:

"Let go the starboard anchor."

In the general confusion, no one being yet stationed, the chain stoppers were not sufficiently manned, and the tide carrying the ship along with great force, the starboard chain ran out end for end, and was, with its anchor, lost overboard. The other anchor was immediately let go, and safely held her. This made an all night's job of work for all hands, to pick up the lost chain and anchor. Besides this, the untoward accident was regarded by many of the old salts as an evil omen, and prophecies of future disasters, inaugurated by this, were not wanting on all sides. But we were too busied with the present to care much about the future. By daylight we had

recovered our anchor and chain, and shortly after, the tide serving, we stood out to sea. As soon as the ship was fairly under weigh, the decks cleared, and the hurry and bustle over, I ventured on deck. My limbs were yet weak, and the dancing motion of the vessel, as she bounded along under a stiff topgallant breeze, made it hard work for me to get along. But by dint of clinging to the guns, the stancheons, and ladders, I at length succeeded in reaching the upper deck.

As I saw the land gradually receding from view, and felt the fresh sea breeze fanning my wasted cheek, I first began to realize that I was attaining the great desire of my heart. We were at last at sea. Already imagination placed me in the varied scenes which my fancy had pictured out as attending upon the life of a sailor. The realities of life were too present and pressing, however, to leave room for dreaming. On account of my sickness, I had not yet been mustered in my station, either at quarters, or general duty, or mess. Now, in a vessel of war, where every thing goes on by the strictest rule, where there is a place assigned to every one, and every one is expected to be in his place, an individual who can lay claim to no particular station is likely to find himself without friends, without help, without any thing to do, or to *eat* even—regarded by every one with suspicion or dislike. This I soon experienced, for shortly it was made twelve o'clock, and the crew were piped to dinner. Although not hungry, I felt a desire to find out my mess, and have a look at those who were to be my messmates, I did not know to what mess I had been assigned, and inquired from one to the other along deck, but without

success. Wherever I presented myself, the "mess-list" was produced, and after a careful scrutiny my name was declared not to be there. I was getting tired of running such a gauntlet, and weighing in my mind the propriety of going down to my cot in the sick-bay, and waiting for my mess and stations to come to me, when a kind-hearted old fellow, who had seen me wandering forlornly about, called me to him and offered me some dinner. I thankfully accepted the invitation, and, in answer to his inquiries, told him of my great desire to become a sailor, of having left home for that purpose, of my past sickness, and of being as yet without mess or station. My appearance after so severe an illness was not at all prepossessing, as I had already learned from various criticisms passed upon me while walking about decks. Something about me, however, pleased the old tars, and it was suggested by one that, as they had not yet any boy in the mess, and I looked tolerably civil, they should take me. After a little canvassing, pro and con, this proposition was unanimously adopted, and I was duly entered on the mess-list, after dinner, by the commander's clerk. Repairing to this gentleman's desk, and giving in my name, I was furnished with an abstract from the books, by which could be seen at one glance my *ship's number*, by which each individual is known on the purser's account books; my *hammock* number, by finding which among the tinned numbers nailed above the hooks, in the beams and carlings of the two lower decks, I secured my sleeping place; my general station in the ship, as well as a specification of particular duties in certain emergencies; my station at the gun, and finally, but not by any means least important, the

number of my mess. Paper in hand, I now spent the balance of the afternoon in hunting up the various places in the ship, which were to be the particular scenes of my future labors. It appeared from the list that I was appointed one of the "messenger boys," whose general duty it is to "strike the bell" every half hour, and to act as errand boy for the officers, in addition to which, when the vessel is in port, they stand at the side, to do honor to officers going away or coming on board, and have also to keep clean the side ladder, which leads from the water's edge to the deck. My station at quarters, or in time of battle, was as powder boy at gun No. 36, on the main gun-deck; my hammock number was six hundred and thirty nine; my ship's number, five hundred and seventy-four; and the number of my mess, twenty-six. Thus was the whole routine of my life on board this vessel laid out for me.

Here is, perhaps, as good a place as farther on, to explain, as well as can be to the landsman reader, the manner in which the crew of a vessel of war is divided and subdivided, so as to give to each individual in the company some special duties, for the due and proper performance of which he is held strictly accountable. First, however, it will be necessary to give a short description of the vessel.

The decks may be regarded as so many floors. On the upper or *spar-deck*, as it is called, the space between the bows and foremast is called the forecastle; those between the foremast and mainmast, on each side of the boats (which are stowed amidships), are the gangways. These portions are free to the sailors—more particularly to the

"watch on deck." Abaft the mainmast is the quarter-deck, the holy of holies of a man-of-war, where only the officers are allowed to congregate, the starboard side of it being forbidden even to the midshipmen, and on entering which every one, even the captain, is required to touch his hat or cap. Abaft the mizzenmast is the poop, a raised deck, beneath which is the commodore's cabin. On top of the bulwarks, which run all around the upper deck, are the square casings, by a figure of speech called *hammock nettings*, in which are deposited the seamen's and midshipmen's hammocks. Most American ships of the line do not carry a full tier of guns on the spar-deck, the *waist* being left without port-holes. Next below the spar-deck, is the main-deck. This and the one below, called the lower gun-deck, or berth-deck, have full tiers of guns—thirty-two and sixty-eight pounders. Commencing aft on the main-deck, we have first the captain's cabin and pantry; next comes what is called the "half deck," extending to the mainmast, the larboard side of which is always kept clear — as much so as the quarter-deck. Over the door of the captain's cabin hangs the clock, which regulates the ship's time; before the door paces a sentinel, who, besides barring entrance to the cabin to all intruders, and announcing visitors to the captain, keeps note of the time, and calls out the half hours to the officer of the deck, who thereupon tells the messenger boy on duty to "strike the bell." Time, on ship board, is divided into watches and reckoned by bells. The twenty-four hours are arranged in five watches of four hours each, and two shorter ones of two hours each, called the *dog-watches*. At the end of the first half hour

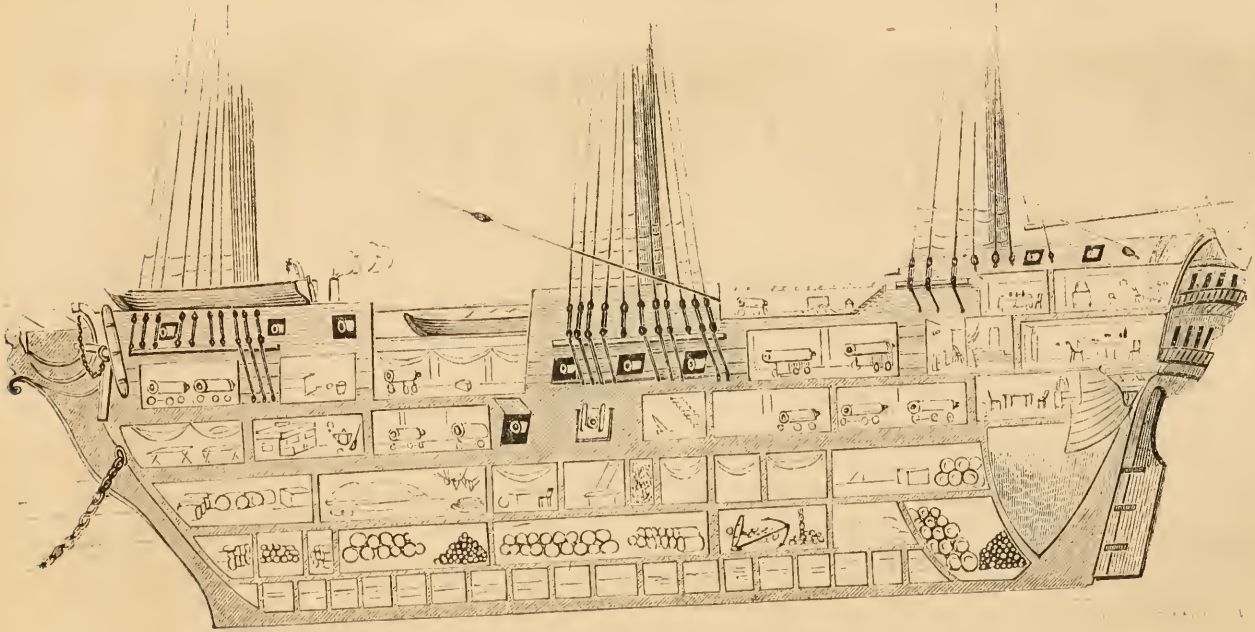
of a watch, the ship's bell is struck one; at the end of the second half hour, two, and so on, until it is eight bells, which marks the expiration of four hours, or a watch, when the series is recommenced. Therefore, on board ship, we do not ask "what's o'clock?" or "what time is it?" but "how many bells is it?" Near the foremast, on the main-deck, is the galley, or cooking range, for the commodore and captain, and chock forward, on the starboard side, is the "brig," an open space guarded by a sentinel, where offenders against the laws or rules of the ship are placed in confinement until the time comes for their final punishment. On this deck, as on the one below, hooks are driven into the beams, with numbers attached, and to these hooks the sailors hang their hammocks, at night. The port-holes, on the main-deck, are furnished with movable ports, stout pieces of plank, made to fit tightly into the port-holes, to keep out water in bad weather. When the weather is fine, these are entirely taken out, and thus this deck is thoroughly ventilated and lighted up.

The next deck is the lower gun-deck. Farthest aft, reaching forward to the mizzenmast, is the *wardroom*, the living room of the lieutenants, the surgeons, the purser, master, chaplain, and commodore's secretary. The space between the guns on this deck is occupied by the "mess-chests" and the mess-lockers, in which the pots, pans, and spoons used by the sailors, as well as the victuals, are kept. Immediately before the foremast is the ship's galley, where the cooks reign supreme. Here the food for the ship's company, as well as that of the lieutenants and midshipmen, is prepared. Forward of the galley, taking

up all the forward part of this deck, is the "sick bay," the surgeons' realm, of the horrors of which I have already attempted a faint description.

We now descend to a floor beneath, called the *orlop-deck*. On the aftermost part of this deck, and reaching quite into the bottom of the vessel, is an enormously large space, tightly tinned throughout, which is used as a *breadroom*. Forward of this, at the sides, or "in the wings," to speak in nautical language, are the private rooms of the wardroom officers. In amidships is an open space used for a cock-pit, or surgeons' room, in time of action. Then come the steerages, larboard and starboard, where the midshipmen, purser's and ship's clerks mess. Next, the boatswain's, gunner's, sailmaker's, and carpenter's rooms; and then, immediately under the sick bay, the storerooms, where are deposited the boatswain's, carpenter's, and sailmaker's stores.

Below the *orlop-deck* is the hold. Forward and aft in the hold are the powder magazines, accessible from the deck by small *magazine-hatches*. Aft of the forward magazine is the forehold, where are stored all the wet provisions, such as beef and pork, and also a portion of the shot. Abaft this come the chain-lockers and cable-tiers, with the principal shot-locker. Beyond this is the afterhold, for flour and other dry provisions; then the spiritroom, which is guarded by a sentinel; next, a large vacant space, the anteroom to the largest powder magazine, and then the magazine itself. Below the beams which support the tiers of the hold, are the water-tanks, large variously-shaped vessels of iron, made to fit nicely to the shape of the ship, throughout, and from which the water



SECTIONAL VIEW, SHOWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF A SHIP OF THE LINE.

for daily consumption is pumped by means of a suction-hose, which can be screwed into a hole left for that purpose in the lids or coverings of the tanks, thus enabling the master, who has that matter in charge, to take water from any tank he thinks proper.

Having given a description of the interior arrangement of our vessel (which will apply, with some slight variations, to all other ships of the line and frigates), we will now describe the "top hamper"—the masts and sails.

A *ship*, in the technical sense of the word, is a vessel having three masts, and carrying square sails on all three. The masts of a vessel are called, beginning forward, the *foremast*, *mainmast*, and *mizzenmast*. Projecting over the bows and ahead of the vessel are the *bowsprit*, *jibboom*, and *flying jibboom*. Above the foremast proper, is the *foretopmast*, a separate piece of timber, and above that the *foretopgallant* and *royal* mast. The main and mizzen masts are similarly rigged.

We will proceed to describe an entire suit of sails, beginning forward: The *flying jib* is a three-cornered sail, which goes from the end of its boom, upward along its stay, leading to the foretopgallant masthead, its long leach, or side, being confined to the stay by iron or wooden rings, called *hanks*. It is hoisted by its halyards, hauled down to the boom by a down-haul, and, when in use, is trimmed to take the wind, by a rope attached to its after corner and leading into the forecastle, called a *sheet*. The *jib*, running from the end of its boom, up its stay, to the foretop masthead; and the *foretopmast staysail*, running from the end of the

bowsprit up to the same place, are similar in form. The lower sail on the foremast is the *foresail*, *bent* or fastened to the fore yard, and spread at the foot by means of tacks and sheets. Above the foreyard, at the junction of the foremast and foretopmast, is the *foretop*, a large platform, securely fixed to wooden braces or trustletrees, and used, on board vessels of war, as a place where a portion of the watch remain in readiness to cast loose or take in the lighter sails, and furnished with a topchest, in which are deposited the marlingspikes and other tools belonging to that portion of the vessel. The sail next above the foresail is the *foretopsail*, bent to the topsail yard, and hoisted aloft, with the yard, by means of halyards. Its lower corners are hauled out to the extremities of the foreyard by sheets, which lead down on deck. The small ropes which hang in rows across the sail, are called *reefpoints*, and are used in *reefing* the sail; that is, reducing it by hauling a portion of its head to the topsail yard, and there fastening it. Next comes the *topgallantsail*, bent to its yard, and sheeting home to the topsail yard; and above all, the *royal*, rigged in the same manner. The *royal* is the highest sail commonly carried by vessels of war. East Indiamen, however, are frequently seen with *skysails*, and even *moonsails*, following in regular succession, and almost losing themselves in the clouds. All these sails are turned at pleasure, by means of braces attached to the yardarms, or extremities of the yards, and leading to the mainmast. The mainmast is furnished with a similar suit of sails, somewhat larger; the mizzenmast, also, though these are smaller than either of the others; the

latter too, instead of a square sail, pendant from the lower yard, has a gaff, or fore-and-aft sail, hoisting up abaft the mast; this is called a *spanker*. Similar gaff-sails, on the fore and main masts, are called *topsails*. The last are only used in storms. *Studding-sails*, spread beyond the edges of the square sails, like wings, are very useful when the wind is fair; they are hauled down on deck when taken in. The rudder, by which the vessel is turned about at pleasure, is a very strongly-constructed wooden apparatus, hung on hinges, at the stern, and running into the water to a level with the keel. It is moved by means of chains and pulleys, the chains being connected with the barrel of a *wheel*, which stands on deck. The wheel of our vessel was double, and worked by four men. Immediately in front of the wheel, on either side, stands a box, containing a compass, and a lamp to make the face of the compass visible by night. This case is called the *binnacle*.

The *ground tackle* of the vessel is her anchors and cables. Of these, our ship had four for immediate use, namely, two very heavy anchors, suspended in the waist, called *sheet anchors*, and only used in emergencies—to one of these was bent an extraordinarily heavy rope cable, to the other, an extra heavy chain. So seldom are these anchors used, that to "go ashore with the sheet anchor" is an expression used to denote a determination to stay on board the whole cruise. Two others are suspended to the bows, and are called respectively, the *larboard*, or *best bower*, and the *starboard*, or *second bower*. The latter is commonly the first one let go. Besides these, our ship had two large spare anchors, and a number of lighter

stream anchors and kedges, of various sizes and weights. We will now give a list of the officers and petty officers of a ship of the line. They are:

One captain, one commander, eight lieutenants, one sailing master, one chaplain, one surgeon, three assistants, one purser, four master's mates, sixteen midshipmen, one boatswain, one gunner, one carpenter, one sailmaker, one captain's clerk, one commander's clerk, one purser's clerk, one schoolmaster, one master-at-arms, two ship corporals, one purser's steward, nine quarter masters, six boatswain's mates, three gunner's mates, eight quarter gunners, two carpenter's mates, two sailmaker's mates, two captains of forecastle (receiving pay,) two captains of foretop, two of maintop, two of mizzentop, and two of after guard, one armourer, one yeoman, one yeoman's assistant, one ship's cook, one captain of marines, two lieutenants of marines, three sergeants, four corporals, two drummers, two fifers.

Our ship being the flag-ship, we carried the commodore. This officer, however, can not be said to belong to any one ship, his authority extending equally over all the fleet of vessels placed under his charge.

It will be well here to give the reader an insight into the duties of the various officers above enumerated. The commodore is, of course, the supreme head, from whose decision there is, for the time being, no appeal. But his command, or authority, being general, over the whole fleet, he interferes very little, if any, with the minor affairs of the vessel on board which his pennant flies Our commodore was, however, as the crew of the C—— had reason to know, an exception to this rule. He often

interfered in the general management of our ship, and always in favor of the crew. For this he was much beloved by all hands, and it was a common saying among the old salts, when the commodore was about to leave the vessel for a time, as he frequently did, "now the old fellow has gone away, we'll see some hard times," a prophecy which was generally fulfilled. The commodore directs and controls the motions of the fleet under his command, and has charge of all business of a public nature, to be transacted with foreign powers. In time of war, of course, his duties are much more important and responsible than in peace.

At the head of the officers properly belonging to the ship, stands the captain. He has a general superintendence over the affairs of the vessel, and all orders of a general nature are supposed to emanate from him. He is responsible for the safety of the vessel while he has charge of her, in port as well as at sea. He exercises also a general oversight over the conduct of the officers, and has the power of punishing such as are guilty of improprieties.

The first lieutenant is next in power to the captain. He has not the responsibilities of the latter, but his duties are much more laborious, it being his part to carry into execution the measures devised by the captain. He keeps no watch, but is on duty all day. He thoroughly inspects the vessel at least once every day, to see that everything about her rigging, hull, and crew is kept in good order and clean, reporting again to the captain. All reports of the minor officers, concerning expenditures of stores and provisions, are made to him. All communications to the captain pass through his hands. On occasions when

"all hands" are called, as in getting under weigh, or coming to, reefing topsails, etc., he has charge of the deck. He superintends the watering and victualing of the vessel, in which duty he is assisted by the master. At quarters he has charge of the quarter deck division and in action he maneuvers the ship. But the mos arduous of all his multifarious duties is the stationing of the crew when the ship is put in commission. This is a matter for which is needed a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the ship, a judgment quick and sure, to decide upon the capabilities of the various individuals composing the crew, and great patience and foresight. The first lieutenant is a terror to all evil-doers and slovenly, idle fellows, as his eagle eye is busied at all times ferreting out such. The comfort of all on board, officers as well as men, greatly depends upon him. On board our vessel, the duties of the first lieutenant were discharged by the commander.

The other lieutenants, by turns, have charge of the deck, relieving one another regularly every four hours, in port as well as at sea. At sea, the officer of the watch, or officer of the deck, as he is called, attends to sailing the vessel, seeing that the sails are trimmed as necessary, that the ship is kept her course, and putting in execution the orders for his watch, found in the *order book*, which hangs near the wheel. He is responsible for all that occurs during his watch, and reports to the captain any extraordinary occurrence, changes in the wind or weather, the discovery of sails or land, etc. The speaking-trumpet is the insignia of his authority. He keeps a sharp eye on the compass, the sails, and the weather; at night,

has the captain waked at stated periods, and sees that the lookouts are kept awake; and finally, at the end of his watch, has an account of the weather, the course and distance made good, and other matters, entered upon the log-slate. In harbor, the officer of the deck receives any stores or provisions that may be sent on board, superintends the sending away of the boats, keeps a lookout for what is occurring in the harbor, and reports the arrival of vessels, with other important occurrences, to the captain. Beside this, the lieutenants are placed in charge of divisions, and there exercise the men at the guns, and small arms and cutlasses, and superintend the issue of clothing to them, by the purser.

Next in rank to the lieutenants is the sailing-master. He keeps the ship's reckoning and reports this to the captain daily, together with the bearings and distance of the nearest land, or the port whither the vessel is bound. He also exercises a supervision over nearly all the stores of the vessel, having charge more particularly over the water and spirits, the anchors and cables. He has the management of the storage of the hold, and sees that the vessel is put and kept in good sailing trim. He seconds the first lieutenant in many of his duties. In the English Navy, the grade of master is an independent one, for which peculiar qualifications are required, and above which an incumbent does not rise. In the American Navy, it is a grade between the passed midshipman and the lieutenant.

Next come the idlers, so called because they do not keep watch, in which designation are included the purser, the surgeon and his assistants, and the chaplain, with

the captain and lieutenants of marines. The purser has under his especial charge all the moneys, the provisions, and clothing in the ship. The accounts of the ship and crew are kept by him. In former times, the salary of the purser was very small, and he was allowed to sell the clothing and small stores to the crew on his own account, to make up the deficiency. Under this system, the crews were often outrageously swindled, and to fall into the purser's hands became equivalent to being unmercifully fleeced. This matter is now differently arranged, stores of all kinds being provided by the government, and placed in charge of the pursers, who are strictly prohibited from driving a trade of their own. Their responsibilities are very great, and they are obliged to give heavy bonds for their correct behavior, before assuming their office.

A surgeon and three assistant surgeons form the medical staff of a seventy-four or ship of the line. They keep a regular journal, in which are noted down the names, rank, diseases, etc., of all the sick on board, as well as the course of treatment adopted toward each. An abstract report, containing the names, rank, and diseases of the sick, and showing the increase or decrease in number, if any, is signed by a surgeon every morning, and handed to the captain. Besides this, a *sick-list*, containing simply the name and station of every sick man, is placed in the binnacle, each morning, for the use of the officer of the deck. No one is excused from duty on account of illness, whose name is not to be found on this list. Besides attending upon the sick, the sur-

geons enforce such precautionary measures as will tend to the prevention of sickness on board.

The chaplain performs divine service on Sundays, administers consolation to the dying, and reads the funeral service on occasions of burials.

The officers of marines enjoy almost a sinecure, in time of peace. To review the corps once a week, and receive and transmit to the captain the reports of the sergeant, is about the sum total of their labors—to perform which a ship of the line carries one captain and two lieutenants of marines. Thus, there has arisen a sailor's saying, that "the mizzenroyal and the captain of marines are the two most useless things on board ship."

The midshipmen occupy rather a subordinate position among the officers, being placed on board for the purpose of preparing themselves for the duties of a higher station. They keep watch, and, when on deck, carry into effect the orders of the officer of the deck. When "all hands" are called, they are stationed in the tops, and at different points about the decks, to see that orders from the quarter-deck are promptly executed. At sea, one of the passed midshipmen, or master's mates, has charge of the forecastle, where he carries on the work. They muster the watch at night, and take the sun's altitude at noon, working out by it the ship's reckoning. They are required to keep a journal of the cruise, which is examined at stated intervals by the captain. In port, one goes in charge of every boat that leaves the vessel. At quarters, they muster the gun's crews, and report to the lieutenants.

Next come the warrant officers — the boatswain, the gunner, the sailmaker, and carpenter. The boatswain (pronounced *bosun*) is the chief sailor. He has charge of the rigging of the vessel, and is responsible to the first lieutenant that all aloft is kept in good order. He is easily distinguished by the silver whistle stuck in his vest pocket, his rattan cane, the terror of all little boys, his stentorian voice, and the Bardolphian hue of his features. His station at quarters, and when all hands are called, is on the forecastle.

The gunner has charge of all the military stores. At quarters, his station is in the magazine. His principal occupation, in time of peace, seems to be to keep up an incessant growl about his guns.

The sailmaker has charge of all the canvas in the ship, including the hammocks, sick bay cots, etc. The carpenter is responsible for the stores belonging to his department, and superintends all work in his line. The boatswain, sailmaker, and carpenter go aloft every morning, before breakfast, at sea, and examine the condition of the rigging, sails, and masts, making their reports to the first lieutenant, who generally gives the top-hamper a personal inspection twice a week.

The original division of the crew is into petty officers, able seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and first and second class boys. An able seaman's wages amount to twelve dollars per month; ordinary seamen, ten; landsmen, nine; first class boys, eight; second class boys, six. The petty officers are appointed by the captain, and hold office at his will, or during good behavior. They are selected from the most experienced and reliable of the

seamen. Their wages vary from fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

First among the petty officers ranks the *master-at-arms*. He stands at the head of the police force of the ship. He has charge of all prisoners, a list of whose names, misdemeanors, and the dates of their confinement, he submits every morning to the captain. He is lord over the berth-deck, and the terror of slovenly or dilatory cooks. It is his business, also, to take charge of all articles of clothing or other property left lying about decks, on the guns, or any where except in their proper places. Such things are placed in a *lucky-bag*, which is opened, when full, in the presence of the first lieutenant, when all who come forward to claim property have it returned, and are placed on the *black-list*, while articles for which there is found no owner, are sold to the highest bidder. The master-at-arms is assisted in his labors by two *ship's corporals*. To these three, also, falls the duty of searching returning boats' crews, in port, for liquor, which these frequently smuggle on board on their persons.

The *quartermasters* hold an office of considerable trust. They and the captains of the forecastle are supposed to be the very best among the seamen. At sea, one of their number *cons* the ship: that is, watches the helmsman, and, standing in an elevated position, aids him in meeting with the helm the motions of the vessel. At quarters, and in time of action, they steer the vessel, as also on occasions when all hands are called. Those not steering or *conning*, keep a lookout. In port, two of them are always on lookout, with spyglasses, and report

to the officer of the deck any boats coming alongside, or signals made, or other movements in the harbor. The colors and signals are under their general charge, but one of their number is chosen, who has them under his especial care, and repairs them and makes new ones when necessary. He is called the signal-quartermaster.

The *boatswain's mates*, as their names denote, assist the boatswain in the duties of his office. They carry a silver whistle, or *call*, with which they *pipe*, either to call attention to what is about to be ordered, or to give the order itself. There are two stationed on the forecastle, one in each gangway, one on the quarter-deck, and one on the main-deck. Orders for trimming sails, or other watch duty, are communicated to the crew through them. Thus, should the captain, coming on deck, wish a pull on the main brace, naval etiquette requires that he inform the officer of the deck, who in turn tells the midshipman of the watch, who passes the word to the boatswain's mate, who bawls out to the watch:

"Come this way, and get a *small* pull on the weather main-brace."

The gunner's mates and the quarter gunners have the guns and their accouterments under their especial charge. There is a gunner's mate to each gun-deck, and a quarter gunner to each division. They assist their chief in his self-imposed task of growling at every body and every thing.

These are the most important of the petty officers. We now come to the crew proper. For general purposes of working ship and daily routine, our crew, consisting of seven hundred and fifteen men and boys, was divided,

primarily, into two watches, called the starboard and larboard, one half being in each watch; and secondarily, into six great portions or divisions, called, from the parts of the vessel to which they were respectively attached, the forecastlemen, foretopmen, maintopmen, mizzentop men, afterguard, and waisters. Besides these, there ar the petty officers, the messenger boys, the marines, the cooks and cooks' mates or assistants, and the sick bay and officers' stewards and servants. Every individual on board is in one or other of the two watches, except a small band, called the idlers, consisting chiefly of cooks and servants, who, being busied all day, are not required to keep watch at night.

We now come to another subdivision of each of the six principal divisions. In order to make this matter plainer, we will take the *foretopmen* to illustrate the whole. There were stationed in our foretop, just sixty-four men, making thirty-two in each watch. Each watch is again split in half, making sixteen in each of these new divisions, which are called "quarter watches." Over each of these quarter watches there is placed a captain, who carries out the orders given to his department, exercises a general oversight, and is, to some extent, responsible for the good order of everything in his particular portion of the vessel. Thus, there are four captains, two first captains and two second, in each of the principal divisions of the ship's company, except the *waisters*, who have only two. Only one watch, or half of the crew, is on duty at any time, day or night, at sea. They take regular turns, "a watch" being four hours in length. To prevent the constant recurrence of the same

watch to the same portion of the crew, as before mentioned, the time, from four to eight, P. M., is divided into two shorter watches of only two hours each, called dog watches. By this arrangement, the men who are on watch from eight to twelve one night, and consequently sleep from twelve to four, and are again on duty from four to eight, sleep during the same time the succeeding night, watching only from twelve to four.

In addition to this, of the *topmen*, one half of a watch, or a "quarter watch" as above described, is required at all times to be in the top, in readiness to jump aloft and make or take in sail. In this duty, the quarter watches take turns. In evolutions requiring "all hands," every man, idlers, marines and all, has his particular station assigned him, where, and nowhere else, he is expected to act. Repeated musterings and drillings serve to make even the most thickheaded understand thoroughly the duties required of them, and produce that perfection of discipline by which so large a body of men, having such various duties to perform, are moved with a celerity and precision as of one man.

Next comes the division into gun's crews. Our vessel, although rated only as a seventy-four, had one hundred guns mounted, making a broadside of fifty guns. These guns are numbered, beginning at the foremost one on the lower deck, and counting the two opposite as only one. Thus, with us they ranged from gun number one on the lower gun deck, to gun number fifty, in the commodore's cabin. A certain number of guns are included in a "division," which is under the command of a lieutenant, assisted by midshipmen. We had eight divisions: three

on the lower gun deck, three on the main gun deck, and two on the spar deck. To each of the guns is assigned a "crew," sufficient, if necessary, to work or serve both the guns included under one number, but with their labor so divided as to very much assist one another, while serving only one side. To one of our heavy thirty-two or sixty-eight pounders, were alloted one captain, one second captain, two loaders, (first and second,) two rammers and spongers, four side tackle men, five train tackle men, and a powder boy—in all sixteen. The carronades, on the upper deck, being much lighter guns, had a much smaller crew—only ten. The captains have the general management of the gun, the first captain taking precedence, and, if both sides are engaged, remaining with the first part, on the starboard side. The duties of the loaders, rammers and spongers, are sufficiently declared by their titles. The side-tackle men manage the tackles by which the gun is run out, (after it is loaded,) and slewed, or turned either forward or aft of the beam; and the train-tackle men work the tackles by which the gun is run in, and also assist with handspikes in elevating or depressing the muzzle, to alter the range. The powder-boy is furnished with a leathern bucket, having a tight fitting lid; in this bucket he carries cartridges from the magazine hatch to his gun. A portion of the topmen and forecastlemen are stationed as *sail trimmers*; and, aided by the crews of the spar deck guns, make, take in, and trim sails during action. In addition to the duties above specified, each individual of the gun's crew is attached to one of three divisions of boarders, or is a pikeman, or a fireman, and when in time of battle a

signal is made, by a peculiar roll of the drum, or by a rattle, or by ringing the bell, promptly moves to the point where his services are just then required.

The place of the crew, at the guns, is called their quarters. The ceremony of assembling at the guns, and there calling the roll, which takes place twice a day, morning and evening, is called mustering at quarters. The crew is thoroughly exercised at the guns by divisions, once or twice every week, in order to be well drilled in all the movements necessary in time of action. And in addition to this, there was, on board our ship, a weekly exercise, continued during the whole cruise, lasting from nine till half-past twelve A. M., called "general quarters," in which the whole ship was cleared for action, the powder magazine opened, and all preparations made for a real fight, and then the entire range of maneuvers gone through with which are needed in action.

Besides their general stations, as fore, main, and mizzen-topmen, etc., the crew have especial duties assigned them on occasions when all hands are called, as, in getting under weigh, coming to, reefing topsails, tacking ship, etc. Every individual has, on these occasions, a specific duty to perform, beyond which he does not concern himself. But, on the other hand, a failure on the part of one individual to perform the duty assigned him, is liable to disconcert the whole operation. There is, therefore, a responsibility on every one. And thus, in place of the confusion to be expected, the greatest possible order, efficiency, and harmony of action prevail.

The *marines* act as a body of soldiers. They do duty as sentries in different parts of the vessel, and in action

are the principal marksmen, being stationed for that purpose in various parts of the vessel, alow and aloft. At sea, they are divided into watches, and do duty with the afterguard. Being used as a sort of armed police over the sailors, the latter cordially hate them, and often wreak vengeance upon them for some real or supposed offense. The fact is, a marine's place is not at all an enviable one. Compelled to live with and labor among the crew, it is yet made their principal duty to spy out and bring to punishment all offenders against the laws of the vessel. Thus it is that they have become a bye-word and a reproach. The name of soldier, or *sojer*, as it is pronounced by your real tar, is the most stinging epithet of contempt at the command of a sailor. There is an old saying "a messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, but a *dog* before a soldier," which expresses fully the contempt in which they are held.

The *ship's number* is that by which each individual is designated on the purser's books, by which his accounts are made out, and to which his final discharge refers. The crew keep all their clothing in painted canvas bags, and the ship's number of the owner is placed upon each one of these, to enable him to identify it. So also the ship's number is placed upon all articles of clothing, for a similar purpose. Ship's numbers are arranged in the order in which the men were originally drafted on board; while *hammock numbers* are arranged in regard to the different parts of a ship; number one being the captain of the forecastle's, then progressing regularly

aft, the last numbers being those of the quarter masters and messenger boys.

With this somewhat tedious, but nevertheless, to the landsman reader, necessary setting forth of the general arrangement and internal economy of our ship, which will apply, with some few modifications, to all vessels of war, we will proceed on our "cruise," as the voyage of a man-of-war is called.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first Night Watch — Inspecting the Boys — How the Commander cured a Lad of Chewing Tobacco — A grand Row in the Boys' Mess — Breaking in the Green Hands — "All Hands" to Muster.

BY three o'clock, P. M., "six bells in the afternoon watch," land was fairly out of sight, and the ship was making a nearly south-east course, to cross the Gulf Stream. Next day, we were in the gulf, as it is familiarly called, which we knew by the warmer temperature of the water, the clouded sky, and the vast quantities of gulfweed, with which the water was covered as far as the eye could reach.

Our first night at sea passed very pleasantly. I was still on the sick-list, and exempt from special duty, but determined to turn out with my watch. Belonging to the starboard watch, our turn on deck was from twelve to four. At eight, the first watch was set, and I remained upon deck long enough to hear the men answer to their names, in order that I might know what to do myself, at twelve. I was sleeping soundly in my swinging bed, when a most horrid din assailed my ears, causing me to start up affrighted, bringing my head by the motion in violent contact with the beam above.

"STARBOARD WATCH, AHOY!" was being roared, and

re-roared to an indefinite extent from half a dozen hoarse throats, on different parts of the main-deck, and followed up by emphatic adjurations to "turn out, there," "rouse and bit," "show a leg—or a purser's stocking," all which meant, I found, not as I had at first supposed, that the ship was on fire, or sinking, or that some other dire calamity had overtaken us; but simply, that it was twelve o'clock, and our immediate presence on deck was judged highly desirable.

I jumped out, took my trowsers, shoes, and hat out of the head of my hammock, where they had served as a pillow while sleeping, and put them on, and staggered upon deck. It was a fine, starlight night, with a good topgallant breeze blowing. There was a tolerably heavy sea on, and the roaring of the wind through the rigging, and the pitching of the vessel made me think that there must be a storm—an impression from which I was soon relieved, however. I found the watch about to go below crowding up under lee of the weather bulwarks, and wrapped up in their peajackets, talking and singing quite cheerfully in anticipation of the rest they were about to enjoy, for the next four hours. Walking forward, I heard sounds, however, which convinced me that all were not inspired by agreeable feelings. A closer inspection revealed to me at least twenty poor fellows leaning over the bows, groaning dolefully as they cast up their accounts. The midshipman who mustered our watch found that sea-sickness was making sad inroads upon the waisters and afterguards (who are mostly landsmen), scarcely a third of them being present to answer to their names.

"They are looking over the bows, trying to see the bottom," said one of the non-seasick ones.

I did not experience any discomfort from the motion of the vessel, and was able to hold up my head among the proudest. This gained me great credit among my new messmates, some of whom had hunted me up to take care of me, expecting to find me "on my beam ends." I felt quite elated at my fortunate exemption, and took it as an evidence that I was *cut out* for a sailor. The true reason, however, most likely, was that I had taken so much medicine, and so very little of any thing else for the preceding month, that there was nothing in me to be affected by the jolting—or, as the captain of the forecastle gruffly said:

"It would be no use to turn that fellow's stomach, for one side is as bad at the other."

As the ship was going along finely, with a steady breeze, there was nothing to do, and the watch soon settled down in cozy groups about deck, some to doze off, and others talking and singing. I walked, or rather stumbled about, for I had not yet gained my *sea legs*, until at last I joined a group of foretopmen assembled around the topsail halyard-rack, who were comparing opinions on the ship, her officers and crew. They were all old salts, and I approached them very respectfully, and listened with due deference to the words of wisdom to which they gave utterance. I had not stood long, however, before a rough old fellow of the crowd, grasping me by the arm, said, in what I took to be a terribly cross tone:

"Here, boy; what are you doing here among the

foretopmen? Go aft, you young scoundrel, where you belong."

As I looked at him, to see if he was in earnest, another said:

"Leave him alone, Jack; it's a poor little fellow that's been sick. We took him into our mess to-day. He's a civil boy. Let him stay."

"Well," returned Jack, "if he ain't sassy. But mind me, boy," turning to me, with a look which terrified me, "if ever you give us any of your lip, we'll kill you."

I made a solemn promise never to interrupt any of them when they were yarning, and always to answer them civilly, and was, on these conditions, admitted to the circle.

After canvassing the merits of the ship and officers, they fell to *yarning* in good style, and I became a delighted listener to various tough experiences of "last cruise." Eight bells (four o'clock) came around in a wonderfully short time, and we broke up and retired to our hammocks—I with an inward conviction that "keeping watch" was rather an agreeable occupation. Seated on deck, in the half-light afforded by the bright stars, protected by the high bulwark from the wind which roared over our heads, among groups of bearded, rough-looking fellows, recounting the adventures of past times, seemed to me like a realization of some of the many romances with which I had so often been enchanted. I slept soundly until seven bells (half past seven o'clock), when all hands were called, the hammocks lashed up and carried on deck, and at eight bells the crew were piped to breakfast. I speedily hunted up my mess, and

found them already assembled about the mess cloth, spread down on the main-deck. The mess cook had gotten us our allowance of coffee, which, with biscuit and salt pork, constituted our breakfast. As I came up, I heard various not over-complimentary remarks passed upon my rather slim looks. I listened in prudent silence, until the tears started into my eyes, at the rather rough jests of my new messmates. To these brawny, stout fellows, a puny little boy as I was then, reduced to the last degree by a severe sickness, seemed almost an object of curiosity—and, sailor-like, they did not hesitate to give expression to just what happened to come into their minds. I had been told that boys were treated very roughly on board ship, and that the only way to get along comfortably was to say nothing, but bear all teasing good-naturedly—a piece of advice which I took care to follow to the letter, and not without due reward for my trials, for I soon got the name of being a "quiet, civil, boy, willing, and *not sassy*," and those who had at first "teased" me unmercifully, were soon my best friends, and ready to do me any service.

After breakfast was over, I volunteered to assist the cook in getting his mess things in order—a duty which I had been given to understand, while yet on board the guardo, generally devolved upon the boys. This elevated me wonderfully in the esteem of all, and I heard one fellow remark, in a very complimentary tone:

"If he does look like a skeleton, he seems to act like a live boy;" at which speech, I need not say, I felt duly encouraged.

Boys are not treated with much kindness on board ship,

and particularly on board a man-of-war. There they are very generally disliked by the seamen, because of their sauciness, and their unwillingness to perform such minor services as are judged properly to belong to them, such as weeping, helping the mess cooks in their labors, and doing ittle trifling errands aloft, which do not really require the strength or knowledge of a man. Few of the officers trouble themselves to see that the boys are made to perform such duties, and the boys themselves are commonly ready enough to refuse, or skulk out of them. The seamen feel this keenly, and will not permit such as act in this manner to come into their company. And so it comes, that, in the beginning of a cruise, *all* boys are looked down upon, and the really willing lad must bear patiently many slights, and labor hard to establish his character, and work his way into the good graces of crusty old salts. I had heard somewhat of this matter while on board the old guardo, in Philadelphia, and had made up my mind that if willingness and politeness would do anything, I would stand well with all on board.

On the second day out, we unbent the chain cables and stowed the anchors—a sign that we were fairly at sea. Our first port was to be Rio de Janeiro, and our course accordingly soon brought us into fine weather. And now commenced the regular routine of sea life: breakfast at eight, quarters at nine, dinner at twelve, supper at five, quarters at six—these were the landmarks which announced the passing of the day,

Order is the first great principle on board a man-of-war. To this everything else must bend, and from it

there is no appeal. Month after month, and year after year, the same stroke of the bell ushers in the same exercise or duty. There is time and place for everything, and so complete and thoroughly carried out is the one grand principle, that one is able to find, without difficulty, the smallest object, in the darkest night. This strict order is necessary, where so many men and such an almost innumerable variety of inanimate objects are crowded together.

The first two or three weeks out were devoted to mustering the crew in their various stations, in order to familiarize each individual with the special duty assigned him on special occasions. Station bills were placed in various parts of the vessel, on which, opposite to every hammock number, was set forth the station of the individual who was represented by that number. Any one found out of his place, or ignorant of it, was punished by being put upon the blacklist: thus, by dint of continued drilling, even the most persistently stupid were taught their places and duties.

Next came the exercising at the great guns. Taking first one gun's crew at a time, the lieutenants of divisions, aided by such of the crew as were old hands, soon succeeded in making all familiar with their duties. At quarters, the names were called by the midshipmen, each individual, as called, repeating his various duties or stations, in order to ensure a knowledge of them. These exercises occupied a good deal of time. In addition to them, all hands were kept busy cleaning up and ornamenting the vessel. The decks which, during the labors of fitting out, had become full of stains of tar, grease,

and paint, were now carefully scraped. The guns, which were rough and rusty, were thoroughly cleaned and rubbed bright with brick and canvas, and then covered with a mixture of lampblack, beeswax, and turpentine, which keeps out the rust, and makes the surface smooth and bright as a looking-glass. The various accouter ments of the guns, as rammers, sponges, priming-wires, monkey-tails, caps, and cutlasses, were cleaned and brightened. Different fancy contrivances for adding to the neat and trim appearance of the top-hamper, in port, were prepared. And, finally, there was a grand *overhaul* or examination of clothing, taking up nine or ten days, while running down the north-east trades.

Each man and boy being required to own a certain quantity and quality of clothing, a list of which has been already given, it was now found that scarcely a third of the ship's company were fully supplied. Large drafts were, therefore, made upon the purser's stores. Next came an order that every article of clothing should have upon it, in legible letters and figures, the name and number of the owner; and there was another thorough examination of bags and hammocks, to see that this order was duly carried into effect—all delinquents being punished with the never-failing blacklist. Thus, by dint of scraping, scrubbing, scouring and painting, exercising, mustering, and examining, the vessel and crew had assumed, by the time we entered the port of Rio, a very creditable appearance.

But it is time that I say something concerning the manner of life of *the boys*. On board our vessel, there were about forty. Of these, eight were stationed in each

top (two in each quarter-watch), four on the forecastle, and twelve were messenger boys. To the latter, I belonged, during the first part of the cruise. The boys are under the especial charge of the master-at-arms, who is responsible to the first lieutenant for their cleanly appearance and orderly behavior. They hang their hammocks on the starboard side of the half-deck, where they are within convenient distance of the master-at-arms, a part of whose duty it is, in port, to see them all in their hammocks at eight o'clock, and to make them quit talking at nine. They are mustered every morning, at seven o'clock, for the purpose of seeing that they are clean and neat. At the sound of a bugle call, they gather on the larboard side of the half-deck, where they form in line, each one having his trowsers rolled up above his knees, his sleeves tucked up to his armpits, his feet and head bare, the collar of his frock turned back as far as possible, and his hair combed back of his ears. Having formed in line, "Jemmy Legs," as the master-at-arms is familiarly called, reads over the muster-roll, to detect any absentees, and next proceeds to a particular inspection, walking, for that purpose, first down the front of the line, returning on the other side, rattan in hand, ready for immediate use.

"Hold out your hands, sir."

"You did not wash the soap off the back of your neck."

"That frock is scarcely fit to muster in."

"Your feet are not overly clean; and, here—hold up your arm—now, take that, and that, and that," hitting a poor fellow several thwacks; "now, do you take soap

and sand, and scour your elbows; and don't show yourself here, all covered up with dirt."

With such critical observations and remarks upon the general appearance of his squad, Jemmy Legs reviews them, and after having them arranged to his satisfaction, reports them to the commander, as ready for inspection. There was one species of uncleanliness over which our commander reserved to himself exclusive jurisdiction, and with which, therefore, the master-at-arms never interfered. This was tobacco-chewing. Many of our boys, in the beginning of the cruise, labored under the hallucination already mentioned, as common to tyros in sailor craft, that to be a true sailor, one *must* chew tobacco. The commander, unfortunately, did not share in this belief, but was, on the contrary, a zealous upholder of the opposite doctrine, and considered no trouble too great, in his efforts to make converts among the boys. Thus, he would come along in the morning, to inspect us, and while walking down the row, apparently looking very steadily at the individuals immediately before him, would catch sight of a boy at the other end of the line slyly drawing his hand across his face, or emptying his mouth of a quantity of saliva. Nothing would be said, until he arrived opposite the devoted tobacco-chewer, when:

"Master-at-arms, come this way—smell this boy's breath." To the boy:

"Boy, breathe in his face." This done, and the look of disgust on poor Jemmy Legs' countenance giving forth unmistakable evidence of the presence of the forbidden weed, the commander would say, very good-naturedly:

"Master-at-arms, go and get some sand and soap, and canvas." And then to the boy:

"Now, my lad, you ought to know, for I have told you all, that tobacco is a very injurious thing, and that I, who have the care of your welfare, would be doing you a serious wrong to permit you to acquire so filthy a habit as chewing it. You may think it an evidence of sailorship, that you chew your cud, but if you know anything of natural history, you are aware that it would be just as good a proof of your being a calf. I, who am an old sailor, and know much more about such matters than any of you, will tell you that tobacco chewing will never make of any one a sailor; and, as you spit about decks, and are filthy in other ways, you are an annoyance and an object of disgust to your fellows, which I can not endure. Do you think you could break yourself of the habit?" To this the boy would answer very demurely:

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it. I hope I shall never catch you with a quid in your cheek again, and in order that you may begin your reformation with a clean mouth, the master-at-arms will now proceed to purify it by means of this soap and sand, and a piece of canvas."

"Master-at-arms." This functionary approaches with the required articles.

"Now, my lad, that you may be enabled to make a fresh start in your reformation, we will see your mouth scrubbed clean. Master-at-arms, take his head upon your lap, and commence operations."

Thereupon, the unwilling victim to another man's belief, has his mouth half filled with a lather of soapsuds

mixed with sand, and his lips and teeth scoured till they bleed again, the olfactory test being applied from time to time to ascertain if all the defilement is removed; and after half choking him, and giving him ample cause to remember the commander's injunctions, he is released. All this is transacted in presence of the whole assemblage of boys, and generally an additional audience of grinning tars, who are delighted witnesses to the commander's "*doctoring* one of the boys." Two or three punishments of this kind, were quite sufficient to cure all the tobacco-chewers.

We messenger boys had a disagreeable time of it during the first passage. Where there are so many boys together, there will be much quarreling and fighting; and, while we were yet comparatively strangers to one another, the larger boys held an uninterrupted and most tyrannical sway over the *small-fry*. There were twelve messenger boys, as before said, six in each watch. It was not necessary, however, that more than one should be on look-out at a time, and the balance of the watch on deck, were allowed to roam about the decks, or do whatever they pleased, talk, sew, or braid sinnet. We had arranged that each one should stand an hour of special watch, thus taking turns all round; but some of the boys would not keep their hour, and when "messenger boys!" was called, and none on hand, the boatswain's mate was generally sent around with a rope's end, to hunt us all up. When all assembled, we would receive a lecture, and a threat of a severe thrashing, if we were not on hand when called. For our regulations were only among ourselves. Then one or two of the larger boys delighted

to bully the others into standing their watch for them, by threatening them with a private thrashing if they did not. One of our number, whose watch it happened to be, would coolly walk off and leave the rest of the boys to answer for him, at the risk of getting all into trouble if they did not. It must be mentioned here that *in no case*, however great the injustice perpetrated or suffered, is any appeal to the authorities admitted. The boy (or man) who is so unfortunate as to have threatened to "report" another, is handled without mercy; and he who does report, even his worst enemy, is considered on a par with a thief, and looked down upon with contempt, even by those who were before his best friends. On account of my long sickness and consequent weakness, I was, for some time, overlooked by our bullies, as too contemptible an object for them to exercise their overbearing propensities on. But I soon began to feel the burden of their tyranny, in common with the rest of the little boys, and we set about devising means for relief. We found that the only way would be to unite, and unitedly oppose their infractions on our rights, and by presenting a firm front, intimidate them into doing us justice. And by following this plan, we soon established peace and order.

But the messenger-boys had peaceable and pleasant times compared to the experiences of two *messes* which were formed entirely of boys. A *mess* is composed of from twelve to sixteen individuals. The crew is divided into messes to facilitate the serving out of provisions, and the keeping clean mess-things, as, pots, pans, and spoons. To each mess there is a *mess-cook*, who has charge of all the mess-property, and receives the rations

from the purser's steward, takes them to the ship's cook, and again gets the victuals when they are cooked. Every member of the mess takes his turn, for a week, at this duty, which is on many accounts a very disagreeable one. It is one of the few privileges left to the crew of a man-of-war, that messes shall be composed of individuals voluntarily associating themselves together. No one is forced on a mess not willing to receive him, and changing messes is allowed every three months. Thus it came, that, in the beginning, the men being unwilling to take the boys among them, (with a few exceptions, among whom, as before mentioned, I fortunately found myself,) the boys were necessarily formed into two separate messes. But here they had a most miserable time of it. Disputes and quarrels, which were commenced on deck, were settled here. Quarreling and fighting took up the time allotted to meals. The strongest or most cunning secured the eatables for themselves, and the constant interference of *Jemmy Legs* was necessary, to keep the *little* fellows from being actually starved out by the larger ones. They practiced all kinds of dirty tricks upon one another, as, spitting in a fellow's pan, if he had secured a choice morsel, or capsizing hot tea or coffee over one another, or on bean-soup days, throwing the hot soup in each other's faces. The poor fellow who was detained on deck while the others ate, generally found naught, on his descent to the mess place, but "a beggarly account of empty" *dishes*, and was obliged to rely upon the kindness of neighboring cooks, for his dinner or breakfast. Then, their mess things were always dirty, because no boy would be cook more than a day at a time, and

indeed, as a rule, they all ran away as soon as they got their meals eaten up, leaving the last one to take care of the dishes. But the grand climax of their ill-behavior, the circumstance which led to their being disbanded, to the great relief of all hands concerned, was a general set-to between the two messes, one day—an affair such as they would call a "free fight," in Kentucky—in which, it being bean-soup day, one of the boys, being hard pressed in the melee, dexterously turned a wooden *kid* or small tub full of hot soup over his assailant's head, scalding him severely, and nearly blinding him. This affair was reported to the commander, who had both of the messes thoroughly rope's-ended, and then divided the boys among the men's messes, where they did not dare to kick up any shindies. I had abundant cause to congratulate myself on having been from the first taken into a mess of men, for a quiet and weakly boy, like myself, would have fared but poorly in a crowd, where every bite of victuals was obtained by force of arms—and fists—and the stronger united to bully the weaker, and thrash them in the bargain if they complained.

The first Sunday out, was the occasion of a general muster round the capstan, which is, without exception, the most disagreeable incident in a man-of-war life. At breakfast that morning, the word was given out by the boatswain's mates and master-at-arms:

"Do you hear there, fore and aft! clean yourselves! in white frocks! blue jackets and trowsers! black hats and shoes!—to muster!"

A general groan succeeded this announcement, and all those who were familiar with musterings, looked blank

enough. There was no help for it, however, and forthwith commenced a general ransacking of clothes-bags, for mustering clothes, great anxiety being displayed to make a good appearance.

"Tie my neckerchief for me;" "Turn down my collar;" "Help me on with my jacket;" "How does my hat look?" "Do you think my shoes will pass muster?" and an infinity of similar requests and questions, announced that this was an occasion of no small importance. At nine, the drum beat to quarters, where we passed a preliminary muster. At ten, preluded by a deafening blast from all the "calls" of all the boatswains' mates, came the summons of,

"All hands to muster!" followed up with, "String along aft, there—hurry up, hurry up—lay aft on the quarter-deck, everybody!"

There was a manifest disposition on the part of the older hands to keep in the background, which called forth from the commander an order for,

"Seamen and ordinary seamen, in front."

Being anxious to see the entire performance, which was looked to with so much dread by all who knew anything of it, I secured a place in the crowd where I could see, without at the same time exposing myself to the scrutiny of the officers, for my appearance, in common with that of all the green hands, was rather of the shabbiest—thanks to the Jew fitters-out, into whose clutches we had fallen after shipping. In about fifteen minutes, every soul in the ship, except those sick persons who were not able to walk, was gathered on deck. And now, I perceived the reason why "general muster" is considered

so disagreeable an affair. The officers of the vessel were ranged in two rows along the weather side of the quarter-deck, the captain and commander standing, one on each side of the capstan, with pencil and paper in hand, ready to note down any unlucky deficiencies in the personal appearance of the crew. The boatswain brought up the rear of the officers, and after him stood the petty officers also ranged in order. Every individual of the crew was obliged to walk through this lane of scrutinizing faces. Said an old tar, who certainly had nothing to fear on the score of *his* personal appearance:

"I would rather take a dozen with the cats at any time, than to walk round that capstan."

When all was quiet, the captain's clerk stepped to the capstan, and, in a loud tone of voice, read the "articles of war," the rules and regulations by which the ship's company, officers as well as men, is supposed to be governed, and *is* governed to a certain extent. After this was over, came a silence of a few moments, during which one might really have heard a pin drop. Then the purser's clerk stepped up to the capstan, and slowly called the roll. As each individual's name was called, he answered, "Here, sir," and, hat in hand, walked round and down the long lane or gangway, forward, narrowly scrutinized by every one as he passed. If anything will try nerves, it is such a task as this. I never knew one, even to the oldest man-of-war's man, who had mustered round the capstan hundreds of times, that could hear all hands called to muster without a perceptible shudder. To feel that hundreds of eyes are looking at you, noting every peculiarity of form and feature, dress, walk, and carriage;

to be conscious that the least impropriety of action, or dress, will elicit a grin from hundreds of faces; to know, in addition, that any real short coming is noted down by the captain and commander, to be made the subject of after reproof, and that a speck of dirt, a badly arranged collar, an ill-fitting jacket or trowsers, or an improper walk, may call forth instant and public rebuke, is sufficient to try the stoutest nerves. It was curious to see the actions of different individuals, as they moved around: some, mostly the old hands, walked with head erect, knowingly glancing about out of the corners of their eyes, and with an easy, rolling gait, which we greenhorns had as yet failed to acquire. They had grown callous. Some, again — these were merchant sailors, who were making their first cruise in the navy — made an awkward shuffle of getting round. The *down* look on their honest, weather-beaten countenances told plainly of their keen sense of the degradation involved in such an exhibition of themselves. Others there were, raw, meanly-clad fellows, who trotted around, with heads down and eyes straight ahead, and no particular expression, except that of a strong desire to get out of sight. These were the landsmen, who carried about them still the manners and looks of the shore, and the clothing of the thieving slopsellers—as the boatswain said, "they had yet the *hay-seed* sticking to their collars." There is a distinct manner, an easy, graceful carriage of the body, a rakish set of the hat, a knowing look out of the corner of the eye, peculiar to the sailor, but more especially to the man-of-war's man, which can not be counterfeited, and is not to be acquired, without long experience,

except by the boys, whose greatest delight is to get the air, walk, and slang talk of the old salt.

At this muster, most of the outfitter's clothing was condemned, and orders given to such as mustered therein, to furnish themselves with better from the purser's stores. I was included in the list, and found that of the supply for which twenty-four dollars had been charged, in Philadelphia, I could not use a single article. In common with nearly all our draft, I received an entire new outfit, which made way with about six months' pay, thus finding myself, when not yet three months in the navy, indebted to the amount of nine months' salary.

CHAPTER V.

EVERY man his own Washerwoman — A word concerning Thieving on Board Ship — The Northeast Trades — Sailors turn Tailors — The Doldrums — Chasing the Wind.

THAT Sunday evening, at supper-time, word was passed that the starboard watch would wash clothes next morning. I had seen, some days before, a number of lines strung between the main and mizzen rigging, which, I had been informed, were clothes-lines; but they looked so little like my mother's clothes-lines at home, that I had thought my informant was only joking. It had not occurred to me before to enquire as to who were to act the part of washerwomen to the crew of our vessel. This office, I now found, every one was expected to perform for himself.

"But," said I, to one of my messmates, "I don't know how to wash."

"Oh! well, you'll learn how by the time you've been on the black-list a couple of times, for not getting your white frocks or trowsers sufficiently clean."

Soap, (a peculiar kind, made for the navy, and very strongly impregnated with lime, to overcome the hardness of the salt water,) had been served out before this, to all that wanted it. I took out of my bag a lump of soap, and a white frock, a pair of trowsers, and a blue shirt, which I found needed washing. Rolling all up together, I

placed them carefully under a gun, until the morrow. During our first watch, I noticed a good many of the older sailors busily employed washing, and got one of them to show me how the process was to be conducted. There are, of course, no washboards, or other labor-saving machines used. A bucket of clean salt water, a lump of soap, and plenty of hard rubbing, are the only means used for the renovation of a sailor's soiled linen. I carefully watched the whole process of washing, rinsing, wringing out, and turning inside-out, and came to the conclusion that it was hard work enough.

After my friend had gotten through with his half-dozen pieces, he said:

"Now, my boy, have you got any dirty clothes?"

I answered in the affirmative, when he said:

"Well, there will be a great crowd washing to-morrow morning, and you'll not get a bucket, nor a place on the lines for your clothes if you wait till then. Go and bring here your pieces, and I will see that you wash them properly, and you may use this bucket."

I was loth to put my hands and arms into the cold water, on rather a cool night, but thought best to profit by his advice. I rubbed at my two pieces the balance of our watch, about two hours, and then they were declared to be not over clean, which the next day proved. After turning them, to keep any possible specks of dirt from the outside, I was instructed to roll up the two pieces together, and place them in the head of my hammock until next morning. At four o'clock, it was again our watch upon deck, and as soon as the watch was mustered, began the grand work of washing. The whole

deck was speedily crowded with people, some rubbing, some scrubbing their clothes with small scrubbing-brushes, a process which much facilitates the getting them clean, but also wears them out very fast. I found my friend's prophecy fulfilled to the letter. Not half of those desiring to wash were able to obtain buckets, and of course many were obliged to wait, while many others had to do without altogether. And when the lines were lowered, we who had washed the night before, were able to pick out the best places, (the top lines,) and those who came last had to hang their clothes in the rigging, where they were pretty well daubed over with tar before they got dry, for which misfortune, their owners were likely to be black-listed on the first occasion. There are no special conveniences provided by the ship for washing. The buckets used are those kept for washing decks, and the water is drawn up from alongside, by the aid of small lines. The clothes-lines furnished, are about sufficient for half the clothes commonly washed. Notwithstanding this, however, everybody is expected to appear perfectly clean, and *no excuses whatever* are taken for a soiled frock or trowsers. I saw clearly therefore that it would not do to be late or slow, and profiting by the experience of others on the first morning, made up my mind never to wait, but to wash always among the first. But, it will be said, somebody must be last: true enough, some there are, who, either through indolence or carelessness, are always late, at this and everything else. Such lead a miserable life on board a man-of-war. They are despised by their smarter shipmates, and "worked up" by the officers. These are perpetual members of the black-list.

Being dirty themselves, they are obliged to do all the dirty work; *and then even*, are expected to make a respectable appearance. I was puzzled to know how the clothes were to be put upon the lines in such manner as that they would not be blown off by the wind. Some of the green hands I heard enquiring where they were to obtain *clothes-pins*, and as they were laughed at for their enquiry, I determined to hold my tongue and watch the rest. Accordingly, when I went to the lines with my bundle of wash-clothes, I found that every piece was tied up by the corners with two little strings, or *stops* as they are called. One of the quarter masters, seeing me without any stops, gave me some rope yarns, and showed me the peculiar *hitch* by which they are stopped, or fastened to the clothes, and then to the lines, so as to be easily untied. To some of the greener of the greenhorns, the possibility of their clothes being blown away, had evidently not occurred at all, as they merely laid them over the lines, as, perhaps, they had seen their mothers or sisters doing at home. One man, not knowing how the lines were to be raised off the deck, was heard enquiring of the boatswain's mate, as to the whereabouts of the "clothes-props," an evidence of verdancy which raised a shout of laughter at his expense. The lines are rove through little bull's eyes which are fastened to the rigging for that purpose, and when a line is full, it is hauled out tight, by men at each end, and made fast. Thus a tier of lines rises one above the other, in regular succession. Two hours, from four to six, were allowed for washing clothes, then "turn to, and wash down the decks," proclaimed by the boatswain's mate, announced that the

time had expired, and the operation of scrubbing decks was immediately commenced. Having washed my clothes the night before, I had time to look about among the washers of the morning, to notice the difficulties under which some of them labored, and profited by the knowledge of others, and was thus, to some extent, prepared by the next wash-clothes morning, to get through my washing creditably.

The clothes were allowed to hang out until four o'clock, P. M., when they were "piped down;" that is, all the watch being assembled at the call of the boatswain's mates, the lines were lowered, at a given word, and every one caught his clothes as they came down, thus keeping them off the deck. But now came the tug. Some had forgotten where their pieces hung, and others had never been able to identify them, upon the lines. Such were seeking about, first on one line, then on another, "in a peck of trouble." Those who had simply *laid* their pieces upon the lines, without fastening, found, to their surprise, that they had been paying an unwilling tribute to Neptune. Some, who had not their names upon their clothes, were unable to identify their property. And others, again, taking advantage of the crowd, had, doubtless, made the property of strangers their own, for several pieces, which were seen on the lines before they were lowered, became invisible to their owners, when they once reached the deck.

A word here about thieving. In the backwoods of Arkansas and Missouri, horse-stealing used to be accounted, by the great public of those localities, a crime far exceeding any in atrocity common robbery or burglary,

and even deserving of more immediate and stringent punishment than that of murder. This arose, doubtless, from the fact, that while one could protect himself, or his house, or his goods, to a certain extent, from the hands of the marauder, a horse-thief took the community at vantage, assailed them in their most indefensible point. So on board ship, where, owing to the great number of men crowded together, it is impossible to guard one's property against theft, there is a public sentiment, which makes theft the worst of crimes, and subjects the thief to a species of pillory, beside the punishment meted out at the gangway, which is as intolerable as anything can well be. Theft was of seldom occurrence on board our ship, and there was but one individual caught *flagrante delicto*, during the whole cruise of three years. He was found with several pieces of clothing in his clothes-bag, belonging to others. The crime was plainly and patiently proven on him; and then came the punishment: first, confinement in the brig, in irons, for two weeks; then a dozen with the "thieves cat," an instrument made of heavier line than the common "cat," and soaked in stiff brine for a week before it is used, which makes each strand hard and stiff as a piece of wire; and, finally, he was sentenced to mess alone, and to wear upon his back, for six months, a placard containing, in conspicuous letters, the word "thief;" and, in addition, made a perpetual member of the blacklist. Poor fellow, base as was his offense, his punishment was enough to raise pity in the hardest breast. It was impossible for any one to commiserate with him, for every one knew that his punishment was just. But no one molested him, and, during the time he

remained on board, he moved about among the ship's company shunned by all, and as much alone as though left upon a desert island. He was kept on board until the day before leaving our next port, when he disappeared, having received, it was said, an intimation to the effect, that if he could get ashore, he would not be sought for.

The experience of the first wash-morning caused the promulgation of an order, compelling every man to place clothes-stops on his clothes, under penalty of being put on the never-failing blacklist, for neglecting to obey the order.

Steering southerly, we were soon into warm weather; and now came another experience for new beginners. We had been taught to wash our own clothes. We were next inducted into the process of *making* new ones, and neatly mending the old. While the weather was cool, blue flannel shirts and blue cloth trowsers were found none too warm for comfort; but the warmth of a southern latitude made lighter clothing a necessity; and as it was not judged proper by the commander that white frocks and trowsers should be worn at this time, an order was sent to the purser, to issue to the crew, or such of them as needed it, a quantity of blue cotton-drilling (called *dungaree* by sailors), sufficient for two or three suits each. And then began the labor of making up this stuff into frocks and trowsers. Every forehanded sailor expects to make his own *light* clothing, as well as sometimes a portion of the heavier flannels. For this purpose, each one has a "ditty-bag," the contents of which vary but little from those of the sewing-baskets of thrifty

housewives ashore. On board a merchant vessel, this *ditty-bag* generally assumes the shape of a little box, but in a man-of-war, anything of the chest or box kind is contraband, even the officers being prohibited from keeping their clothing in chests or large trunks. The ditty-bag generally contains a pair of scissors, a thimble, some linen thread, a paper or two of needles, a lump of wax, and various little trimmings used in making up seamen's clothing, such as tape, buttons, strips of binding, etc. Every true man-of-war's man knows how to cut out clothing with as much ease, and producing as correct a fit, as the best tailor. This is a necessity on board ship, for the ready-made clothing procured of the purser is never known to fit, being generally manufactured several sizes larger than necessary, in order that it may be re-cut and made in good style. I furnished my ditty-bag from the purser's stores, and then, having drawn my share of dungaree, one of my messmates, a maintopman, cut me out a frock, or "jumper," (a short shirt worn over all, not unlike the French *blouse*), and a pair of trowsers. A sailor wears no braces or suspenders, and trowsers are, therefore, made sufficiently tight at the hips to sustain themselves there. They continue tight nearly down to the knees, the legs being cut exactly straight, and consequently quite loose at the bottoms. I sat me down amid a number of old hands, and began the task of making up the garments, getting one to show me where I found myself at a loss. By dint of being shown, and studying out portions myself, with plentiful ripping out and re-sewing, I at last succeeded, to my no small gratification, in putting together a pair of trowsers, "ship shape

and Bristol fashion." On trying them on, they proved a pretty good fit, which caused me no little pride as I wore them. In two weeks, I succeeded, by exercising all the patience and ingenuity at my command, in making up two jumpers, and three pairs of trowsers, and these clothes I soon found more useful to me than any others I had. Another two weeks sufficed to get my wardrobe in tolerably good order, to have every piece marked with my name and ship's number, and *stops* put on all, and then I was prepared for the muster of clothing and bedding which was shortly to take place. As will be gathered from the remarks heretofore made on the article of clothing, great attention is paid by the officers to the general appearance of the men. All the dirty work, such as refitting rigging, tarring and slushing, are done at sea, in order that no one need be dirty in port. And, beyond the necessary exercises, and working ship, it is made the chief and all important duty of every individual to keep himself perfectly clean, and to dress neatly and with taste. In fact, to take care of the vessel and of themselves, keeping both in as good trim as possible, is the sum total of duty required of the crew of a vessel of war, in the "piping times of peace."

In the mean time, while all these matters were being arranged, and the vessel and crew got into order, the good ship herself was plowing the waters with favoring breeze, each day increasing the distance between us and home, and approaching nearer to her destined port. We had continual fair breezes and beautiful weather after crossing the gulf, until we began to near the Equinoctial line, when we were, for two weeks, detained by calms and

light winds. Up to that time, while going along with steady breeze, we were but little bothered about making, taking in, or trimming sails. An occasional furling of the royal and mizzen topgallant sail at night, to enable our slower consort, a little sloop of war, to keep up in sight, with a daily tightening up of the halyards, sheets, and braces, was all we had to do with the sails, and we boys had made up our minds, from this specimen, that going to sea was a most delightful occupation. To me, the new life seemed peculiarly grateful, inasmuch as from the very first breath of salt air I had inhaled, I had felt myself gaining health and strength. The pure and refreshing breeze, the clear sky, and mild but bracing atmosphere which we experienced while running down the north-east trades, infused new vigor into my system, and with the exercise I got in running up and down the rigging, and climbing about various parts of the ship, gave me fresh hold on life, and made "a new boy" of me.

We had been going along finely for a number of days, rattling eight and sometimes ten knots off the log, although latterly the breeze had seemed to be getting *flawy*, and an occasional flap of our immense topsails, told that it was also losing its strength, when one morning, on "turning out" at four o'clock, we found the breeze gone, studding-sails hauled down on deck, the yards braced sharp up, and the ship rolling uneasily from side to side, on the swell, at every roll the topsails flapping violently against the mast, or filling with a jerk, as though determined to carry away the masts. We had lost the trades, but were yet in the trade swell. The air, before

pure and almost dazzling, was now hazy, the beautiful azure of the sky was become light blue, interspersed with long streaks of pale yellow or dull white. We were in the *Doldrums*. The older sailors, who, many of them, in their fashion, and for their own gratification, kept the run of the ship, had been for some days talking about the approaching change, and had found some agreeable excitement in hazarding little bets as to what watch would "lose the trades." At every change of watch the tars of one side would duly give the *weather* in charge of those of the other, with instructions to return it in as good order as given. There was, therefore, considerable merriment and chaffing between the two watches when we came upon deck, and saw the change made in the last four hours.

"Well, Jack, what have you done with the wind?" asked a foretopman of a forecastleman of the other watch.

"It 's gone down to Davy Jones', and you fellows that are so anxious about it had better go down after it," was the answer.

"Brace round the yards," was now the order of the day. The lightest of dog vanes was set up on the horse-block, and the attention of quartermasters and officers of the watch was anxiously divided between that and the still lighter mast-head vane, in order that no favoring flaw might pass over without being brought into our service. All work on rigging was laid aside, and the watch on deck did nothing but tend the braces, and haul up and down the courses. The north-east trades commence generally in about latitude thirty, and are held sometimes down to

the line, but vessels generally lose them in from three to seven degrees north, when bound southward, or "catch" them within those parallels when bound north. The south-east trades more frequently carry a ship right across the line, and the writer of this was so fortunate once as to be carried by them into latitude five degrees north, and there to take the north-east trades, with scarcely an hour's calm, or light variable winds. This, however, is not a common occurrence. On the present passage we were not destined to experience any such good fortune. We lost the trades when in ten degrees north latitude, and drifted about at the mercy of the *variables* for more than two weeks, before catching again a favorable breeze. In this time, we were continually chasing the wind round the compass. First, there was a dead calm, and the ship lay silent upon a sea whose surface was as of glass. Then a ripple, seen afar off, heralded the approach of a little breeze, "a cat's paw," as such little drafts upon the bank of Æolus are called, perhaps from their not containing even a "cap full" of wind. Its progress over the waters is anxiously watched by the quartermaster, who endeavors, by working the wheel, to head the vessel the right way for receiving a due benefit from it. The yards, before braced contrary ways, in order that the vessel might lay as steadily as possible, are now hauled sharp up. Scarcely are the braces belayed, when the masthead vane, which was before hanging as dead, lifts itself sluggishly up, and at last flutters out horizontally, announcing that there *is* a breeze, a fact which would be otherwise quite imperceptible. Now the royals fill for a moment, and collapse again, spasmodically, as though the

exertion was too much for them. Now the weather leach of the topgallant sails flutters a moment.

"No higher," shouts the quartermaster to the man at the wheel; "keep her off a little."

The helm is put up, but the wind is veering even as it strikes us, as though in its effort to move the ship, itself was obliged to give way.

"Full sails, full sails, there," gruffly says the captain, whom the slightest appearance of a breeze brings upon deck.

The helm is hard up, and she pays-off, shivering in the wind all the time, till a sudden flaw brings her all aback, and "brace round the yards," is the cry. But a cloud has gathered overhead during the previous maneuvering, and now empties its contents upon us.

"Pull round the foreyard, men; be lively," urges the officer of the deck, as a blast, stronger than any before, persuades him that the breeze is *set*, for a little while at least.

"How's her head, quartermaster?"

"Nothe'nd by east, sir."

The rain is pouring down in torrents; the sails are well filled, and the vessel going through the water, some four knots.

"This will never do for a man bound south," mutters the officer of the deck, looking inquiringly at the captain, who is sheltering himself under the hammock cloth, near the break of the poop.

A nod from the latter, and "Ready about," is bellowed from the speaking-trumpet of the lieutenant, and reverberated from the hoarse throats of boatswain's

mates, dying away in the diminuendo of little midshipmen.

"Stations there, every body," shouts the boatswain, making a rush up the main-hatch, and forward.

"Ready, ready."

"All ready forward, sir," answers the officer of the forecastle.

"Helm's alee," and around goes the wheel, amid a general trill of the boatswain's mates' pipes. Jib-sheets and fore-sheet are let go, and the ship flies quickly into the wind.

"Tacks and sheets," and the fore and main-tack and main-sheet, are let go and overhauled.

"Haul well taut—main-sail haul;" and in obedience to the word of command, round swing the ponderous yards, bringing up with a *thwack* against the backstays, which shows that the word was given at the exact time.

"Run round, lively, men; run in the slack before he goes back; down main-tack, now; ride him down, boys; so—belay—and aft sheet."

"Head braces every body—haul well taut—let go and haul," and away we run, plash, plash over the deck, stumbling over wet ropes, and rolling in the scuppers occasionally, until the head-yards are declared to be "chock up," the bowlines are hauled out, the weather main-brace hauled taut, and then, "clear up the rigging."

The rain has slacked a little, but, of course, every body (except the officers) is wet through, and we have a merry time tripping one another up in the lee-scuppers, and taking a good roll in the fresh water. Some wide-awake fellows have secured buckets, and put soiled clothes

to soak in them, in the fresh water, remembering that it is much easier to wash with than salt.

But there is no time to wash clothes. A glance at the compass tells the officer of the deck that we are going free; and,

"Check in the braces, and stand by to set the foretop mast studding-sail," is the word.

The yards are squared in a little, and the wet foretop-mast studding-sail lugged out and set. Still the wind is hauling aft, and directly the yards are laid nearly square; and,

"Stand by, to set all the starboard studding-sails," sends the topmen and forecastlemen aloft, to let down the gear and get the booms out. Directly we hear:

"All ready, main topgallant studding-sail, sir."

"All ready, foretopgallant studding-sail, sir." And, last of all, the officer of the forecastle reports:

"All ready; lower studding-sail."

The halyards and tacks are manned; the waisters are crowded upon the lower boom toppenlift; and, at the word, all three sails flap in mid-air for a moment, and are then securely *set*, adding their mite to our velocity.

Every one draws a long breath, and we begin to congratulate one another upon such a fine breeze. But it will not last long. The wind still hauls. The yards are laid exactly square. All the larboard studding-sails are set. The heavy topsails begin to flap idly against the mast already, before the last *stud'n-sail* is up. Ere an hour is over, the yards are braced sharp up on the other tack. The sun comes out, scorching every thing

scorchable, and killing off the little remains of a breeze still left us; the stud'n-sails are taken in as soon as dry, and the ship is once more motionless, except a heavy sug into the sea, which tells of the late breeze. Studding-sails are made up and stowed away on the booms; rigging coiled up; decks swept off; wet clothes (those which have not yet dried on our backs) hung in the rigging to dry; and, eight bells being struck, the watch is over. Such watches—and we experienced a good many of them before we got out of the *Doldrums*—in which we were kept moving the whole four hours, plashing about in the wet, straining at halyards, tacks, and braces, gave me quite different ideas of the delights of the sea. I found that here, as everywhere else, there was a compensation—an evil for every good. However, by dint of chasing all the cat's-paws, and making use of every available puff of wind, we at last got across the line.

CHAPTER VI.

"Crossing the Line — An old Topman's Yarn — How Jemmy Squarefoot ran away with a Sailor — Fourth of July at Sea — Nearing our Port — Rio de Janeiro.

Crossing the line was quite an event in the lives of those who were now making their first voyage. The ceremonies of shaving, ducking, and tribute exacting, which we read of as being so much in vogue in former days, on occasions of this kind, have gone out of use in this practical age, and I, who had looked forward with delighted terror to the advent of Neptune, and the initiation of us *green hands* into the mysteries of the sea god, was obliged to content myself with reminiscences of the older tars, most of whom had undergone the ordeal of Father Neptune's razor and bathing tub, and taken the required obligations, "never to eat brown bread, when you can get white; never to kiss the maid, when you can kiss the mistress; to eschew water, and drink *grog;* hate a *sojer* and love a pretty girl."

"Ah, boy," said one old fellow to me, when I had been coaxing him into telling me a yarn about crossing the line; "those were what your books would have called the *halcyon days* of the sea. There was some romance about a ship when I first went to sea, and the tars of those

days made as familiar with old Father Neptune and the Flying Dutchman, as a half-starved sojer would with a bread-barge."

"Well," said I, "Jack, that's sorry news for us boys, who came mostly for the romance of the thing, and to wear out our old clothes. But, come, as we ain't to see anything of Father Neptune, you be good-natured and tell us all about him—that's the next best thing to seeing him."

Jack Haley, our captain of the maintop, was a tar who had wintered and summered in all climes and countries, a great burly fellow, whose arm was as big round as my body, and whose bronzed neck, almost rivaling in firmness of muscular development that of a wild bull, gave evidence of a strength, literally little less than Herculean. Withal, Jack had a heart "big enough," as one of his old shipmates once said, "to fill up his whole great big body." I knew his weak side, and, having found him stretched along the weather gangway, surrounded by his topmates, felt sure of being able to coax him into a yarn.

"Well," said he, at last, when some of the topmen had seconded my wish for a "real good yarn of the old times," "my own first crossing the line and introduction to the old fellow with the grains, would not be interesting at all, shipmates, for it was just like all others, and there was too much slush and dirty water about it, for any romance, which is what this boy is after"—turning to me; "but if you'll all listen, and not interrupt, as the breeze seems to be steady, and old 'Dyce, no higher' has quit hallooing at us, I'll try to spin you a

yarn that I was told once, by an old tar that was in the same ship in which it took place, and, by consequence, knew all about."

At this point, Jack stopped to take in a couple of ounces of the purser's cavendish, while we took advantage of the interruption to gather round a little closer, and make ourselves as comfortable under our pea-jackets as we could.

"Well," said Jack, "you must know, topmates, that what I'm going to tell you happened when I was quite a boy. It was my third voyage at sea, and my first into the South Atlantic. Our vessel belonged to Hull, in England. She was a brig, and we were bound from London to Rio, with a cargo of assorted wares—a general cargo, as they call it. Our whole ship's company, with the exception of the mate and myself, were Jordies, and such of you as have sailed in the north country ships will know, that among a rough set of colliermen, a poor west country boy stood a small chance. But then, I had had civility beaten into me on the first two voyages, and learnt by experience that it was better to make friends than enemies of the crew. We had shipped our crew in Hull, and they staid by the brig in London, because the skipper and they agreed very well, and he gave them good wages. They were all good men, but, like all Jordies,* awful growls. However, the old man didn't care for their growling, so long as it was *growl and go*. He used to say they would growl if they were fed on chicken

* The sailors belonging to the ports on the north-eastern coast of England, are called Jordies. They are a peculiar set, known as great growlers and excellent sailors.

SCENE ON CANTON RIVER.

sea-pie and soft tack and butter every day, and had nothing to do but smoke their pipes and spin yarns; and while we were in Rio, the steward tried them on the grub, and, by the hook-block, shipmates, they called the skipper a stingy old fool, and threatened to sue him for cheating them out of their regular allowance of mahogany and salt pork, and giving them nothing to eat but a lot of trashy chickens. Howsomever, this ain't the yarn that I was to tell you. They were a lot of bloody old growls, as I said, and would curse and swear in their north country, Jordie jargon, by the hour. 'Cat-faced booger' was the best word that came out of their mouth."

Here a Jordie among the listeners said in his broadest lingo:

"Eh, you cat-faced booger," which produced a general smile.

"Ah, Jordie," said Jack, "you're listening; well, perhaps you have heard the same yarn that I'm going to tell, for it's known to every sailor out of the port of Hull. As I was saying, they were a great set to curse and swear, all except one, a quiet sober-looking old man, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, and whose wrinkled, weather-beaten face told of many storms and dangers. He was a very kind-hearted old fellow, as I had occasion to know, for he often helped me out when I was bothered in making a pair of canvas trowsers, or a frock. He said very little, nothing more than was barely necessary, never was heard laughing or singing over his can of grog on Saturday evenings, like the rest, and held little communication with any one on board. Nevertheless, he was every inch a

seaman, one who knew his duty, and was always first aloft, at reefing or handing, and was the mate's trusty man. When the men would gather together in the dog watches, after we got into fine weather, and smoke their pipes and spin long yarns, he would sit apart on the top gallant forecastle, and smoke and think, and say nothing until, somehow, we boys got it in our heads that the old fellow, for all his good look, was a wizard, and were half afraid of him. We had a fair passage out, taking the north-east trades shortly after we got out of the Bay of Biscay, and carrying them nearly to the line. As we neared the line, there was much talk over the ceremony of receiving Neptune on board, and we found that besides us boys, (there were four of us,) there was one old Jordie, who, having been all his life running between Sunderland, and Shields, and London, with an occasional trip up the Baltic, was now in his old age to be initiated into Neptune's mysteries. The balance of the crew were *South Spainers*,* and had all paid their tribute to the sea god. *Jordie Christie*, as he was called, had said nothing about never having crossed the line, thinking probably that the rest of the crew would not dare to take any liberties with him. When he found that he too was expected to undergo the ordeal, he sat on his chest, and swore at a terrible rate, threatening to use a *heaver* on the first man's head that dared touch him. Old Jimmy, our quiet man, looked

* "South Spainers" those are called, among the sailors of the *north country*, who are in the habit of making voyages to the Indies or America, instead of coasting and North Sea and Baltic trading; which last is considered by these men to be their peculiar branch of the business.

black at him, to hear him swear so, and at last, when at supper, the day before we were to cross the line, Christie and some of the rest got into a hot dispute, and the cursing grew stronger and louder, Jimmy all at once came amongst them, (he used to take his pot of tea and bread and mahogany apart, to eat,) and said:

"Shipmates, if you had all my experience of the consequences of such cursing and swearing talk, you would know that no good comes of it."

"Well, old foulweather Jack, let's hear your yarn about what comes of those that swear," said one of the most profane.

"It may be a warning to you, shipmates, and as there's nothing to do after supper, and the barkey is going along steady, when the boys clear away the things, I'll tell you what happened in the barque Sunderland, when I was in her, on a voyage from Hull to Buenos Ayres."

"Were you in the barque Sunderland?" asked a Hull sailor, with much excitement.

"Yes, shipmate."

"Well, by the holy man of the mast, I don't wonder you carry such a bloody long figure-head, and look as solemn as a pig with his head cut off. Why, boys, aboard that bloody barque old Jemmy Squarefoot took a fellow away off his chest, and kept him a week, out of the ship, and then brought him back!"

Of course this aroused every one's curiosity, and the pots and pans were wiped out, and pipes lit, and everybody gathered about old Jimmy, eager to hear about the devil carrying off a man.

"Well lads," he began, when everything was settled,

and the pipes were all going, "we were in the barque Sunderland, bound from Hull to Buenos Ayres, after a cargo of hides and horns. She was a lively barque, a trim boat, sailed well, worked easy, and steered like a top. We had twelve men before the mast. The forecastle had leaked a little on first coming out, and the skipper allowed us to move our chests into a large steerage she had, where we lived as comfortably as dukes. We had a good crew, all except the sailmaker, who was a horrid wicked wretch, whose mouth never opened but to let out a lot of cursing and blackguarding, that was enough to sink the ship. Now, *Sails* had never made a southern voyage before," (here everybody looked at Jordie Christie, but Jimmy took no notice), "and when we came to near the line, he declared his intention never to see Neptune, nor submit himself to the usual ceremonies. The nearer we approached the equator, as the skipper calls the *line*, the louder *Sails* swore, until one Sunday morning, when we were all sitting on our chests in the steerage, smoking and yarning, he all at once broke out in a long string of oaths, and ended by declaring that he wished Jimmy Squarefoot might take him off to perdition that minute, if he ever meant to submit to any of their gammon. Shipmates, he hadn't the words out of his mouth before the poor fool began to wriggle, and struggle, and bellow, as though somebody had hold of him, dragging him off. And while we all sat astounded, he was lifted bodily off his chest, and carried on his back, struggling and catching at everything that he passed, right up the steerage ladder—tearing down a stancheon on the way, so tightly did he cling—and then

forward, across to the lee side, and over the fore-sheet, catching and unreeving the lee fore-tack as he went overboard—and that was the last we saw of him, although we heard a shouting and groaning for more than ten minutes afterward. We had followed *Sails* up the hatchway, and had seen him dragged forward by some invisible power. He went along head foremost, and on his back, only his heels touching the deck, he catching at every rope as he went past, and struggling to hold on, but all in vain.

"You may fancy, shipmates, how we all felt. The boys cried for fright, and we men shut our lips together, and thought our time was come. The captain came down into the steerage by and by, and asked how the whole thing had commenced. (He and the mates had seen all that occurred on deck.) After we had told him all about *Sail's* cursing, he pulled a Bible out of his pocket (I doubt if he had ever opened it before), and said he would read some chapters to us, and then go on deck, where there was a prayer-book, and have prayers. And so we did, although the skipper made a poor fist at reading prayers, having to stop and spell out the longest words, and calling them by such bloody ugly names that I fancy the Lord didn't more than half understand him. Howsomedever, be that as it may, we were glad to hear the prayer, and there was no more cursing on that day, in the steerage. We talked the matter over, but it was as plain as the cook's face, that Jemmy Squarefoot had been listening and hearing *Sail's* impious wish, and had taken him at his word.

"That night we all gathered on the steerage-hatch,

for somehow no one cared to stay on the forecastle; and the mate once said, indeed, that while looking to leeward, under the foot of the mainsail he heard a groan, and then a peal of devilish laughter; but none of us heard it, and, perhaps, it was only his imagination. Next day was Monday, and all that week we were kept tight to work, so that we should not have time to think over poor *Sails*. And so, what with not caring to talk over the matter, and scarcely having time to think of it, by the time Saturday night came along, we had apparently forgotten that such a fellow as he was ever in the ship. But, shipmates, somehow *I thought* of him all the time, and I guess the rest did too, although they said nothing. There was one evidence of our yet bearing in memory the fate of the unfortunate, and that was, that there had not been an oath heard on board, since his mysterious disappearance. Saturday night passed off more quietly than usual. We sipped our grog in silence, or spoke a few words about the probable distance to port, which we were anxious to reach, as it was a general understanding among all hands forward, that we would there leave, and not try to return to England in what we felt to be a doomed vessel.

"'We had passed the line and taken a fair slant, which had set us well on our way. Sunday morning came. There was a good breeze, and we were bowling off eight knots, with foretopmast and main topgallant stud'n-sails set. At eight bells we went to breakfast, both watches, as it was fair weather, eating together in the steerage. After breakfast was cleared off, we sat on our chests smoking, when old Bill Thomas all at once spoke up:

"'Well, shipmates, what's the use of trying to hide it? we're all thinking of the same thing—how last Sunday, at this time, we had one more in the mess.'

"Just then, before any one could answer, there was a sound as of a heavy body falling on deck, forward, and a loud cry from the man at the wheel, who was the only one on deck, at the time, the cook being down in the cabin getting the cabin breakfast. We started up, looking at one another in alarm. Bill said:

"'Lads, let us all go on deck together, for blast my toplights if I don't believe this bloody ship is haunted.'

"I led the way, being nearest the ladder. On deck we found the officers just running forward, and we all proceeded toward the forecastle in a body. Arrived there, we heard a groan, and looking to leeward of the foremast, on the rigging, we found, shipmates,' said old Jimmy, earnestly, 'we found *the body of the sailmaker!* He was barely breathing, and just able to open his eyes and mouth, and let out an occasional groan. After standing a few minutes in utter consternation, we mustered our senses together and took him down below, some of the men swearing roundly, in their terror, that not only wouldn't they touch any one who had passed a week with old Jemmy Squarefoot, but even refusing to sleep in the steerage while he was there. However, their counsel did not prevail. We took him down and laid him in his bunk, which had never been touched since his disappearance. He was overhauled by the skipper, who said that no bones were broken, but he was somewhat bruised. We fed him and tended on him carefully for two or three days, when he was able to go to his

duty. But he was a changed man. From being a noisy, violent fellow, always ready to quarrel, he had become quiet and silent, never speaking unless previously spoken to, and making as short answers as possible. You may imagine that we were eager enough to know what he had been doing, or where he had been during his week's absence. But on this subject he preserved a most studious silence, and the only bit of information that we ever pumped out of him was this, that he was awake and conscious all the time that he was away. We got to Buenos Ayres in due time, and there found our cargo waiting for us. It being the time of year in which the *pamperos* blow, we were not allowed to go ashore, and, not being able to make our escape from the vessel, were obliged to return with her to Hull. We were rather a dull set on the passage home, and I never was so glad to get out of a vessel, as I was to get rid of the barque Sunderland. When we got to Hull, the sailmaker, who had got very pious ever since his return to the vessel, and read his Bible daily, consulted with a parson, and concluded to live on shore, and go to sea no more. He told us, his shipmates, that he had related his adventures to the chaplain at the Sailor's Bethel in Hull, that they were to be printed, but not till after his death."

"And the barque Sunderland?"

"She was for a long time unable to get a crew. No one would ship in a vessel to which the devil had free access. At last, she got a crew, and sailed on a voyage to the West Indies, but she never reached her first port, and was never heard from."

Eight bells was struck just as Jack Haley finished his yarn to which we had all listened with great interest.

"Get a pull of the weather main-brace," was the word passed along for the watch, and we hastily broke up, gathered up our jackets, tightened the brace, and went below to our hammocks, I with my head filled with ghosts, and imps, and drunken swearing sailors, which three classes of personages formed the staple subjects of my dreams, the next four hours.

We crossed the line without anything remarkable happening.

"Why, we didn't even see it," said a waister, with a look of disappointment, that elicited a burst of laughter at his expense.

A few days longer of light variable winds and heavy showers, and we were blessed with a fine breeze from the eastward, which, gradually hauling to south-east, there set, and continued with us until we made the land. We now bowled along right merrily. Everything on board had been reduced to the required order, the crew were pretty well acquainted, sufficiently so to make things agreeable, and the mild air and beautiful weather put everybody, even to our crusty old captain, in a good humor. Besides preparing our ship for her entrance into port, we had general quarters every Friday morning.

Unfortunately, the Fourth of July fell on Friday. Those who had never before been in a vessel of war, very naturally thought that Independence Day, if not celebrated as a holiday on board, would, at any rate, prove a sufficient excuse for omitting general quarters; and

some even prophesied the distribution of a double allowance of grog on that day. Nothing of the kind, however, took place, and the "glorious Fourth" was treated with as little ceremony as though there were no associations of patriotism, speeches for Buncomb, militia trainings, encampments, sprees, fireworks, gingerbread and green cherries connected with it. The drum beat at the usual time for *general quarters*. The sham battle, that day, was, if anything, a little more arduously contested than usual by the captain, and after three hours and a half of hard work, we were feasted on boiled rice and mahogany beef.

There are no holidays at sea. If you are in port they are duly kept up, but at sea, no attention is paid to them.

A few weeks of fair winds brought us into the latitude of Rio, and we stood in toward the land, from which our distance was inconsiderable. Three days longer, and we would *be in*, it was said. Oh! what a long three days they were, to be sure. In them, too, a great deal was to be done. The chafing gear was taken off, holidays (white spots) on the rigging carefully touched up with tar, boats' gripes loosened, topgallant and royal yards prepared for being sent down when we got in, the anchors got off the bows, and chains bent to them, brass railings around the poop got on deck and secured, and, on the last two mornings preceding our entry into Rio, clean hammocks bent, and the dirty ones scrubbed. At last, when I had gotten tired-out with waiting, we were electrified by the eager cry of "land-ho!" from the topmast head. It was four o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th of July. Before sunset we could plainly discern the land from deck, rising

from the ocean, in little blue hills surrounding an immense peak, which at dusk loomed up against the sky as though suspended immediately above our heads. This was Cape Frio, the first land made by vessels approaching Rio de Janeiro, from the north. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the interest and delight with which I for the first time viewed a foreign shore. I remained on deck nearly all the first watch, although it was my turn to sleep, and was content to gaze at the great peak looming up against the sky, looking like an enormous black cloud ready to precipitate itself upon us, in thunder, lightning and rain. We lay hove to nearly all night, and at early dawn filled away, and stood in with a light but fair breeze. We rapidly neared the land, and at noon were inside of Cape Frio, becalmed at the entrance of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. The sea-breeze set in shortly, and we stood up the bay, with all sail set, studding-sails and all, gliding along about three knots an hour. Turning around the land in a northerly direction, we were directly land-locked, and safe from any possible storms without. The view which was now spread before us, seemed to me delightful beyond conception. The abrupt grandeur of the scenery, so unlike anything I had ever before beheld; mountains piled upon mountains, peak rising above peak, until, in the far distance, the highest seemed lost in the clouds; immediately before us the immense mount, called, on account of its peculiar shape, the *Sugar-loaf*, rearing its barren side up against the sky; the two white forts, posted like sentinels on either side of the entrance of the harbor; the curiously rigged shallops and polaccas, sweeping lazily past on the limpid tide; the little fishing

boats, scattered here and there about the bay, with their immense lug sails fluttering languidly in the breeze; the white houses, dotted all along the shore, surrounded by, and peeping out of umbrageous groves of oranges and limes—all this variety, on which to feast my eager eyes, seemed so strange, and withal so beautiful, that even as I gazed, I almost fancied myself transported into fairy land. The day was such a one as is to be experienced only in the tropics. There was that peculiar softly-bright haze or film, seemingly surrounding and enveloping every object in view, not hiding, but only tempering the fierce splendor of an almost vertical sun, and infusing all nature, animate and inanimate, with a mellow, lazy tranquility, which affects also beholders, and gives one a realization of that *dolce far niente* feeling which is so highly enjoyed by the inhabitants of these countries. He who has not voyaged within the tropics, can have no conception of the luxury of this feeling of quiet languor, nor of the circumstances which cause it. To us, who came under this influence with the fierce blasts of the north-east trade winds still fresh upon our cheeks, it was delicious. Our crew seemed changed. Every harsh or discordant noise was hushed; the violence of the most uproarious was tempered or stilled. As we glided along smoothly, over the rippling waters of the bay, all hands, dressed in snowy white, crowding the upper deck, the universal stillness was made only more striking by the low hum of many voices, or the occasional abrupt shout of the commander standing on the bows, conning the vessel, and the sharp reply of the quartermaster at the wheel, to his "star board," "port," or "steady." Even the boisterous old

boatswain, whose delight it was to make a din in which no other voice but his could be heard, succumbed to the quieting influences of the hour, and was seen going about decks communicating his orders and directions in subdued tones, and with a dulcet voice—wonder-inspiring to us, who had heard heretofore only his fierce terror-inspiring sea tones.

We dipped our colors on passing the forts which stand upon two projecting points, guardians of the harbor, and with a freshening breeze ran quickly up to our anchorage. All hands were at their stations for taking in sail. Every stitch of canvas was set, studding sails alow and aloft, on both sides. It had been determined to take in all sail, and moor the ship at once, an evolution which, if well performed, would gain us credit as a smart set; but on the other hand, if *botched*, certain to involve us in inextricable confusion and disgrace. But here we are; the commander comes quickly aft, to take charge, the officers report to him everything clear in their different departments, he gives a scrutinizing glance aloft, and then stands silently awaiting the signal from the captain, who, with finger on chart, is waiting for the vessel to run up to the berth he has chosen for her. We are now at the anchoring ground. Before us is spread a gay panorama of ships of all nations, their colors fluttering in the breeze; beyond them lies the city, arrayed in snowy dazzling white.

A nod from the captain, and:

"Stand by to take in sail," gently roars the commander through his speaking-trumpet. "Stand by your tacks,

sheets, halyards, and braces." The crew suddenly start into lively activity.

"Haul in all your studding-sails—down royals—top-gallantsails—up courses—settle away your topsail halyards—braces there, quartermasters—sheets—clew him up lively, men."

In but little longer time than it takes to give the orders, every sail is hauled to the yard, ready to be furled at the word.

"Let go the starboard anchor."

Plash goes the anchor, one hundred and fifty fathoms of chain cable thundering through the hawsehole. The chain is out; the other anchor is dropped under foot, half of the first one hundred and fifty fathoms hove in, and the ship lies moored midway between her anchors.

"All hands furl sail," pipes the boatswain, who has recovered all his former voice.

"Lay aloft, topmen — lower and topgallant yardmen aloft."

Five hundred men spring eagerly up the rigging, and cluster together on the yards, and close in to the masts.

"Lay out and furl;" and the yards are suddenly manned, clear to the yardarm, many in their haste running out on top, in place of clambering out on the foot-ropes, and almost before the order is out of the officer's mouth, the great piles of canvas are snugly rolled up and fastened to the yards.

We took in and furled all sails, and moored the ship in eight minutes, and in fifteen minutes the decks were cleared up and swept down, the yards squared, the rigging flemished down on deck, and everything as quiet

and orderly as though we had been lying at the anchorage a month.

Now, thought I, I'll have a better look than I could get while under weigh, at the harbor, and shipping, and town; and accordingly, I cast my eyes aloft to pick out the most convenient place in which to perch myself for that purpose. But here I was doomed to disappointment. Strict orders were immediately issued, that no one should show his head above the hammock rail. The poop and forecastle even were forbidden ground, and I was reduced, in common with seven hundred other anxious souls, to the miserable shift of taking a peep at our surroundings through a port-hole, by which process we were able to gain about as much information concerning the town and harbor, as one would be likely to get of the general appearance of a room, by examining it through the keyhole of the door.

A shrill blast of the boatswain's call, followed by a shout of,

"Where are you, side boys?" admonished me that I was one, and I hurried to the starboard gangway, just in time to swing the man-ropes to a Brazilian officer, captain of the port, who had come alongside in a shore boat, rowed by six men, whom I guessed, at first glance, from their long, lank, sinewy fingers, and the deep ebony hue of their skin, to be real Africans. The officer was received at the gangway by the commander, and on the poop by the captain. He came on board to receive any report the captain had to make, and to offer the hospitalities of the port to our ship, and finally, to make arrangements about saluting next day. His business

was transacted in a few minutes, and he returned to his boat and to the shore. I watched them as they pulled toward the landing stairs. The boat was very long in proportion to her width, and heavily fastened, apparently. Over the entire afterpart a thick awning was spread, under which, on cushions, reclined the officer. Abaft was the cockswain's box, in which was perched a minute specimen of Ethiopia, who steered the boat. She was propelled by means of long sweeps, the crew standing up and leaning far aft at each pull; and then, having put the blades of their sweeps in the water, letting their whole weights come back on the oar, pulling until they sank back into their seats—rising at each pull, and repeating the maneuver. It seemed to me a novel and rather laborious way of getting through the water, but I found it to be the method universally practiced, in the Brazilian boats.

No sooner was the anchor down, than the sergeant of marines was busy placing sentries at the gangways, larboard and starboard, and on the bows. The office of these sentries is to keep off shore boats, unless they have special business, of which notice is given to the officer of the deck; to prevent the smuggling on board of liquor and other contraband articles, and also, to act as checks on any attempts on the part of the sailors to make their escape from the vessel. They are on guard night and day, and have a laborious and thankless task of it. Of course, the marines perform this duty.

The yards being squared and all things made snug and clear, alow and aloft, we were piped to supper. During supper, the commodore, accompanied by his

secretary, went ashore, in a shore boat. After supper, a few men were dispatched aloft to see to getting the topgallant and royal yards ready for coming down on deck. Below, the immense yard-ropes were carefully coiled down, ready for slacking down, tripping-lines and down-hauls were manned, and soon all was in readiness for sunset, which is the time chosen for such evolutions as this. The band gathered on the larboard side of the poop; the ship's drummers and fifers assembled on the quarter-deck; the men, all but one on each mast, came down from aloft; and the whole ship again for a few minutes resumed her air of quiet and lifelessness. regarded from without.

"All hands, down topgallant and royal yards," from the boatswain and his mates, called everybody on deck.

Everything is ready—the captain raises his finger, the drums and fifes play several lively airs, and after the last, the bass drum taps—one, two, three—and at the third tap, and accompanying roll of the smaller drums, the ship's colors are hauled down, the topgallant and royal yards swing from horizontal to perpendicular, as by magic, and are swiftly lowered to the deck, amid a long-drawn trill on the boatswain's call. The band now plays Hail Columbia, and a number of other tunes; the men unbend the sails from the yards just sent down, make them up, mark them, and deposit them in the sail locker; the yards are triced up in the lower rigging; the yard-ropes laid against the mast, so as not to show conspicuously; the rigging is coiled down, and all is finished.

At quarters, word was passed that the crews of the two market-boats were to be in readiness at four o'clock next morning to go ashore with the stewards. At dusk,

the hammocks were piped down, and then all hands congregated about decks and talked over the pleasant day, discussed the probability of our getting "liberty" (that is, leave to spend a day or two on shore) in this place, and those of them who had been here before spun yarns of past adventures. Among others, I heard much mention of one Portuguese Joe, a bum-boatman, who had the name of being a most dangerous fellow to have dealings with. Bum-boatmen are persons who bring alongside, daily, supplies of fruits and various shore delicacies, for the use of such of the crew as care to indulge in luxuries of that kind, and labor under no pecuniary disabilities to prevent the fulfillment of their desires. Of *Portuguese Joe* it was said, that he had taken the lives of several man-of-war's men, who had either cheated or insulted him, and that he made free use of poison in dealing with such of his acquaintances as became obnoxious to him. These allegations were in all likelihood true enough, for the lower classes of Brazilians are notoriously revengeful and treacherous, and the stilletto and the poisoned cup are in common use among them. But, true or false, I found that they did not fail to secure for Mr. *Portuguese Joe* (the only name I ever heard for him) most unbounded respect, and a perfect immunity from the depredations not unfrequently committed on bum-boatmen—thus proving that there may be advantages in having a bad name.

At nine o'clock (two bells), came *tattoo,* which closes the waking day of a vessel of war, in port. The drums and fifes were again put in requisition, and after playing a number of tunes, precisely at nine, commenced the

grand *roulade*, at the third roll a cannon being fired off, while the bell is at the same time struck two. A perfect silence succeeds the din of the kettle drums, interrupted after a while by the voice of the master-at-arms ordering some one to go to his hammock. After gun-fire no one is allowed out of his hammock, except such few persons as are on duty. Neither is any loud talking or other disturbance permitted. All the lights in the ship are extinguished by the master-at-arms, and the fact reported to the officer of the deck, and the stillness of slumber rests upon the ship.

CHAPTER VII.

Life in Harbor — Bumboats — At Sea again — What Sailors Eat and How Victuals are cooked — The First Flogging on Board.

At four o'clock next morning we were awakened by the firing off of a gun, seconded by a din on the drums, similar to that of the evening before. Shortly after, the bugler called away the crews of the market-boats; at five, "all hands" were called, and the boatswain's mates went round admonishing every man to lash his hammock neatly, "seven turns, put on square, and hauled tight." Coming up the mizzen-hatch with my hammock, I found the commander there, examining each one as it was carried past, sending some back to try it over. Now the last man on deck with his hammock is blacklisted, so that there is usually a punishment consequent upon a neglect, or carelessness. As soon as the hammocks were stowed, the crew commenced holystoning the decks, the chief boatswain's mate meantime calling over the names of all on the blacklist, and apportioning to them the dirty work of the morning. Two parties were sent over the side, on catamarans, with slush, sand and canvas, to scour the line of copper which appears just above the water's edge. A catamaran is a structure composed of six air-tight casks lashed together, three in a row, with a few

rough planks thrown loosely over for a deck; of course the water washes over it continually, and sometimes, when there is a strong tide, or a stiff breeze, it is a matter of some difficulty to maintain a foothold on the crazy structure. Others were seen suspended on the large copper funnel or smoke-pipe, which served to carry off clear all the smoke of the galley fires. "Charley Noble," as this funnel was familiarly nicknamed, had his face scoured as bright as a new doll's, every morning. Others blacked stancheons, and cleaned guns and gun carriages. Holystoning continued until six o'clock, when the sand was scrubbed and washed off, the decks swabbed dry, and carefully swept down, and then all *bright-work* cleaned. While the rest of the crew were washing the decks, we side-boys were busied scraping and scouring the side-ladder, reaching from a large grating at the water's edge to the upper deck.

In harbor, the starboard is considered the side of honor. Thus that side of the quarter-deck is sacred from intrusion even of the officers, when not on duty. Officers come on board, or leave the ship from the starboard side. That side is furnished with a convenient ladder, while on the other there are only a few cleats, as supports to the feet in the labor of climbing up. Marketing, drunken sailors, and provisions of all sorts, are taken on board from the larboard side, and bumboats, and other unofficial shore boats are received there.

When the decks were dried, and the *bright-work* cleaned, awnings were spread fore and aft; at eight o'clock, the crew were piped to breakfast, and ordered to "clean themselves, in white frocks and trowsers, and

white hats." At nine, the colors were hoisted, to the sound of drums and fifes, and the crew inspected at quarters, and then the regular day's work was begun. The boats were sent ashore in charge of officers, and on various errands. The boatswain took a good look at the outside of the vessel, his point of view being a boat, in which he was pulled around.

The holders were set to work preparing the water tanks, emptied on the passage out, for refilling. The fore and maintop men were busied clearing away the large boats which are carried amidships at sea, preparatory to their being hoisted out; and the balance of the men and boys looked on, or peeped out through the port-holes, at a shore which it was not likely they would be permitted to visit in *propria personæ*, however much they might long for that privilege.

For some time before breakfast was piped, I had noticed a number of large boats crowding around the larboard gangway, but not permitted by the sentry to touch the vessel. As soon as it was breakfast-time these boats hauled alongside; after having their contents inspected by one of the assistant-surgeons, to see that they contained nothing deleterious to health, and by the master-at-arms, to prevent the importation of anything obnoxious to sobriety, the word was passed that the bumboats were alongside, and immediately a crowd besieged the narrow gangway anxious to examine their contents, and purchase an addition to the meagre ship's allowance. I was the lucky possessor of a silver dollar, sent aboard to me in Philadelphia by a considerate friend, and determined to invest a portion of my capital in fruit. Getting into the

boats, I found there for sale, oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, fried fish, boiled eggs, soft tack, (the ship name for soft bread,) and a sticky preparation of guavas, wrapped up in plantain leaves, and tasting not unlike a mixture of three parts maple sugar, and one part clean sand. This was known by the euphonious title of *Johnny Kacká*, and was in great demand among the boys. The boats themselves were the scenes of most dire confusion. The articles kept for sale were piled away in bow and stern, the middle of the boat being left as a gangway, or passage for customers. There was a terrible din, every one speaking, or rather, hallooing at the top of his voice. The boats were continually rolling from side to side, as those on board changed places, and not unfrequently one would go gunwale under, and ship water, to the dismay of the owner, and the delight of mischievous sailors. In the stern of the boat nearest the vessel, sat the notorious *Portuguese Joe*, presiding with the air of a Jew king over "the delicacies of the season." After waiting a reasonable length of time, with the idea that the crowd would either disperse or grow more orderly, but seeing no symptoms of either, I mustered up all my courage, and, money in my mouth, (for sailors wear no pockets,) rushed into the crowd, determining to be as reckless as any one. Falling over a waister with a bosom full of oranges, and a bunch of bananas in each hand, and leaving him on his back in the bottom of *Portuguese Joe's* boat, I rushed headlong into the farther skiff of the row, taking advantage of the swinging or rolling of the boats to give additional impetus to my jumps. I succeeded at length in reaching the desired place; not, however, without

having been instrumental in the downfall of more than one sturdy tar. But "every one for himself" was the ruling motto, and I thought, not unreasonably, that if they could stand it I could. Taking fast hold of a thwart, to prevent being pushed overboard in the general confusion, I now priced the articles exposed for sale. Dumps are the prevailing currency of Brazilian bum-boats. What may be the legal tenders of the empire in general, thanks to the care with which we were preserved from the deleterious influences of the shore, I am unable to this day to say—but the *dump*, a piece of copper, of the value of two cents, was the coin by which the worth of everything in the boats was estimated. For five of these, or ten cents, I received about two dozen oranges, a bunch of bananas, and a small loaf of soft tack, and an additional dump procured me a *chunk* of the much-prized johnny kacká. On presenting my dollar for payment, I received in exchange no less than forty-four of the villainous dumps, accompanied by a grin from the salesman, which said as plain as could be:

"I hope you will have a good time getting on board with your load."

Tying the money into a little handkerchief, and putting that with my purchases into by bosom, (the place where the man-of-war sailor deposits everything which a "landlubber" would carry in a basket or in his pockets), I followed pell-mell in the wake of a great broad-shouldered fellow, who was just making his way back, and succeeded in gaining the deck without an accident, except that, on looking for my johnny-kacká, I found the greater portion of it smeared on my under-flannel. I found, on

inquiry, that breakfast-time was over, and was obliged to defer enjoying my purchases until after quarters. Hurriedly depositing everything, oranges, bananas, money, and all, in the mess-chest, I slipped on my clean white frock and trowsers, and stowed my bag in the locker just as the drum beat.

After quarters, I called a chum of mine, and we two went to our mess-chest, and there, in company with the cook, took "a regular blow out," not leaving a vestige of my purchase in view. I enjoyed the fruits amazingly. Oranges, such as are sold in the confectionaries at home, are but as dirt compared to the golden-ripe sweet fruit which was here brought us. The banana I had never seen before, but it needed only the experience gained by allowing one to melt away in my mouth, to assure me of the fact that its equal is scarcely to be found among all the luscious fruits of the tropics.

But enough of bum-boats and gormandizing. At eleven o'clock, we saluted the Brazilian flag, the salute being returned from the fort in the inner harbor. The market-boats, in the morning, had brought on board a day's allowance of fresh meat and vegetables for the crew (the fore and hind quarters of two large bullocks, and several hampers of sweet potatoes and other *greens*), and of this the ship's cook was now preparing a fragrant soup, the delicious odor of which pervaded the whole ship, causing us to long for the arrival of the dinner hour.

The afternoon was set apart for getting up tackles with which to hoist out the launch and cutters. This being done, and the decks swept, we were left at liberty

to amuse ourselves in whatsoever way best suited each one's peculiar idiosyncracy, until supper-time. Then there was the shifting into blue clothing for the night and the morrow's washing decks, after which came quarters, sundown, and tattoo, as detailed of the preceding day.

In port, when the weather is sufficiently warm to allow of it, all hands are generally made to dress in white. But the white clothing is only worn from breakfast until supper-time, a part of the day during which the vessel is open to the inspection of visitors.

Blue is the *working* dress of the navy; white, its "holiday rig." Your true man-of-war's man is very particular about his clothing. There is no greater dandy than he. No Broadway swell pays more attention to the cut of his unmentionables, the set of his collar, the tie of his neckerchief, or the spotless luster of his pumps, than does Jack. There is a multitude of curiously-wrought stitching on the broad collar and neat bosom of his *frock* (*Anglice*, shirt). Infinite pains have been taken to give his tarpaulin that marvelous gloss, and many an hour has he attitudinized before the little round pocket mirror, leaning against a gun, to give it that rakish set. His spotless white ducks set tight about the hips, and hang loosely at the bottom, just allowing the tips of a pair of patent-leather pumps to peep out from beneath their ample breadth. See him with his blue collar turned far back over his broad shoulders, exposing a manly and well-turned neck; his hat pressed jauntily over his left eyebrow; one hand carelessly resting on his

hip, and you would scarcely need to be told that a true "blue jacket" was before you.

For several successive days, the larger boats were now employed in bringing off water and some few provisions. The water was brought aboard in large casks, which were towed ashore empty, but tightly bunged, then rolled up to the watering place, filled, rolled down to the water's edge, and fastened together in the form of a raft, for convenience in towing. The watering parties, which consisted of the crews of the launch and the first cutter, were the only ones of the ship's company who got their feet on dry land, here. The watering place was situated in a portion of the harbor opposite to the city. The little rivulet where the casks were filled ran down to the bay through an orange grove, and our fellows used to bring off their bosoms full of the golden fruit, as trophies of the shore.

That no one was allowed to go ashore here was a bitter disappointment to me, who had come to see foreign lands —not bargaining, however, for so *distant* a view of them as I was now getting. Had there been the least opportunity for such a feat, I should have run away from the ship, so outrageous did it seem to me to be cooped up within the wooden walls of a vessel, within sight and reach of so much that was grand, and beautiful, and strange.

Rio de Janeiro is head-quarters for the United States Brazil Squadron, and as it is a convenient harbor, and much used as a calling place for United States naval vessels bound to other stations, our government has there a depot of provisions. This is situated on a little isle in

the harbor, called Rat Island, and is under charge of a United States officer. It was from this store-house that we drew our provisions, to make up the deficit caused by the consumption on our outward passage.

The month of July being for Brazil the dead of winter, it must not be supposed that the weather was continually as fine as on the day of our entrance into the harbor. Indeed, we were favored with but two or three more of such days during our stay. It being the rainy season, which answers to our winter, there was more or less rain every day or night—not, as with us, preceded and attended by dark, lowering clouds, and a gloomy, leaden sky, but coming up suddenly, lasting two, three, or four hours, and then clearing off, and succeeded by a scorching sun, which quickly dried up all the superabundant moisture.

Rio seems to be a place of eternal Sundays. In point of fact, from three to four days in every week are *saints' days*, on which occasions vessels of war of all nations are expected to dress up with all the colors and holiday gear obtainable, and salute the Brazilian ensign waving over the palace, near the water side. The remaining days are generally devoted to the interchange of visits and other civilities among the dignitaries of the different fleets which always crowd this noble bay, and, of course, on such occasions, there is again a din of saluting; so that not a day passes when the harbor does not resound with salvos in honor of some live commodore or dead saint—their value, estimated in gunpowder, being about the same.

The bum-boats, which had been so terribly besieged

on our first arrival, were shortly almost deserted. Jack's *money* was gone. It takes but a marvelously short time to get to the bottom of an outward-bound tar's purse, and we were fain to content ourselves with casting wishful eyes at luxuries which, like the apples of Tantalus, were placed just beyond reach.

After three weeks' sojourn in Rio—or, rather, in the harbor—preparations were commenced for going to sea once more. The light sails were bent; chafing gear, sea-gaskets, and other rigging, laid aside or taken down out of sight on our entrance into harbor, were again put on. Large supplies of fruit, poultry, and pigs came on board, for the use of the officers (poor Jack is only allowed to *look* at such delicacies), and, finally, the boats were hoisted in and lashed—and we were "ready for sea." The *sailing-day*, although perhaps settled on for weeks beforehand, is carefully concealed from all on board, even the lieutenants and other minor officers not being permitted to know it. Neither is the crew supposed to know (although it generally leaks out, somehow) whither the vessel is to proceed next. The reason of this secrecy, I do not know, except it is simply this, that the crew have *no business* to know, and therefore are not informed. At last, "all hands" were called one evening to "unmoor ship," the commodore came on board late at night, and next morning we got under weigh, and bade good-bye to Rio.

Rio de Janeiro Bay lies in latitude twenty-five degrees and twenty-eight min. S., and longitude forty-two degrees and six min. W. It is a vast natural basin, surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks, and amply large enough to

accommodate within its waters all the navies of the world. Here they might ride securely, land-locked, and safe from every gale that blows. For splendor of scenery, Rio Bay, and its environs, is unsurpassed by any other in the world. It has, indeed, been thought inferior in this last respect to two others—those of Naples and Constantinople — but Mr. Fennimore Cooper, a competent judge, gives the palm to Rio.

We proceeded to sea with a light but fair breeze, which kept by us until we struck the south-east trades, at the end of the second week out. Once fairly at sea, the old routine of sea life recommenced. White clothes, which we had worn daily, in harbor, were laid aside, and blue dungaree resumed, and with it the every-day existence of which that species of cotton cloth seems to be a peculiar and universal type. Through the kind foresight of the commodore, we had carried out with us a supply of fresh beef and vegetables, sufficient to last the crew for two days, after which sea rations were again served out.

As I have not before given any account of these *sea rations*, it will be well enough to do so here. Each individual on board ship, from the commodore to the messenger boy, is allowed *one ration* per day, valued at six dollars per month. In this matter no difference is made by rank, the only distinction being that the officers are allowed to stop their rations, and take the value in money instead, with which, and funds contributed from their private purses, they supply their larder—while *Jack* is obliged to take the provision furnished by government. A ration consists of one pound and a half of biscuit per day, one pint of beans three times per week, three-fourths

of a pound of flour and two ounces of raisins twice a week, half a pint of rice twice a week, one-fourth of a pound each of butter and cheese, a gill each of molasses and vinegar twice a week, a daily allowance of either tea, coffee, or cocoa (these are alternated), one and a half pounds of beef four times per week, one and one-fourth pounds of pork thrice a week, and half a gill of grog twice a day, at breakfast and dinner. The boys are considerately deprived of their grog, receiving in lieu thereof the sum of sixty cents per month. The existence of *mess cooks* has been before alluded to. The berth-deck is the chief scene of their labors. There the mess chests are ranged between the guns, two messes occupying the space between every two guns. There are between twelve and sixteen men in each mess, who have their rations served out in common, and it is for the purpose of receiving the provisions from the purser's steward, preparing them for the ship's cook, and taking them of him again when cooked, that a *mess* cook is found necessary. These, however, are not by any means his only duties. He is required to keep the place about his mess, on the berth-deck, in an extraordinary state of cleanliness—to keep in good order the pots, pans, spoons, and other utensils belonging to the mess, and to have every article under his charge ready for a daily inspection, by the first lieutenant. This inspection is extremely rigid. The preparations for it commence daily at eleven o'clock; the lids of the mess chests are taken off, exposing the inside to a thorough examination; the various tin pots and pans, brightly scoured, are set in rows on the inverted chest-lid, and locker doors are thrown widely open—every

kind of concealment being strictly forbidden. At seven bells, half past eleven o'clock, the cooks stand by their mess chests, and the first lieutenant, accompanied by the master-at-arms, passes around. He has on his hands, for the occasion, white cotton gloves, and should he, in rubbing these on the inside of any tins, or on any portion of the gear, get them soiled with grease or dirt, woe betide the unfortunate cook, whose organ of tidiness has lacked development—he is sure to be paid with a flogging for the lieutenant's soiled gloves. The boilers in which the provisions are cooked, are subject to a similar daily inspection—made, however, by the doctor, instead of the first lieutenant. The coppers, or kettles, in which the victuals for seven hundred men are prepared, are, as may be readily imagined, of no small size. On our ship there were three, one for tea or coffee, one for meat, and another for rice or beans, or "*duff*." Each of these divisions was six feet deep by four feet wide, and between five and six long. In scouring them out, the cook's assistants climb down into them, using sand and canvas to scrub them clean. When ready for inspection, the doctor is called, and, standing on a ladder put down into each copper for the purpose, rubs his white-gloved hand along the surface and in every nook and corner. As in the case of the mess cooks, every mark on the gloves is scored upon the back of the delinquent scullion. The office of ship's cook is generally held by a colored man, they having been proved by experience to be the *handiest* or best suited for the place. The office was in olden times one of some dignity, and our old black cook used to relate with great glee, that when he was a boy in the

British Navy, the ship's cook was privileged to wear a sword.

"All same as Cap'en," said Cuffy, with a grin.

At seven bells, daily, the cook brings a sample of the crew's dinner to the officer of the deck, who tastes it to see that it is properly cooked, after which it is served out to the mess cooks, who set the table preparatory to dinner.

While we were in Rio harbor, some of our tars, in whose heads the love of bad liquor set astir every bit of ingenuity of which they were the possessors, found means, notwithstanding the vigilance of the master-at-arms and his worthy co-adjutors, to smuggle on board considerable quantities of a liquid, compounded, beyond doubt, of turpentine, water, and a dash of the country liquor to give it a tinge, but which they, good trusty souls, firmly believed to be excellent rum. On a *skin* of this, (as the bladders, in which it is secretly brought in, are called,) three or four of them would manage to get gloriously fuddled, over night, and wake up next morning in the *brig*, where they were retained in safe keeping until the vessel should proceed to sea, when their final punishment would take place, there being, as a general thing, no *flogging* done in harbor. By the kindness of a friend, who occasionally imbibed, I was permitted to get a look and a smell at one of these mysterious skins, the safe arrival of which on board always produced such a terrible excitement among the foretop men and forecastle men. I found it to be simply a beef's bladder, filled about half full with imaginary rum. Filthy looking, it certainly was; but the smell—faugh!—the pen of a wholesale

dealer in *assafœtida* would fail to do justice to that. *I* will not attempt it. The *modus operandi* by which these skins are smuggled on board, I was never permitted to know, such secrets being strictly confined to the breasts of the chosen few who make it their business to import liquor in such *original packages.*

The first Saturday at sea, the brig was *unmoored,* that is, the prisoners were punished, and set at liberty. Coming up the main hatchway, after quarters, I noticed a heavy grating lashed down to two eyebolts, at the weather gangway, and two light lines hanging down over the hammock rail, above. Looking aft, I saw the marines, under arms, on the lee side of the quarter deck, and officers coming on deck with their side arms on. Walking forward to enquire what meant all this preparation, I remarked an unusual stillness, all laughing and singing hushed, and even talking going on only in subdued tones. But here comes the boatswain. Winding loud his pipe, he calls:

"All hands witness punishment, ahoy!" The dread reality burst upon my mind. They were going to flog the poor fellows in the brig. Going down on the main deck, I found the master-at-arms taking off their irons, which done, he marched them, under convoy of a sentry, up to the gangway. Meantime the officers gathered on the quarter-deck, swords in hand; the marines stood to their arms, and the boatswain was engaged in driving the men on deck, no one being allowed to absent himself from the barbarous display. Everybody being on deck, the captain descends from the poop and walks slowly to the gangway, where the master-at-arms hands him a list of the prisoners.

The doctor stands behind the captain, to notify him when, in his opinion, the body that is being flogged threatens to succumb under the brutal infliction.

"Thomas Brown," calls the captain, gruffly.

The man steps forward in silence.

"You were drunk, sir. Master-at-arms, strip him."

Meantime, while the work of stripping is going on, the precise portion of the articles of war which Thomas Brown had transgressed by getting drunk, is read aloud, and the master-at-arms having helped the poor fellow off with his shirt and laid it loosely over his shoulders again, the quarter-masters are ordered to "seize him up."

He is walked forward, on to the grating, to which his feet are securely fastened by lashings, his wrists being in like manner lashed to the hammock-rail, above his head. A few moments of dread silence now intervene, during which, the chief boatswain's mate is seen nervously running his fingers through the cats.

"Boatswain's mate do your duty."

He advances, and, poised on his right foot, swinging the cats over his back, takes deliberate aim at the human back spread before him.

Thug, sounds the cat.

"*One,*" solemnly announces the master-at-arms. The victim does not move.

Thug—two.

Now the flesh on his back quivers and creeps, the injured muscles contract, and the stripes assume a bright red tinge.

Thug—three.

The stripes turn a dark purple, and the grating shakes

convulsively with the reluctant start wrung from the strong man in agony.

Thug—four.

Blood—Oh! God, I could look no more, but burying my face in my hands, turned from the sickening scene. But still the dull *thug* resounded in my ears, followed toward the last by a low moan, until twelve was reached. when the boatswain's mate was stopped, the poor fellow taken down, his shirt flung over his bleeding back, and another victim called forth.

About twenty were flogged that morning. Many more times was I compelled to hear the sharp whistle of the cat as it swung through the air, and the dull sound of the blow as it met the quivering flesh; but never more did I *see* a man flogged.

I fancy that those editors and legislators who sit in their cozy arm-chairs, in office or congressional hall, and talk wisely about the necessity of flogging for sailors, need only once to witness the infliction of the punishment they think so needful, and experience within their own breasts the feeling of dark humiliation which falls upon the soul at seeing the manhood thus being scourged out of a fellow-creature, to alter their convictions as to the expediency of flogging. Let them see once the *down* look of the poor victim of a barbarous tyranny, and they will not say "it does not injure a sailor."

Thank God, the counsels of mercy have prevailed, and the American Navy is no longer disgraced by the lash.

It may be asked here, what was the effect upon the rest of the ship's company? Of *visible* effect there was

little. A man-of-war is not the place for too free an expression of opinion. The regulations of the service do not admit of freedom of speech. They contain such a word as *mutiny*, for which they provide "death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall provide." And, as there can be no half-way talk concerning so brutal a practice as flogging a human being—a creature created in the image of God—the consequence is an ominous silence. "A still tongue makes a wise head"—nowhere more so than in the service, where it is truly said:

"You are allowed to *think* what you please, but you must not think aloud."

CHAPTER VII.

The South-East Trades — A Gale off the Cape, and what succeeded it — St. Pauls and New Amsterdam — Return to fine Weather — Water-Spouts.

When we were once fairly in the south-east trades, then began one of the most delightful portions of our voyage. This wind is much more steady than the north-east trades, and is carried much longer. Our course lying to the southward and eastward, we sailed *by* the wind, with larboard tacks aboard. Not being able to carry studding-sails, as the wind was not fair, we rigged skysail masts, and set skysails above the royals. With these spread, we sailed along between fifteen and twenty days, without starting tack or sheet.

Of course, the *ocean* itself differs but little in these latitudes from anywhere else. It is the same vast expanse of undulating blue, heaving in long rollers, as far as eye can reach, and out of which the sun glides silently but swiftly, in the morning, returning again in golden splendor at night. But the accessories are what makes the sailing here so pleasant. Nowhere else, at sea, is the wind so entirely soft and devoid of all harshness. Even in strong breezes, it fans one's cheek like the soft zephyrs which, at home, announce to us the advent

of spring. Then, the glorious constellations of the southern hemisphere, which we now first began to bring plainly above the horizon, viewed through the slight haze which prevails in these latitudes, assumed an intense and vivid brightness, which was as beautiful as strange. The vast masses of snow-white clouds which continually roll up from the south-east, add grandeur to the scene. The waters, which at night sparkle as though reflecting the stars above, marking the ship's wake in a long band of glistening gold—these waters are alive with fish. All day long, the voracious dolphin pursues the little flying-fish, running him out of the water here, only to await him with open maw, at the spot where, his strength failing, he falls back into the waves. Schools of porpoises leap high above the swell, exulting in a power which neither wind nor tide can overcome. Around the bows of the vessel, the bonita and albicore are running us a race, vast shoals of them accompanying us from day to day, shooting now far ahead of the vessel, waiting for her to come up, encircling her, and darting around in every direction.

Day after day, this view continues the same. The ocean, the clouds, the breeze, the very fish even that gambol about the bows, seem to be the same, and one could easily fancy the vessel to be set here in mid-ocean, like one of those little miniature ships which we see on old-fashioned clocks, rolling and pitching all day, but making no headway.

In order to keep the south-east trades until they lose themselves in stormy breezes from the south, India bound vessels, after crossing the line, generally make a wide

detour from their nearest course. The shortest way, measured by miles, would, of course, be to skim along the coast of Africa, rounding the Cape at a safe distance from land, and then stretching off to the north and east, or up the Mozambique—the former "passage to India." But experience has taught the navigator of these seas that on such a course (the one pursued in the olden times by the Portuguese and Dutch, the first navigators of these waters), they would meet with continual and strong head-winds, and would have to contend with a powerful current, which sets around the Cape to the westward, making it almost an impossibility to beat around to the east. From this difficulty, experienced by the first Portuguese navigator who attempted this passage to the Indies, and who named the promontory "Stormy Cape," as well as for a long time after by the Portuguese and the Dutch, then eager competitors in the trade with Cathaya and the Grande Khan, probably arose the legend of Philip Vanderdecken and his crew, in the Flying Dutchman, who, it is said, are still beating about in their old galliott off the Cape of Storms, vainly inquiring of passing vessels after the welfare of their good old square-built *vrows*, in Amsterdam, whose names, alas, have long since faded from the memory of man. Poor Vanderdecken! expiating his impious obstinacy, in vowing to cruise there till he got around, "if it took him till the day of judgment," by beating back and forth in the storm-winds of the cape, vainly waiting for the fair wind, which never comes. What a set of "old salts" his crew must be, to be sure!

Standing on, we were soon in the latitude of the Cape

of Good Hope, although many degrees to the westward of it. The weather now began to undergo a very sensible change. The nights, before mild, grew cool. The breeze, soft even in its strength, became harsh, and howled strangely through the rigging—foreboding a storm, the old tars said. The clouds, which rolled over in vast snow-white masses, not dense enough to conceal the bright constellations of the south, grew darker and more lowering. The Atlantic assumed a longer and more powerful roll, as though gathering strength for the approaching conflict with the vast waves of the Indian Ocean. The flying-fish, the albicore, and bonita, and the white tropic bird, have left us, and in their places we have the cape pigeon, screaming in our wake all day. At last, a solitary albatross appears—lonely harbinger of a land of ice and snow.

In latitude forty-five degrees we stood over on the other tack, and, with a stiff topgallant breeze, lay on our course to the east-north-east. The wind, which had been growing stronger for some days, now freshened into a gale, and the second evening after changing our course found us under close-reefed fore and main topsails, reefed foresail, and storm staysail. The night was exceedingly wild; the mountain billows *roared* as they dashed past us on their resistless path; the mad storm-wind seemed to tear spitefully through the rigging, shrieking as though angered that our good ship withstood all his powers. Once in a while, a solitary cape pigeon would rise from a wave, only to be dashed with a shrill scream into the water again. It blew great guns. Our vessel wallowed through the seas, rolling the mouths of the

main-deck guns under at every lurch. We had been all day preparing for the gale—putting extra lashings on the guns, relieving-tackles on the tiller to ease the rudder, getting gratings and tarpaulins over the hatches, and double securing the boats, booms, etc. This was the first real gale of wind we had yet seen. Now, for the first time, was our spar-deck wet with sprays. Even now, however, the vessel shipped no regular seas, washing everything fore and aft, as would be the case with a smaller vessel under such circumstances, but once in a while a great monster wave would lift its head against our side, and bursting when just reaching up to our upper ports, send a little deluge across the deck, to run out to the leeward. Life ropes had been rigged towards night, to prevent any one from being carried forcibly to leeward in the heavy lurches. At evening quarters every gun was thoroughly re-secured, and train-tackles, reaching from the guns to bolts in amidships of the deck, bowsed taught in order to take the heavy strain off the ship's side. The ports were closed as tightly as possible, and hammocks were piped down early, to give the watch below a chance to *turn in*, out of the wet and cold.

A vessel of war is an uncomfortable place in a gale of wind. To be sure the large crew makes the labor of taking in sail and making all snug comparatively light. But while the merchant sailor, his work done, turns into his warm bunk, and keeps himself dry and comfortable—comfortable comparatively speaking only, reader—but all comfort is comparative—the man-of-war's man, on going below, finds a wet and sloppy deck, up and down which he must puddle, the weary hours of his watch below.

Hammocks are not allowed below during the day, seats there are none, or almost none; to sit or lie down on the wet deck is impossible, and there is nothing for it but to walk, a proceeding that has the additional advantage of keeping up the temperature of one's body, which is apt to get low in the absence of all fire, when the thermometer ranges only about ten degrees above the freezing point. In fact, the only comfortable place I could ever find on board our vessel, in a gale, was in the *tops*. There, with a tarpaulin wrapped about the weather rigging to keep off the wind, and a jacket or two rolled around one's body to keep out the cold, there was an amount of real comfort to be gotten (comparative, of course, as before said,) of which a landsman can have no idea.

The captain was on deck nearly all night, watching attentively the behavior of the ship and the action of the gale. All night great masses of scud swept wildly over the sky, the wind in its fury, tearing, twisting, and spinning it about, like cotton in a cotton gin. At twelve o'clock, the gale had so much freshened as to make it necessary to take in the foretop-sail. On board a little merchant craft, this would now have been a piece of work to employ all hands for the better part of a watch. Here, a few maintop men were sent over to aid the foretop men, and, without disturbing the watch below, the rag was taken off her.

In a strong gale of wind like this was, it is a critical piece of work to take in a sail without having it slatted to pieces. The wind, now filling, now backing the loose canvas, as the sheets are eased and the clew-lines hauled up, tries every thread, and oftentimes, when the sail is

not quite new, the canvas, on the first slat, is blown clear out of the bolt ropes. But on board vessels of war, where there is an abundance of hands, such accidents are generally avoided.

We took every precaution. Manning the lee clew-line, that clew, or corner of the sail, was hauled up until the the leach was stretched tightly along under the yard. Then lifting the weather leach a little, by bracing in the yard, the weather clew-line was quickly run up; the buntlines, previously released from their lizards on the yard, were triced up until the sail was entirely bound up by its rope, and it lay as quietly as though in a calm. The topmen quickly stowed it, and we were snug again. But scarcely had the last man gotten down off the top-sail yard, before, with a noise louder than thunder, the reefed foresail split down the middle cloth, and blew away to leeward, not leaving enough of the canvas in the ropes to make a towel of. The rope and clews, all that remained of that portion of the sail which was exposed to the fury of the gale, were quickly clewed up, and fastened to the yard.

The strain which is brought upon a sail when it is filled or distended by the wind, does not, by any means, fall upon all parts alike. The extremities receive the greater share, and to enable them to withstand this, the edges of the sail are lined with strong rope, to which the sailcloth is secured in a peculiar manner. The perfect soundness and stability of this rope being of great importance to the sail, pains are taken to secure for that purpose a superior quality of rigging. A kind called *bolt-rope*, the yarns or minute strands of which are

prepared with especial care, is exclusively used. Our foresail was a nearly new sail—but, unfortunately, the foot-rope proved defective, having probably gotten chafed or worn, and parting in a gust of more than usual violence, the whole sail blew away.

On board a merchant ship, an accident of this kind would not be repaired until the gale moderated; but a different spirit prevails in government vessels.

"Let them send the reef down on deck, Mr. Johnson," said our captain, "and let the waisters of the watch go down into the sail-locker and bring up the other foresail. We'll bend it immediately."

The remnants of the torn sail were soon hauled down on deck, and the new one being stretched across the forecastle, the rigging was bent, the sail reefed, then securely furled, and, taking advantage of a temporary lull, triced aloft, hauled out, and bent.

"Set it, sir," said the skipper, in answer to the boatswain, who came aft to report the sail bent, and ready for hauling down.

Old Pipes opened his eyes at this, for the gale was evidently increasing instead of diminishing. The foretack was stretched along aft, the watch clapped on it, and the weather corner securely hauled down to the knight-heads, the foresheet bowsed down as far as the reefed sail would allow, and the ship, under the lifting influence of an additional forward sail, shipped less water, and rode over the seas lighter than before.

Coming on deck at eight o'clock next morning, we found a singular spectacle engaging the attention of the watch on deck. A little brig lay hove to, a quarter of a

mile under our lee. She had evidently been brought to under a close-reefed maintopsail and foresail, and foretopmast staysail, but all three of the sails had been blown clear of the bolt-ropes, and she was now riding under bare poles, with only a bit of tarpaulin spread in the main rigging. The ropes were still distended, tack nor sheet having been started, and the *form* of the lost sails thus fluttered in the gale. We could now see the power of the waves, as they tossed the little craft about as though she had been a chip. Once in a while, she would be lifted high up on a monster wave, which, receding from under her, exposed to our view the greater portion of her keel, leaving her to fall with a heavy sug into the trough of the sea, where she would lie for some minutes completely hid from our sight, until rising again upon the succeeding billow.

The gale lasted all day and night, but died away toward the next morning, leaving us a terrible sea. Sail was made as the wind decreased, to keep her as steady as possible, but by noon it was nearly calm, with the sea running mountain high. This is the kind of weather which is most trying to spars and rigging. With no wind to steady the vessel, by bearing her down upon and against the water, the ship lies like an unwieldy monster at the mercy of the billows. Rolling down on one side till the guns are fairly dipped, and the lower yard-arms almost touch the waters, she fetches up with a sudden and violent jerk, which makes her quiver to her keel, and threatens to take every stick out of her, falling meantime down on the other side, only to repeat the jerk. Thus we lay at the mercy of the sea, rolling gunwales down,

for twenty-four hours, topsails lowered on the cap, courses hauled up to keep them from slatting to pieces, tumbling about like a wreck upon the waters. To walk about the decks was nearly impossible. If actually necessary to move, one watches the roll, and sitting down on the deck, slides down to the spot it is desired to reach. Shot-boxes, shot-racks, match-tubs, all the minor appurtenances of war, which are commonly allowed to stand loose in their places, were sliding about, to the evident danger of the limbs of passers-by. The cook threatened to suspend operations in the galley—but, finally, made out to cook half allowance, the bean soup actually rolling out of the coppers while cooking. At dinner, each man having secured his pan of soup, hastened to secure himself, for the purpose of consuming it. Some lashed themselves to guns and stancheons, and there swallowed their dinner at their ease. Others were perched in coils of rigging, where, being suspended clear of the deck, they had the advantage of retaining their perpendicular position, let the ship roll how she would. And others yet, sat themselves down on deck, taking their chances of sliding into the scuppers, in some heavy lurch. Once, when an unusually heavy roll occurred, I heard a tremendous rattle of tin, and looking forward, saw a whole mess, who had seated themselves around the cloth, sliding gloriously down to leeward, on the seats of their trowsers, fetching up against the side with a force which must have been of material service in settling their dinners.

On deck, the creaking, and slatting, and jerking, the gradual sinking over one side, and the sudden recoil,

continued to make it nearly impossible to move about. It was much as one could do to *hold on*, and when a pull was to be got on any rope, it was first necessary for the men to fasten themselves to the rail in its immediate vicinity, or to pull with one hand and hold on with the ther. The racket made by rigging swinging about, blocks flying violently against masts and rigging, and the groaning of the vessel, put all conversation, in ordinary tones, out of the question. It was a scene of indescribable, almost inconceivable confusion. The captain and commander, ever and anon, cast anxious glances aloft, fearful that the continual jerking would carry away some of the top-hamper. Luckily, everything held fast. In such a time as this, when it would be almost impossible to go aloft to repair anything, the safety of all the masts depends on the solidity with which each one is secured. Let but one piece of standing rigging give out—carrying with it, as it would, the mast which it was designed to support—and it is but the prelude to every mast going by the board; for the spars of a vessel are so intimately connected with one another, each supporting the other, that a loss of even a topgallantmast, in a heavy sea, would be likely to cause the dismasting of the ship.

We watched our little companion, the brig, with some curiosity, to see how she would stand the seaway. She was tossed about fearfully — now rolling over to starboard, and exposing to our view all her larboard side down to her keel; then back to port, until her masts seemed parallel with the water, and her deck at right angles with the plane of the horizon; now, an immense wave fairly threw her bow into the air, as though bent

A STORM OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

upon sending her over; again, the whole vessel plunged madly into a yawning abyss, causing one involuntarily to catch his breath at the suddenness and violence of the descent; now, a mountain wave hid her entirely from our sight, and again, she was launched in mid-air, as though some giant were playing at catch-ball with her.

On the third day after the gale broke up, the sea was once more moderately quiet, nothing remaining now as evidence of the late gale, except the long rolling swell which prevails in this latitude, as well as perhaps to a greater degree off Cape Horn. The calm which succeeded the gale had, in its turn, been followed by a light and fair breeze, with the aid of which we were now shaping our course to the eastward, with all sail set.

The sailing-master desired to sight the islands of St. Pauls and New Amsterdam, and by them prove his reckoning, or "get a new departure," as it is called, before laying the ship on her course for Java Head, which was to be, it was now pretty generally understood, the first point at which we would touch.

As soon as the vessel was once more on an even keel, there was a general wash-day, to give all hands an opportunity of getting the salt water out of their wet clothes, and to dry them. It was still quite cold and raw, but impelled by necessity, stern necessity, which knows not pity, nor cares for raw fingers, nor frosted toes, the writer hereof "pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves," took off his shoes and stockings, and tucked up his trowsers above his knees, to shiver for two mortal hours over a tub full of clothes, which, having got wet and soiled during the late gale, required immediate renovation.

Pity—Oh! washerwomen of America—pity poor Jack, who sits shivering upon a gun-slide, and rubs the skin off his knuckles in vain attempts to transfer the dirt (save the mark) from his shirts to the water. Verily, washing clothes twelve degrees south of the cape, is a commendable instance of the pursuit of cleanliness under difficulties.

Aided by a fair and freshening breeze, a few days sufficed to overcome the distance between us and the islands of which we were next to get a sight; and on the eighth day after the gale, the cry of "land-ho!" from the maintop mast-head gave us to understand that the object of our search was attained. The land was right ahead, and a few hours sailing brought us within a couple of miles of its most northern point.

The isles of St. Pauls and Amsterdam are situated in latitude thirty-eight south, and longitude seventy-seven degrees twenty-two minutes east. Bare and sterile, unproductive of aught of ornament or use, their sole tenants are the seabirds which congregate there to hatch out their young, and a few goats, descendants of a pair left there some years ago by a benevolent whaling skipper, who thus made provision for some future shipwreck. A French vessel was cast away upon St. Pauls some fifteen years ago, and the crew lived there in lonesome suspense nearly two years before they were taken off by an accidentally passing American whale ship. It was this whaling captain, who, passing that way again on his next voyage, landed upon St. Pauls a pair of goats, whose descendants have stocked the island.

Getting the bearing and distance of the land, and

having thus a fresh point of departure, we now packed on all sail, and steered towards the north. Day by day we emerged out of the cold mist of the southern latitudes into the bright, warm sunshine of a more temperate zone. It seemed as though a thick curtain was being drawn away from before the sun. What a privilege the sailor enjoys in being able to bring before him thus in the course of a few short weeks, all the seasons of the year, from rugged autumn and frosty winter, to genial spring and torrid summer.

Each day we now experienced a different climate, graduating from a most uncomfortably raw, damp, and cold atmosphere, which brought the thermometer quite to the freezing point, through all the shades and qualities of spring weather, until, in three weeks, we were sweltering under the burning sun of the equator.

As soon as we got again into warm weather, all hands were set to work scrubbing the ship, inside and out, masts and all. The mists in the southern latitudes have a peculiar effect upon white paint, settling upon it in a thick mildew, which looks precisely like dirt, and is exceedingly hard to rub off. Our paintwork had long been an eyesore to the commander, who, in fact, had the never-failing blacklisters going around with hand-swabs or mops, and buckets, daily, washing off the previous night's accumulations of mildew; but their efforts were not sufficient to keep it looking neat. Taking advantage, therefore, of one of the first fine days we were favored with, on our return to the north, soap, sand, canvas, and small quantities of fresh water were served out, and commencing early in the morning, by eight bells in

the afternoon we had the old craft looking as bright as a new pin. And from henceforth, scrubbing off the paint-work was added to the morning labor of washing decks, and a very disagreeable addition it was, as I experienced, it becoming my diurnal duty to scrub off one side of the poop deck.

There is no class of vessels, however uncleanly their *occupation*, from the whaleman, and even the old cod-fisherman, up to the dandy Indiaman and the man-of-war, about which there may not be found some piece of *fancy-work*, some favored place, on the cleaning and ornamenting of which the mate or captain has set his heart, and in their regard toward which, these worthies may be said to have a certain weakness. Your *grand-banker*, who may be smelt a mile off, on a smooth day, if you are so unfortunate as to be under his lee—who lives, moves, and has his being in the midst of decaying codlivers and decayed fish—who stumps about all day in tough oil-clothes, and sea-boots with soles an inch thick, washes his face once a month, and cuts a notch in the mainmast when he changes his shirt—this same rusty old fellow will look thunder at you, should you by accident place a soiled shoe upon his *half-deck*, and will wash this little favored oasis in the surrounding wilderness of dirt, every day of his fishing cruise.

The right whale-man, whose main-deck is made visible only by removing a superficial deposit of at least two inches in thickness of gummy train oil, will holystone the poop-deck every Saturday afternoon, and place a spittoon beside the helmsman, that the immaculate purity of that little spot may not be defiled by the extract of

Cavendish. The merchant captain pays often more attention to the brightness of his paint-work than to the correctness of his reckoning, and prizes more highly the sailor who can turn in a dead eye snugly, or fit up a neat pair of man ropes, than him who gives the heaviest pull on the halyards, or is first at an earing. But on board a vessel of war—there perfect cleanliness and neatness is the one grand desideratum, to the attainment of which, no labor is spared, no pains shunned, no time considered lost. From five to seven, we holystone decks. From seven to eight we clean bright-work. At half-past eight the sweepers "sweep down." At seven bells, morning and afternoon, they repeat the sweeping, and even at half-past seven at night, that portion of the half-deck which is lighted up is carefully re-swept.

Woe betide the careless fellow whom the lynx-eyed first lieutenant, or his worthy coadjutor, the boatswain, has caught spitting upon the deck. He is condemned for the next month, to carry about with him a spittoon, for the convenience of such of his shipmates as may indulge in the luxury of chewing tobacco: a perambulating spit-box, at the command of every passer by.

Having gotten our paint-work thoroughly cleansed, we now hauled up from their tiers the massive chain cables, which were stretched along decks, in order to have the rust beaten and rubbed off the links. All day long, for a week, all hands sat over these cables, pounding and clinking away, like an army of amateur blacksmiths, then carefully scouring and dusting each ink, and after having its soundness tested by the

armorer, daubing it over with a mixture of coal-tar and lacquer.

This done, and the cable re-stowed in the hold, the gun carriages were stained, the guns blackened, the stancheons lacquered, the masts scraped, the rigging tarred, the mast-heads varnished, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until by the time all was done matters were in proper trim to re-commence at the beginning and do it all over again. Nor is all this scrubbing, and scouring, and scraping, and sweeping altogether unnecessary. It is singular how fast, at sea, far away from the dust and smoke of the shore, the decks and sides of the vessel will become soiled. It is told of Captain Cook, who was a species of aqueous Benjamin Franklin, and sought for a *reason* for all the minor phenomena of every-day life at sea, that he searched long and attentively, on one of his voyages in circumnavigating the globe, into this mystery, but was at last compelled to leave its elucidation to some future marine Solomon.

After crossing the southern tropic, we met with frequent calms. The farther north we got, the more unsettled became the weather, the more frequent the rains and light, baffling breezes, giving occasion for much working ship, without setting us in a corresponding degree forward on our way. It was in such weather as this, and when yet over a week's sail from Java Head, that I saw for the first time a water-spout. One day, when the clouds hung particularly low, and looked a dull black, as though surcharged with water, a light breeze sprang up and blew down toward us several *spouts*. One approached quite near, comparatively speaking, say within

an eighth of a mile, and, on looking at it through a spy-glass, I beheld the singular spectacle of water from the sea apparently being drawn up into the clouds, through the inside of the double funnel which formed the spout. As I afterward frequently witnessed the formation of a water-spout, I will describe here how it comes about. The time apparently most suitable for them seems to be a dark, lowering day, when the clouds, filled with moisture, hang low over the water, ready to discharge their contents, but seeming to be prevented from it by a lack of some stimulating power in the air. If there is a tolerably strong breeze, it is all the better. On such a day, one hears a hissing, rushing noise to leeward, and turning the eyes in that direction sees, perhaps a quarter of a mile off, a peculiarly black-looking, low-hanging cloud, and directly under it a spot on the water, bubbling and seething as though at boiling heat. The first I saw, I took to be two whales fighting. Directly, this foaming water comes smartly to windward, going directly in the teeth of the prevailing breeze, at the rate of perhaps three or four miles an hour. Arriving abreast of the ship, and but a little distance off, it causes the wind to die away, evidently killing it all along its path. It is a little whirlwind, which is spinning around the water in its track with great velocity, lashing it into a foam, and gathering a volume of it from all sides into a cone or peak, which rises and falls convulsively. Directly, the cloud, which has all the while accompanied the whirlwind, opens in the middle, just above the little central peak, and a long, narrow tube or tongue shoots down toward the water. It is returned again to the cloud, and

now the peak ascends to meet it. They do not succeed, and each returns again to its place, only however for another trial; and this time the two minute tubes touch, the junction is effected, the pipes instantly swell to large dimensions—still remaining smaller in the middle, however, than they are at any other other portion of their body—and the water begins to pass in a thin column up through the center of the spout. That the salt water of the ocean actually goes up into the cloud and there remains, is not probable; but it certainly goes part of the way up. All this time, the spout is moved over the surface of the water by the force of the wind. It has the precise shape of an hour-glass, and makes a dull hissing roar, apparently caused by the constant and rapid commotion of the waters within its circumference. It sometimes happens that a cloud coquettes for a long time with the whirlwind, but is not able finally to form a connection with the ocean, and it at last turns away, as though in disgust at its ill success. In such cases, the whirlwind evidently lacks strength to raise the water of the ocean skyward. I was never fortunate enough to see one in the act of breaking, although I have frequently *heard* them. Their fall causes a loud noise, somewhat like the breaching of a whale, or distant thunder, and the mass of falling water makes a great turmoil in the ocean.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Java Head — Javanese Bum-boats — Batavia — The Native Boatmen — Sail for China — Sea Serpents — Becalmed off Borneo — Nearly Ashore — Short Allowance of Water — The Commodore's Water-Cure — Wormy Bread.

At length one rainy morning, the joyful cry of "land ho!" from an old quartermaster who had for some hours been perched aloft, spy-glass in hand, announced that we were not far distant from our haven. By the aid of a favoring breeze, eight bells in the afternoon found us just at the entrance to the harbor. But slight mention has heretofore been made of the little sloop-of-war that accompanied us on our voyage. The sailing qualities of our ship were so far superior to hers, that it was found impossible to keep her in sight, astern, without our going constantly under short sail, or lying to, several hours out of the twenty-four. Her captain had therefore received his sailing directions shortly after leaving Rio, and we soon after lost sight of her, astern, and left her to make the best of her way to Java alone. We were now eager to know if she had gotten in before us, and every eye was strained as we slowly rounded the point behind which lies the anchorage, to see if there was any vessel in harbor resembling her. A man upon the mainroyal yard,

who was able at that hight to look over a portion of the land, reported a vessel at anchor within.

"Can you make her out?" asked the captain.

"She's a large ship, with black yards, and painted ports, sir."

"Do you think she looks like our consort vessel?" sung out the commodore.

After a good look, "I can't tell, sir," was the answer.

And we did not ascertain that it *was* she, until having fairly rounded the point and opened out the anchoring ground, we were able to exchange signals with her. As soon as we brought to, her captain came on board, and we learned from the boat's crew that they had been lying here three days already, waiting for us. Verily, the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.

We found that she also had been in the gale off the Cape, having lost there a flying jibboom, and had her larboard head stove in by a sea. They had not, however, experienced the succeeding calm and heavy sea, which had tossed us about so unmercifully.

Scarcely was the anchor down and the sails furled, before a number of bum-boats put off from shore, for the ship. As it was nearly supper-time, they were permitted to come alongside, and were immediately filled by a crowd—some to buy, but most to look at the articles displayed.

There was but very little money at this time among the crew, and many a poor fellow was obliged to content himself with casting longing, lingering looks at the delicious fruits which were here brought off. I had spent my last *dump* at Rio, and should have been moneyless

myself, had not the purser fortunately served out three months' *grog money* to the boys a few days before we made the land. On my share of this, amounting to the sum of one dollar and eighty cents, I depended for bum-boat money during all the time we should pass in these seas. I therefore hoarded it pretty closely, and devoted the first evening to a preliminary observation of the contents of the boats, determined not to invest until I had made sure of the best.

It may be supposed that among all the wonders exposed to my eager eyes in the bum-boats, not the least was the old Malay bum-boatman himself. I had read at home wonderful stories of the treacherous and murderous dispositions of the natives of these islands, and looked upon the straight-haired, high-cheekboned old fellow who was seated before me, cross-legged, in a very easy style of undress (he had only a rag round his middle), with a kind of secret awe, not knowing but the hand which was now holding out to me a delicious mangosteen, had ere now reached forth the poisoned cup; not certain that the voice which was now mildly entreating me to "buy cocoa-nut, master; only two pice," had not rung out fiercely in the murderous fray.

"No buy, eh?" repeated the old fellow, for the third or fourth time, as he turned from me to some better customer.

But somebody else presently claimed my attention. In moving about, I had inadvertently stepped upon the toes of a good-sized monkey, who was brought along for sale. He set up a most horrible screech, and leaped upon me, winding his long arms about my neck, trying

to scratch me. Fortunately he had been muzzled, else I should have fared but poorly in his clutches. Getting rid of the disgusting animal, I took a look around me.

What a profusion and variety of fruits! Oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts formed the staples, to which must be added the soft guava, the cooling pomegranate, the shaddock, looking and tasting somewhat like a large orange, the mountain apple, and a dozen other varieties, concluding with that most incomparably delicious of all fruits, the mangosteen. Glorious mangosteen! whose sugary pulp melts in your mouth, and leaves you only to regret the too-quickly fading aroma which has filled your senses. It is, in shape and color, somewhat like a large walnut, before the outside green rind is taken off it. Not unlike this rind or shell, too, is the peel of the mangosteen, which is stripped off in sections, exposing to view a soft faint-reddish and violet-colored pulp, having a taste half sweet, half acid, and an aroma—as though all the spices of all the spice islands were here combined.

Add to all these fruits an almost inexhaustible variety of birds, from that diminutive twitterer, the Java sparrow, to the parrot, and monkeys of all sorts, sizes, colors, and prices, from a quarter of a dollar to two and a-half dollars, and the reader has before him a Javanese bumboat. Fancy the feelings of the poor fellows who, finding themselves for the first time in their lives among these luxuries, are debarred the enjoyment of them, by the lack of means to purchase; yet this was the situation of the greater part of our ship's crew.

Naval commanders make it their duty to hoard up poor Jack's money for him—keeping it carefully out of

his hands during an entire three years' cruise, among all the curiosities and harmless luxuries of foreign lands, in order that he may have a chance to spend his *pile* in drunken orgies at the end of the cruise. However unjust and impolitic such a course seems, it is the one almost universally adopted in the navy.

Our crew received but *ten dollars* per man, of their wages, in the course of a cruise lasting three years, and that was given to them in Valparaiso, where almost every cent of it was spent in a three days' drunken frolic on shore.

From Java Head, the commodore proceeded overland to Batavia, and in a few days a Dutch steamer was sent around to tow our ship into Batavia Bay. Here we lay for four weeks, just out of sight of the city, which is nine miles distant from the outer anchorage. Here our real East Indian life began.

The heat of the sun and the prevalence of malaria make this one of the most fatal places to Europeans or Americans, in all the East. Strict orders were, therefore, given by the surgeon, that no one was to be exposed to these influences, and a course was adopted which, in great measure, preserved health on board ship.

All hands were called at four o'clock, A. M. From then till six, the decks were scrubbed, the bright-work cleaned, and everything cleared up. At six, which is in these tropical regions the hour of sunrise, the awnings were spread fore and aft, curtains drawn down from the awnings to the top of the rail, excluding *all* the sun, and the balance of the day was devoted to sewing, reading, talking, or the *dolce far niente*.

The awnings produce an agreeable current of air along the upper deck of the vessel, making it pleasantly cool. The open ports afforded us delightful views of the low shore, with its thick jungle of dark cool-looking green. The only drawback to our enjoyment (and to me it was a most material one), was that we were debarred from all contact with the shore, which, looking so quietly beautiful, was yet said to contain within its umbrageous shades the germ of every fatal fever.

Even our boats' crews remained on board, three boats' crews of Malays performing all the boating duty. These boatmen were objects of much curiosity to me. They were brought on board one day by a Malay gentleman, a swarthy, ferocious-looking fellow, with a fierce moustache and keen eye, and a snake-like gliding in his walk, which put one somehow in mind of the long, curved, glistening kryss he carried by his side, of which weapon these people know how to make such fearful use. Far different from him, in appearance, however, were the poor fellows who were hired to do our drudgery of boating. These are stolid-faced men, with a look of bloated brutality, and a treacherous, thieving twinkle in their little eyes, which makes one involuntarily shrink from them.

They all chew the betel nut, with lime. Their teeth and lips are in consequence as black as ink, and their capacious mouths, when open, remind one of an *un*white-washed sepulchre. They slept upon deck, and were under the direction of an old man, who was their *serang* or boatswain, and whom they implicitly obeyed. They spoke but little English, but the gift of an occasional

biscuit made the old serang my friend, and he used to entertain me with wonderful stories of serpents and of the far-famed Upas tree of Java, the last of his yarns always exceeding in incredibility all former samples, until one day, I took him to account for lying so. His black mouth opened wide, and with an easy grin, he replied:

"Oh! massa, me tink you b'lieve all. But neber mind, I stuff somebody else. Green-horns swallow um so," and he took down half a biscuit to exemplify the way in which his wonders were hoisted in.

Having taken in our due supply of water, the necessity for which was the principal cause of our stoppage here. we once more got under weigh, and proceeded to sea, this time bound direct to China.

It had been determined, that on leaving Batavia we should stand over toward Borneo, and enter the China Sea by way of the Straits of Macassar and the Sooloo Archipelago, a rather dangerous path for a large ship, or for any ship in fact, but chosen on this occasion because the lateness of the season, in regard to the monsoons, would allow us better slants by this way, than going by the usual and more open passage of the Straits of Gaspar, and past the entrance of the Gulf of Siam.

Gliding slowly along the smooth water, we were scarcely out of sight of the higher points of Java before the tall peaks of Borneo hove in sight. By the aid of several little *cat's paws*, or light flaws of wind, we succeeded, in a week from the date of leaving Batavia, in entering the Straits of Macassar, having then Borneo on our left, and on our right Celebes, the largest of the group denominated the Spice Islands.

Drifting along one day, near the latter island, one looking over the bows, descried a snake leisurely basking upon the water, close aboard, the ship not making ripple enough to disturb him. A veritable sea-serpent, he was to be sure; not, certainly, of the dimensions usually ascribed to that animal, for, as far as I could judge, watching him as he slowly drifted astern, he was not more than ten feet long, but, nevertheless, a *sea-serpent.* Let no one say that the tough yarns which occasionally appear in the papers, to the delight of wonder-imbibing shores-men, are not at least "founded on fact."

These salt water snakes are not often met with in the latitude where we saw this specimen, but they abound on the lonely coasts of New Holland, and not unfrequently prove troublesome to the whale-men, who frequent the bays of that and adjacent islands, in pursuit of the humpback whale. Their bite is said to be a deadly poison, and the miserable natives of New Holland, who enter the water boldly to contend with the voracious shark for a meal of blubber, run affrighted from the vicinity of one of these animals. The specimen which we saw, was, as before said, apparently about ten feet long, very thick for its length, of a dark red color, its scales shining, like burnished copper. It was furnished with a fin on its tail, somewhat like that of an eel, and had probably in addition two little side fins, although we did not notice these.

Getting under the tall peaks of Borneo, we lay for some days becalmed, and at the mercy of the currents, which are very capricious and irregular in these narrow seas. On the third day, we had drifted close in shore, under an

immense mountain, which had once been a volcano. Toward afternoon, it became apparent that the current was setting the vessel directly toward the land, now not above two miles off, and that, unless there came a breeze, evening would find us in closer proximity to the shore than was desirable, with a ship of such heavy draught as ours.

There were indications of a coming breeze all day, but we waited in vain for its arrival. Our sails hung listlessly against the masts, and not a ripple disturbed the mirror-like surface of the ocean. We had tried in vain to get soundings, finding no bottom with a hundred fathoms of line out; and our hopes of being able to anchor, should we be carried in too close, were but faint, as these islands not unfrequently rise straight up from the bottom of the sea, and a ship of the line might run her jib-boom ashore, and then not find bottom with her longest chain cable.

This being the situation of affairs, and sundown coming on, without the expected breeze, the boats were gotten out and sent ahead to tow her bow off shore, and endeavor to stem the current. The natives had been watching our motions, or rather lack of motions, all day, and as soon as it was dark built a huge fire on the spot on which they evidently expected the ship to go ashore. It was for some time a question whether our boats did much good, although the crews were urged to the most strenuous exertions by the captain and first lieutenant.

But about ten o'clock, a vast cloud which had gathered over our heads, emptied its contents on us, and the rain soon started up a little breeze, by the aid of which we were enabled in a short time to increase our distance

from the beach, to the manifest disappointment of the natives, whose shouts had for sometime come to us faintly over the still waters.

The dysentery had made its appearance on board shortly after our arrival at Batavia, attacking most severely several of the stoutest and heartiest of the crew. The chief surgeon was of opinion that the water obtained there, which was rain-water collected during the rainy season in vast tanks, on which the entire city depends for its supply of drinking water, was a fruitful source of sickness, on account of its impurity.

In order to lessen the evil, therefore, as much as possible, we were placed upon an allowance of *three quarts* of water per day per man, *three pints* of which were used for cooking purposes, thus leaving, to quench our thirst, only the pittance of *three pints* for twenty-four hours. When it is taken into consideration that this was under an Indian sky, where the slightest exertion in working ship, or other labor, makes one pant with thirst, it may be supposed that our allowance was small enough for the most economical. There was a good deal of grumbling, especially among the old tars, who swore great oaths at "Old Chew-Your-Beans," as the surgeon was nick-named, from a way he had of tracing nearly all the ills that sailor flesh is heir to, to the lack of properly masticating their food.

Nevertheless, the old doctor was right, and many a hearty, hale tar doubtless owed his continued life and health to the wise forethought of the very man whom he was condemning as an old humbug. Some of the fore-topmen took the matter more to heart than any of the

rest, and a party of them conceived the brilliant idea of making an appeal to the humanity of the commodore, by causing him to be informed that certain of their number had been reduced to such extremity, by thirst, as to be compelled to satisfy their longings with salt water. The commodore's private servant was bribed to state this yarn to his master, on his own responsibility, which he duly did.

Their plan did not appear to work, as for some days they heard of no results. Finally, one morning after quarters, the boatswain's mates were sent all over decks, to call aft on the half-deck all who had at any time been induced, through extreme thirst, to drink salt water. This was a windfall to our party of conspiring tars, who now marched quickly aft, congratulating themselves on the success of their labors. Their names were taken down by the first lieutenant "at the commodore's desire," he informed them, and a half-dozen of the afterguard and waisters also gave in theirs, happy in the hope of thereby getting an increased allowance of water.

I felt sorry myself that I had not yet laved my thirst from old ocean, that I too might come in for the expected extra allowance. Curiosity was aroused as to what were to be the consequences of this taking down names, and various speculations were hazarded as to who were to have the additional portion of the water, whether the entire crew, or only those who "had sent up their cards to the old man," as one of the number facetiously remarked.

Precisely at seven bells, all hands were called up "to witness punishment," and the master-at-arms and

chief boatswain's mate were heard calling loudly for those whose names were on the list of salt-water drinkers. They were mustered up to the gangway, where the grating and the cats gave them a tolerable guess at the fate that awaited them.

Directly the commodore came out of the cabin, and walked to the gangway, looking as fierce as a trooper. Surveying the crowd ranged before him for a moment, he said:

"H—m, so you fellows drank salt water, did you?" looking at a paper. "Here, John Jones."

"Here, sir," answered that worthy.

"Did you drink salt water, my man?"

"Yes, sir, a little," answered John Jones, willing to crawl out of the scrape, but unable to see the slightest crevice.

"How much?"

"Only about a pint, sir."

"Master-at-arms, strip John Jones."

And John Jones was seized up and received six with cats. And so the whole list of *seamen* who had "sent up their cards" in the morning, was gone through with, each one receiving half a dozen. The landsmen were omitted, to their very evident gratification.

After the flogging was through with, the commodore said:

"Now, I suppose, you fellows want to know why you have been punished. I'll tell you. It's for drinking salt water. I want to let you know, that aboard my ship no one is allowed to drink anything but fresh water, or whatever may be in the regular ship's allowance. I

am here to judge of what amount of water you need. I use only the regular allowance of three quarts myself; and if any man is really suffering, I'll divide my allowance with him—but *you shan't drink salt water!* I didn't punish you waisters, because you are poor, ignorant fellows, who knew no better, but the seamen should set a better example. Let me hear of no more salt-water drinking. Boatswain, pipe down."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that no more reports of that kind were sent up to head-quarters. It "*didn't pay.*"

From the time of our leaving Batavia, it had been foretold, by some of the old men who were familiar with those seas, that we should have a long and tedious passage. And so it proved. The little breeze which had carried us into the entrance of the Macassar Strait was succeeded by a persistent head wind, which kept us beating about, now hindered, now forwarded by the currents which here abound, for several weeks.

Meantime, the long spell of hot weather was beginning to tell upon the crew, many of whom, notwithstanding the utmost carefulness on the part of the surgeons, were taken with the dysentery. The heat began also to affect the provisions, and more particularly the bread. It has been before mentioned, that this was stowed in a bread-room, taking up a large portion of the stern of the vessel. Notwithstanding this was kept as tightly closed as possible, the bread had for some time been full of weevils, little gray bugs, looking, on a minute inspection, somewhat like a miniature elephant. They have a proboscis, or trunk, just like that animal, are about the size

of a small ant, and hop about like a flea. It was necessary to split a biscuit in halves before eating it, to shake these little fellows out—although this trouble was not always taken.

Now, however, a more serious evil infected our bread. The biscuit suddenly became infested with *white worms*, (it is no use to shrink from the tale, 'tis the plain truth,) and these disgusting animals ate out all the inside of the biscuits, leaving nothing for us who got it at second-hand but a thin and tasteless crust. Yet this bread we were compelled to eat—for there was none other. At first it went pretty hard with us, but what will not custom and hunger do.

I had always fancied that the stories of worm-eaten bread, and water, the smell of which would cause violent nausea, were a little more than apocryphal; but here we experienced both. I have seen *drinking water* pumped out of our tanks, into a *butt* on deck, which smelt so abominably as to make any approach to it utterly impossible, ere it had stood in the open air an hour or two.

The gases arising from it, as it issued from the pump, would cover the paint all over the vessel with a copper-colored sediment, which it was almost impossible to get off. And I have seen a biscuit literally *crawl off the mess-cloth, on which stood the mess dinner.*

But let us leave this subject. It was only mentioned as one of the incidents of the voyage—incident to *every* India voyage—and to show how sailors *do* fare sometimes, and not unfrequently either.

CHAPTER X.

Death of a Lieutenant — Funeral at Sea — Pedro Blanco — China — The Pilot — Lintin Bay — The Bocca Tigris — Chinese Forts — Junks — The Tartars—Bumboats—The River—Chinese Children — The Duck Boats — A Visit to Manilla — The Cholera on Board — Return to Macao — Amoy — The Crew ask for "Liberty," and are refused — The Chinese Governor — Chusan.

Shortly after we left Batavia, one of our lieutenants died very suddenly—and was, of course, buried at sea. This was not the first death on board, by several, but as this was the first and only occasion during our whole cruise on which the entire ceremonies provided for funeral occasions at sea were gone through with, it is a proper place in which to make some mention of them.

The body of the deceased officer was laid out on trestles, on the half-deck, and covered over with the union jack, until the time came for committing it to the deep.

When a sailor dies at sea, his corpse is sewed up in the hammock which has been until that time his bed, and now becomes his shroud. A couple of thirty-two pound shot are enclosed, next to his feet, to bear the body down to the depths of the ocean, which is his grave.

For our deceased officer, the carpenters constructed a

plain deal coffin, the upper end of which was bored full of auger holes, a very necessary precaution, as, had it been made tight it would have swum upon the surface in place of sinking. In this, the corpse, dressed in full uniform, was placed, the lid screwed down, and the whole wrapped about with the union jack.

At seven bells, (half-past eleven,) the mournful call of "all hands to bury the dead" was heard, and the crew were gathered upon the upper deck, the marines paraded on the quarter-deck, with arms reversed, the ensign was lowered to half-mast, the officers mustered aft, with crape on their left arms, and all were hushed in silence, as beseemed a company about to commit a shipmate to the deep.

The band, ranged upon the poop-deck, played that most impressive of dirges, "the Dead March in Saul," while, the officers acting as pall-bearers, a chosen band of seamen brought up to the gangway the bier upon which rested the remains of poor lieutenant T——.

The coffin was placed upon a broad plank, one end of which pointed overboard, and, the ship having been brought to, before, by backing the maintop-sail, the chaplain advanced, accompanied by the officers, and read the solemn and impressive funeral service of the Episcopal Church, provided for burials at sea.

All was still, almost as death itself, and his low voice sounded clear and distinct fore and aft the decks. As he came to the close of the service, eight bells were struck, and, at the words, "we now commit this body to the deep," two gray-haired quartermasters reverently raised the inner end of the plank aloft—there was a momentary

grating noise, a dull splash in the water—and all that was mortal of our deceased shipmate was gone to its long home.

The marines now advanced to the gangway and fired a treble salute over the grave of the departed, and all was over. The boatswain "piped down," the maintop-sail was filled, and we stood on our course.

The burial of a foremast hand is conducted with much less ceremony. The ship is not *brought to*, unless there is a very strong breeze, which makes it necessary, in order to steady her.

Poor Jack, sewed up in his hammock, is borne to the gangway by his mess-mates, and, a *portion* only of the funeral service being read, the corpse is launched into the ocean—while many a long and lingering look is cast after it by those to whom daily intercourse has endeared the departed.

Many a bronzed and furrowed cheek have I seen wet by tears when committing to the deep the remains of some loved shipmate, whose cheerful "aye, aye" would never more be heard by us—whose strong arm and sure hand had stood by us in many a gale and tempest.

A funeral at sea is a deeply impressive occasion. The daily, nay hourly intercourse necessarily existing between the various individuals composing a vessel's crew, does not fail to bring out all the better qualities of the man, and when he is gone, there is a vacant place at the mess, on the yard, at the gun, and we feel that we have lost a companion, rough perhaps, but kind, one who has shared our hardships and pleasures, together with whom we have battled the storm and braved the billow. And it is good

to hear how, in all after mention of the departed, his better qualities and deeds only are remembered, and the vail of charity drawn over his faults.

Making our way slowly through the straits, and between the numerous isles of the Sooloo Archipelago, now favored by a little summer breeze, now becalmed, and drifting at the mercy of the manifold currents, we at length entered the China Sea, and by the aid of a favoring breeze drew to the northward.

On December twenty-fifth, Christmas day, we made land, being the bleak and desolate-looking rock called Pedro Branco, lying in latitude twenty-two degrees nineteen minutes, and longitude one hundred and fifteen degrees, east, distant from the mouth of Canton River about two hundred miles.

Much to my surprise, as we neared the coast of China, it had been growing bitterly cold, and on Christmas morning, the weather was quite frosty. I had thought the southern portion of China to be a land of eternal summer, but now found that the Celestial year was seasoned with quite a fair allowance of cold.

On December twenty-seventh, in the morning, we were hailed by a small Chinese junk, from which we received a Chinese pilot.

The first thing the pilot did, after showing his credentials to the captain, and explaining to him that if he got the vessel into difficulty, his head would pay the forfeit, was to go aft and alter the course very slightly. The next thing was to motion to the steward, whom he instinctively picked out of a crowd that curiosity to see a live

specimen of the Celestial Empire had drawn aft, to get him a light for his segar.

It was in vain that the captain protested against the unheard-of enormity of smoking on the quarter-deck. In vain he represented to him by the most lively pantomine—for the pilot, very judiciously, "no understand Inglee"—that tobacco was a filthy weed, and the quarter-deck of a man-of-war a most unsuitable place in which to indulge in its use. The more energetically the captain motioned, the more obstinately John Chinaman clung to his segar; and when at last the captain forbade any one from getting "*the littee fire*" which was asked for, Johnny very sensibly walked down to the galley and helped himself, and soon re-appeared by the side of the quarter-master at the *con*, behind a very good-flavored cheeroot.

Favored by a strong tide and fair wind, at ten o'clock that night, we dropped anchor in Lintin Bay. We had been sailing all day at too great distance from land to be able to distinguish anything except the mere flat shore rising in blue and black ridges above the surface of the waves.

The night was too dark to see much of the now not distant shores, except the dim outline and the occasional faint glimmer of a light from a poor fisherman's hut on the beach. We boys were all excitement at the thought of at last being *in China*, and after the sails were furled and all was quiet, a little party of us climbed into the maintop and lay down there, covering tarpaulins and pea-jackets over us to keep out the cold, while we looked at the distant shore, so "chuck full" of romance to us,

and laid out plans for future adventures, talked over the Chinese wall, the grand canal, and the great city of Pekin, where no one was permitted to go, and imagined a hundred wonderful and romantic scenes, in which, of course, we desired to be the chief actors.

I scarcely slept that night, so eager was I to behold, with my own eyes, some of the wonders wherewith I had long been regaled at second and third hand, from books of travel, geographies, and China plates, cups and saucers, and which I fondly hoped would find their commencement here upon the borders of the Celestial Empire.

What was my disappointment, on going on deck in the morning, to find in place of the dinner-plate scene my fancy had pictured out, nothing but a rather bleak and sparsely-wooded shore, with a few common-looking huts ranged along the beach, past which swept a tide of water but very little clearer than the Mississippi itself.

So very "*chaney*" like had the little pilot looked when he came on board the preceding day, with his diminutive pig-like eyes, his high cheek-bones, his loose petticoat trowsers, and the tasseled cap—whereby hung a tail, or queue of hair, descending to his middle—that I expected at least to wake up with a pagoda on either side of the ship, and a tea-garden, full manned, immediately ahead.

Shortly after breakfast, wind and tide serving, we got underweigh and proceeded up the river, coming to anchor however as soon as the tide turned, as the breeze was not strong enough to carry us up against the current.

While underweigh, a large American vessel, the Oneida, passed us, outward bound, with all sail set, her little

moon-sails and royal studding-sails looking like pocket handkerchiefs spread to the breeze. At this anchorage we remained two days, scrubbing and cleaning the ship, making her presentable to visitors. Here the commodore left us for Canton, engaging on his way up, and sending on board, a large quantity of potatoes, and some Chinese beef, which last is not by any means so tender or palatable as that raised in the Mississippi Valley.

Having refitted, we once more got underweigh, this time with a head wind, to work up to our intended anchorage, at the Bocca Tigris, just below the famous *Bogue Forts*, on which the Chinese placed so much dependence, in their war with England, to keep the British barbarians from Canton, and in which it was afterward found that the soldiers had been chained to their posts, to prevent them from running away, and the guns were imbedded in solid masonry, which, to be sure, kept them from kicking, but also rendered them entirely useless for firing at any object not directly in point blanc range. We reached the Bogue by four days' hard labor, beating to windward every inch of the way, most of the time in a very narrow channel.

As we got up the river, the prospect began to look more China-like. An occasional pagoda, along shore, peeping out from amid surrounding trees, the curious little *sanpans*, or row-boats, which dot the surface of the river, and once in a while a vast junk, with great awkward mat sails, and her bow and stern towering like mountains over the water, the waist being low enough to jump aboard—all these things served to keep alive our curiosity, and make us eager to see what was to come.

Getting higher up, we were boarded by a mandarin, who came alongside in a *mandarin boat.*

These fellows, with their singular boats, are a sort of river police, for the prevention of piracies and opium smuggling. The boats are very long and narrow, and are propelled at a tremendous rate through the water, by the power of oars alone, of which they carry from forty to sixty on a side. Their crews ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty men, are well armed, and each boat generally carries a three or four pound swivel in the bows.

They often have desperate fights with the pirates on the river coast, and not unfrequently come off second best in these encounters. From the opium smugglers they receive no mercy, as they give none; the punishment attached to this offense being the highest known to the Chinese law, that of *squeezing* to death, in a frame of wood which surrounds the victim, and is pulled together by some peculiar machinery attached to it.

Once at the Bogue, preparations were made for a long stay. The sails were unbent, a mooring swivel put upon the cables, to save the trouble of taking out the turns which get into them by the swinging of the ship, at the turning of the tides, the boats were gotten out, and awnings, not yet needed, on account of the cold weather, repaired and refitted.

Our life during the three months we remained here, was a very dull, monotonous one.

The Bocca Tigris or Bogue, is simply an anchoring-place for large vessels. It lies about midway between Macao and Whampoa, and there is no town, or even

considerable village in its immediate vicinity. The shores of the river here are plain, and there is nothing to attract the attention of the stranger, except the now dismantled forts before spoken of, and some pagodas or joss-houses, where the piously-inclined Chinese mariner leaves his farewell propitiatory offering, on going to sea.

The river was the most lively portion of the altogether dull scene. Here the Tartar boats, the inhabitants of which, by a decree of the Celestial Emperors, are not allowed to remain on shore at night, and thus live entirely upon the waters, were sailing about all day long. The daily passage of the regular Canton and Macao packets, called *fast boats*, probably because they are not *fast* at all, relieved somewhat the tedium of passing time, and the occasional passing of some great hulk of a Chinese Junk with her vermillion streaked side, her many-storied poop, enormous rudder, and great goggle eyes painted on her bluff bows, was a grand event with us.

I enquired of our Chinese *compradore* (the individual who furnishes the ship with all the provisions, etc., needed,) the object of these eyes.

He answered me, with a shrug of contempt at my ignorance:

"Ayah! John, no hab eyes, how can see," a proposition so extremely logical as to be unanswerable. Certainly if Chinese sailors are no smarter than they look, their junks have need of all the eyes they can obtain to get along safely.

The *bumboats* were the places of greatest interest to us, debarred as we were from visiting the shore. Here we could see somewhat of the manner of life of the

Tartar families; and in them, too, was brought off, for sale, all that could be obtained even at Canton; besides a superabundant supply of fruits, fresh and preserved, of all kinds, which grew plentier as the season advanced, there were stores of ivory and sandal wood fans, shawls, and pictures of all kinds, and innumerable objects carved in ivory and rare woods, as also, Japanned ware boxes, etc., of rare and curious workmanship.

The boats were allowed alongside for four hours each day, and I used to pass pretty much all that time in them, examining the curiosities, and watching the owners cooking, eating, and going through their daily household avocations. Alas! poor me, I was condemned, along with the rest of the crew, to be a longing looker on, having no funds to purchase of the many beautiful objects which delighted our eyes.

Grog money being again served out to the boys while we lay here, we were occasionally enabled to indulge in some of the delicacies which were displayed in the boats, such as the delicious little mandarin oranges, with their loose rind, the nice cakes, and once in a while a pot of preserved ginger, or a little package of preserved oranges. But beyond this we were unwilling lookers on in our limited sphere. The lad who starts to see the world in a man-of-war, thought I often to myself, is a great goose, for he takes the very best way not to see anything of it.

The queer little Chinese children were my great delight. A little China-man is like a little pig, or more yet like a little elephant: he is born with the same face, the same sedate look, and has (in their incipiency, of course,) the identical tail, and the old-fashioned ways

which he will have when he arrives at old age. He is virtually and literally what he is called—a *little* China-*man*.

To prevent the diminutive little creature from drowning, should he accidentally crawl overboard, a light buoy, made of a large calabash, is carefully fastened under his arms, and this he drags with him, in his perambulations about the deck, which is his play ground. But he does not play. He is already an observer, a silent one (I never heard a Chinese baby cry), evidently storing his little mind with useful knowledge, initiating himself into the mysteries of trade, and learning the weak points of the sailors, whom, following in the footsteps of his illustrious parents, he is in turn, in days to come, to cheat.

Next to the bum-boats, the large *duck-boats* which sail up and down the river were the objects of greatest curiosity to us. Having to pass their entire lives on water, it is natural that all manner of trades should be carried on by these Tartar people on board their floating homes. But the rearing of immense quantities of ducks would seem to be rather an out-of-the-way business to be conducted in boats.

The boats, which are of large size, contain from five hundred to two thousand ducks each, with which their owners sail about, stopping at regular intervals on the shore, and allowing their *stock* to go up into the paddy-fields, to feed. A plank is placed at the little door, by which they walk out, and march in regular procession up to the field.

After having fed a sufficient time, the owner, standing on the boat's deck, utters a peculiar, loud, shrill whistle

on hearing which the ducks are seen waddling down to their home in the greatest haste, crowding over and jostling one another in their hurry to get aboard. The master stands at the gangway with a small stick, with which he gives the last one aboard a slight tap, as punishment for his delinquency. At the entrance to the boat, there is as much jostling, pushing, and rudeness displayed, as at the doors of some metropolitan theater when a fashionable player is about to hold forth. It is wonderful how so stupid a bird as the duck can be trained to the performance of such apparently sensible actions; but the force of example forms the manners of the young ones, and as they grow up they in turn communicate to the rising generation their regular habits.

After lying at our moorings nearly eighty days, during which time the ship's rigging had been thoroughly refitted, and her hull scraped and painted, we at last once more lifted our anchors and set sail for Manilla.

A twelve days' passage brought us to this place, the capital of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine group. Here, on the day after our arrival, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance among our crew, making of the ship a regular charnel house. We remained in the port only six days, during which time twenty of our crew died of this disease.

The first victim was a young friend of mine from Philadelphia. Poor George and I had spent the evening talking about the strange scenes, and about home, and parted at nine o'clock wondering whether we should be allowed a run ashore when we got back to Macao.

At one o'clock, I was awakened and told that he was

dead. I saw an ensign (a particular one, which was always used on such occasions) hung up around the space between two guns near my hammock, and peering out over the upper edge, saw a corpse stretched out on a few rough boards. Jumping out, I went to view it. I should never have known it for the corpse of my old friend. The cheeks, lately so full and flushed with health, were sunken. The eyes seemed to have altogether disappeared. The whole face was turned of a dull yellowish black, and the entire form of the body appeared changed. He was buried ashore next morning.

Before another sun set, three more had paid the last great debt, and men were being taken down every few hours.

The next day, a scene revolting to all the feelings of humanity occurred. There was but one man in the *brig* when we came into harbor. I do not now remember his offense—it was slight, however. It was judged by the surgeon inexpedient to keep any one in confinement during the prevalence of the epidemic, so he was released; but first, all hands were called to witness punishment, and the captain had a dozen administered to him—this while a corpse was lying on the half-deck, and two men were in the agonies of dissolution in the sick bay.

That night the man who had been flogged *died*, and as in his last frantic death struggle he tore off his shirt, the bloody marks of the cats were plainly visible upon his back. A thrill of horror went through the heart of every man on board, at this horrible termination of an unnecessarily cruel act of discipline.

We left Manilla as soon as possible, after completing the business which had taken us there. It is a splendid harbor, surrounded on all sides by high, volcanic peaks and ridges; and the city is very beautifully situated. But it was a fatal port for us. Some of our best men here fell victims to the pestilence. As soon as we got once more to sea, the cholera ceased, nor were we troubled with it again.

But many of our crew were now down with the dysentery. The sick bay would no longer hold them all, and cots were swung on the maindeck, where the emaciated sufferers enjoyed a little better air, and somewhat more the company and attendance of their shipmates. Those attacked first and most severely by this disease (and the same held good of the cholera), were invariably the most robust, the heartiest and fleshiest among the crew. Lank, bony fellows outlived it all without complaining, while those who apparently had the longest and surest lease of life, were the first to be taken away.

Returning to Macao Roads, we took on board the Commodore (who had not gone with us on our Manilla trip), and proceeded to Amoy, one of the north-eastern ports of China, and one of the five places at which ships then traded. Here was presented to our view the first really Chinese scene we had yet met with.

The somewhat steep hill-sides, at the entrance of the harbor; the dingy-looking town, with its high wall; the peaked and pagoda shaped roofs of the houses; the many joss-temples, lifting their queer little turrets above the surrounding dwellings, and the Chinese shipping lying in

the inner harbor, all united to make just such a scene as one might behold on almost any of the old-fashioned waiters or plates, and I really fancied, so familiar did the old place look, I should be quite at home within its walls, could I only get there.

This being a quiet place, and the vessel lying close t the town, the crew, who had all been for some time extremely anxious for a taste of "liberty" on shore, resolved to send the petty officers aft, with a petition to that effect.

Accordingly, amid a most intense excitement on the part of all hands, a deputation of the oldest quartermasters and boatswain's mates made their appearance at the railing of the mainmast, the place of appeal or petition for the crew, and asked to see the captain. He came out to them, heard them somewhat impatiently, and curtly refused their request. And so, as this was to be our last port in China, our hopes of seeing anything of a Chinese town, were dashed. We all, and with justice, felt deeply indignant at this apparently wanton severity.

We had now been over a year on board, and with the exception of a few boat's crews, not a soul but the officers had as yet even set his foot on shore. To add to the exasperation of the crew, a few hours afterward, each one of the petty officers received five dollars in money, evidently intended to act as a quieter upon them, they being the regularly authorized organs of communication between the crew and the superior officers. Much muttering, many curses, "not loud, but deep," and not a few threats of future vengeance were heard in our midst—

but what avails future threats—the present is what the sailor unfortunately lives for.

While lying here the Chinese authorities of the town paid the ship a visit. They were a queer-looking set, resembling in but one thing the city dignitaries of a more Christian country—that is, in fat—they were, to a man, of truly aldermanic proportions.

They all carried pictures upon their backs and breasts, large embroidered representations of birds or flowers—and the Governor, as being the highest in rank, was distinguished by an enormous pair of boots, the soles of which were at least three inches thick. As he waddled along, with the bottoms of his loose trowsers just making a connection with the tops of these boots, I, who with several other boys, stood at the side to help his Highness on board, could not help thinking that he looked much more like some street loafer, than like a sober, sedate satrap of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and distant relation of all the Stars.

We left Amoy with a fair breeze, and in a few days passed through the Straits of Formosa, and entered Chusan Bay, a lonely harbor, where our ship was to remain, while the Commodore proceeded to Shanghai, on board our smaller consort, the shallow waters of the Yellow Sea not permitting of our approach to that port.

The portion of Chusan Bay in which we were anchored, was called Buffalo's Nose, from a singularly shaped promontory, behind which we were sheltered. It ran out some distance into and across the waters of the Bay, and its broadside being thus exposed to the action of the whole body of water driven in from sea when the wind

blew on shore, the waves had gradually washed a large hollow through the ridge, at a place about a quarter of a mile from its outer extremity. It was in this hollow or hole, that was supposed to consist the resemblance to the nose of one of the tame buffaloes of China, these animals being guided by means of ropes placed in a hole pierced through the nasal cartilage.

CHAPTER XI.

A Chinese Farm — Sail for Japan — Yeddo Bay — The Japanese — Their general Appearance — Dress — Manners — Nobles—Warriors—Serfs—Boats—Receive Supplies—Incidents of Stay — Towed out of the Harbor by Japanese Boats.

While lying here, a party of us boys were one day permitted to take a ramble on shore, in company with the first lieutenant, who was going on a gunning expedition. There was a solitary little farm hut about a mile and a half from our anchorage, and to this our party took its way, determined to "see what we could see."

On beholding us approaching, the inhabitants, consisting of an old man and woman, and several little children, incontinently took to their heels, hurriedly catching up their most valuable articles of wearing apparel, and leaving us in undisputed possession of the premises. Some of us ran after them, to persuade them to return, but the more we called them the faster they ran, and we were obliged to give them up and explore the premises alone.

The hut was built entirely, sides, roof, and all, of rice straw, but on entering we found it (comparatively speaking) very comfortably arranged within. It was divided into two apartments, the outer and larger serving

evidently for kitchen, dining-room, and living room, the inner containing some mats and pillows, for sleeping, and a few articles of wearing apparel.

It was plain that the people lived a good deal out doors, there being several seats arranged under shade of some little trees in the yard, or rather garden. This garden surrounded the house, and was planted with several kinds of flowers and little shrubs, which latter probably also bore flowers in proper season. The whole was carefully fenced in, the entrance being by a little gate. We found a dog on the premises, who followed us in our peregrinations about the place, evidently viewing us with a good deal of suspicion.

Back of the house was an arrangement looking somewhat like what is called a country bake-oven, although, as the poorer classes of Chinese live almost entirely upon boiled rice, I supposed it was used for something else than baking bread. Outside of the garden, in another little inclosure, were two stacks of rice straw for the "stock," put up precisely like hay-stacks at home.

And beyond this was the rice field, already stripped of its crop. The whole place looked rather desolate, there being no trees, worthy of that name, within sight—nothing but a dreary extent of paddy-fields. We saw no implements of husbandry, except an instrument bearing a distant resemblance to a wooden rake. Iron was evidently a scarce article, as the door was hung on wooden pegs.

The house had no window. Having satisfied our curiosity, and picked a few flowers as mementoes, we departed, leaving on the ground (there was neither table, nor chair—

nor floor) a *mace*, or string of *cash*, the copper money of China, as an evidence of our peaceful intentions.

The *cash*, the only coined circulating medium of the Celestial Empire, is a thin circular piece of copper of the value of *one mill*, American currency. They are strung together by means of a small cord put through a square hole in each coin, a string of one hundred, called a *mace*, being of the value of ten cents. There is much cheating practiced by the traders on Canton River with these *cash*.

The *mace* are deprived of their just number of *cash*, and inferior *cash*, much thinner than the legitimate ones, put in circulation, which do not pass in Amoy and other ports to the north, being called "twicy," or bad.

On the fifth of July, our consort vessel returned from Shanghai, with the commodore, who brought with him an official report of the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, news which we had been for some time expecting. We immediately proceeded to sea, bound for Japan, our commodore having been intrusted by government with the delivery of a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan, expressing a desire to open negotiations for a treaty of trade.

Fourteen days' sail, attended with no incidents of an unusual nature, brought us to the entrance of Yeddo Bay, situated on the Island of Niphon, the largest of the group composing the Japanese Empire. On our way, we passed through the group called the Loo Choo Islands, the inhabitants of which are equally uncommunicative as the Japanese. We did not visit any of them, as the

commodore had determined to lose no time in getting to the Pacific coast of North America, to lend the aid of our vessel in any movements of the United States Government on that coast.

On the day before entering Yeddo Bay, we met two Japanese junks, who gave us however a wide berth, and were evidently anxious to avoid us. On the first of August, we sailed into the Bay of Yeddo, sounding as we went, and keeping a bright lookout for shoals, as the depth of water was not very well laid down in the charts. It is a large, noble-looking harbor, almost entirely land-locked, and surrounded by thickly-wooded, beautiful-looking hills.

No sooner were we fairly inside the Bay, than we saw a number of boats coming toward us from several parts of the shore. They pulled alongside and boarded us without ceremony, scrambling into the open ports, climbing up by the channels, and crawling in over the bows by the head rigging, apparently choosing any mode of getting aboard that seemed the easiest.

We were yet underweigh when this crowd of Japanese suddenly boarded us, and as more boats were leaving the shore all the time, and all who boarded us made their boats fast to the ship, it became evident that they would soon materially impede our progress to the anchorage, as the numbers on board already hindered all movements about decks.

Accordingly, the commodore, who had at once been addressed by the principal noble in the company, communicated to him his desire to have the ship cleared of the greater portion of the strangers until we should come to

anchor. This was instantly done, some of the over-curious boats' crews being severely beaten by the nobles and chiefs, in their haste to get them out of the ship. Cleared of the boats, we quickly ran up to the spot laid down as the anchorage, about one and a-half miles from the entrance of the Bay, and quite at the head of its lower portion.

Before coming to, the commodore had been earnestly requested by the leading man of the party to take the ship around a bend in the land into the upper bay, where, he was told, there was every facility for landing our guns and ammunition, which proceeding was alluded to as one very natural under the circumstances and every way expected. This proposal was, as may be supposed, respectfully declined.

It is necessary here to say, that our officers held communication with the Japanese officers by means of a Hollandish sailor we had on board. Several of the Japanese understood somewhat of Dutch, and could thus inform us of their desires, and receive in turn the communications of our officers.

When the anchor was down and the sails furled, the strangers were again allowed to come on board, and our decks were soon filled by a crowd of as *curious* mortals as ever lived. They walked about, drinking in with their eyes greedily all the wonders of our ship, many of them carrying little note-books in their hands, in which they made memorandums of what struck their attention most forcibly.

They were very communicative, as far as the language of pantomime, which was the only mode of intercourse

between the *crew* and them would admit. They were evidently greatly surprised at the vastness and solidity of everything on board, and opened their eyes with astonishment at the size of our chain cables, and the dimensions of our rigging. After securing the sails, the day was given over to us, to do as we pleased, and we, who were in turn as much astonished and delighted with all we saw, as the Japanese could be, devoted ourselves to our visitors, groups of sailors taking parties of Japanese round the ship, exhibiting to them the wonders of the lower decks, the store-rooms, etc., while they, in turn, goodnaturedly allowed the tars to examine their dresses, ornaments, and accouterments.

During our stay in Yeddo Bay, great numbers visited the ship, our decks being crowded each day with men of all ranks; but no ladies made their appearance. Judging of the people generally, from the specimens which came under our observation, we were forced to admit that they were a far better developed race, both mentally and physically, than we had met with since leaving the United States.

The boatmen, the only ones of the lower classes with whom we came in contact, had not, it must be acknowledged, very intelligent countenances. They looked like slaves, and their cringing and servile obedience to their rather haughty masters, told at once their condition to be that of serfs.

But a nobler or more intellectual looking set of men than were those of the better classes that we saw, it would be difficult to conceive of. There was not one, old or young, whose appearance would not command respect in any society. There was, in particular, no where to be

seen, high or low, that sly look of mean cunning or constant deceit which disfigures the Chinaman, and gives to his countenance a brutishness, allied to the most loathsome form of idiocy.

Their frank, open countenances, their marked politeness toward each other, and toward us, strangers, as well as the degree of intelligence evinced in their observations on all they saw on board, prepossessed all hands greatly in their favor, contrasting as they did, strongly, with the dull inanimate appearance, and boorish manners of the Chinese.

There is in their appearance or carriage, very little either of the lassitude or cunning which form such distinguishing traits of the East Indian races. In features, although plainly showing, by their high cheek-bones and the oblique position of their eyes, their Mongolian origin, they yet resembled, far more than any other East Indians, the Caucasian race.

In general expression, as well as physical development, those of the higher classes that we saw, I thought resembled much the better grades of mountain Swiss.

Their color is a very clear nut-brown. Features tolerably regular; eyes bright, moderately large; nose straight; forehead broad and prominent; and hair black and coarse.

The entire front and crown of the head is smoothly shaven, and the hair of the back and sides of the head drawn upward and forward, and gathered into a tuft on the top.

They wore no hats, although many carried with them straight broad-brimmed, heavily japanned head coverings,

doubtless as protections against the sun, should his rays prove too powerful.

The chief articles of their dress appear to be several large loose gowns, worn one over the other, the outer one being of silk or fine cloth, and having embroidered upon its back and breast various fanciful devices, in striking colors, proclaiming, probably, the wearer's rank.

Mode of Salutation, of Noble, Professional, and Serf.

A belt confines their dress at the middle, and serves, beside, to suspend the sword, or swords, all the higher grades of the nobles carrying two of these weapons.

Both swords, one short, the other long, have straight blades, which, we noticed, were invariably keen edged, as though prepared for instant use. They are worn both on the same side, one above the other.

In their broad sleeves, or the bosoms of their gowns, they carried, with a variety of other matter, the square sheets of white paper which served them in lieu of pocket handkerchiefs. When one of these sheets was used, it was carefully deposited in an empty sleeve, to be thrown overboard at the first opportunity.

The hats, which, as detailed above, are rather carried than worn, are very awkward contrivances, the Japanese seeming to stand as much in need of a reform in the matter of head covering as do the Europeans and Americans.

Fancy a perfectly flat plate or disk of papier-maché about two feet in diameter, over a quarter of an inch thick, and highly japanned. This has a little projection in the center, on top, looking not unlike a small bell pull, which serves as a handle by which the unwieldly instrument is carried. A narrow receptacle of wickerwork beneath receives the top of the head. No wonder, thought I, when I examined this novel contrivance to keep out the rain, that they prefer to go bareheaded.

Their shoes are very rudely constructed, being simply sandals of plaited straw, held on by a thong or latch, which fits between the two larger toes. Their feet are encased in a kind of stockings, made of white cotton cloth, room being left between the toes for the thong of the shoe to catch readily.

On entering any of the cabins, or private apartments of the officers, the sandals were left at the door, their owner walking in in his stocking feet. Thus there were often fifty or sixty pairs of sandals in the little ante chamber of the commodore's cabin.

The *fan* seemed to be universally in use with them. From the highest to the lowest, all, walking or sitting, talking, eating, or saluting, had a fan in their hands. It is applied to the most various and different uses. Did the sun shine: the fan performed the office of a parasol; were they eating: morsels of food were presented to friends upon a fan; did one desire to make a memorandum of some object striking his attention: the fan serves as an extempore writing-desk, on which to lay the note-book; was it necessary to drive overboard some over-curious boatman: the fan, now transformed into an instrument of punishment, showers blows upon the back of the offending serf. In short, the fan is evidently used anywhere and everywhere, on and for all occasions.

With it the learned men carried a little basket of fine wickerwork, containing—at least one, the contents of which I had the curiosity to examine, did—a small compass, divided off in an entirely different manner from that used with us, the principal point being, according to Chinese usage, the south, instead of the north, some small slips of white paper, used for memorandums, some Indian ink, two or three pieces of different colored silk, a little sack, which I took to be an amulet, as it much resembled articles of that kind worn by the Chinese, and a scent-bag containing musk, with the smell of which everything in China and Japan is impregnated.

The warriors wore under their outside gown, or even over that and under a species of cloak, a vest of beautifully-made chain or link armor, formed of bright steel. Though weighing only a trifle, the meshes or links of

this coat of mail were woven so closely as to be not only spear but bullet proof. It was altogether a highly-finished piece of workmanship, and spoke well for the advancement of this particular art among them.

We found them to be most expert swordsmen, many of the officers and crew trying their skill with foils and single-sticks, in which they proved themselves noways behind the most skillful of our men. The hilts of their swords were beautifully ornamented with gold and silver, and inlaid pearls and precious stones. The scabbards were generally lacquered or japanned. We saw no fire-arms, but I was shown a sample of their powder, which was quite coarse, somewhat like our common blasting powder.

Our visitors generally brought their dinners with them, which consisted of boiled rice put up in little baskets. Of this they partook very sparingly, handing round morsels on fans to their friends.

Their manner of partaking of food and their moderation seemed to me to betoken a people who eat to live, rather than live to eat. They seemed desirous merely to satisfy the necessities of the body, and in their abstemiousness in this respect they certainly showed themselves far removed from the condition of savages, who desire only to satisfy their physical wants.

Their ceremonies of politeness were very tedious, and although evidently matters of much consequence to them, seemed to us singularly absurd. Two friends would meet upon our quarter-deck: straight way assuming as earnest looks as though intent upon a matter involving life and death, they approach one another, and, one standing straight up, the other makes a low bow, nearly touching

his head to the deck; rising, his *vis-a-vis* now repeats the genuflection, a few words are muttered on each side, the bows are repeated, some singular motions are made with the hands, and the ceremony is over. Now the cloud disappears from their countenances, and, turning off, they enter into cheerful and lively conversation. This was between equals.

Between superior and inferior the case was a little different. The latter, on meeting the person with whom he desired to communicate, would assume a countenance of abject humility, and standing before him, wait for him to notice his presence. Should the superior, after perhaps a minute's consideration, deign to do so, the inferior proceeds to the various manipulations, prostrations on the ground, etc., in such cases made and provided, the superior standing still and looking contemptuously down at the poor fellow before him.

When all is finished, the inferior stands respectfully before the object of his late semi-adoration, humbly looking down on the ground, waiting for his serene highness' permission to speak. And, perhaps, after all this bowing and scraping, he only desires to address a sentence or two to him.

In the frontispiece of the present volume are represented the three chief ranks of the Japanese, the noble, or officer of state, the warrior, and the professional man. The party in front, performing the ceremony of paying the homage of respect considered due from an inferior to a superior in rank, are professionals. The one on his knees, receiving the homage of the others, is a noble. Two warriors, one on the right, the other on the left.

show a front and back view of an individual of this class, the former displaying beneath his outside coat of state, the surtout of linked mail which constitutes his armor of defense. Next to the warrior stands a professional, dressed in the immensely wide trowsers which are worn as a special mark of high standing; conferring additional dignity on the wearer.

These figures, as well as the remaining sketches, of Japanese boats, emblems, etc., are from drawings taken on the spot, by one of the ship's clerks, an excellent draughtsman, to whom the Japanese offered every facility in taking them, they cheerfully standing in required positions, to enable him to get every article of dress, as well as the carriage and expression, as faithfully as possible.

I had read of a universal system of espionage practiced among the Japanese, and we perceived evidences of it, even in their social intercourse with us. Where two or three were together, there seemed to be much restraint, no one of them being willing to exhibit to us any of his articles of apparel, or to allow any one to handle his swords, or to receive any of the little memorials, such as small coins, or other articles of little value, which they were eager to obtain of us.

But if we could get a single individual off in some corner where he thought himself unobserved by his companions, he would eagerly accept of anything we had to give away, and displayed no hesitation in allowing us to examine any article of his that we desired to scrutinize more closely.

But the most singular instance of this general espionage

remains to be related. The commodore had dispatched as soon as possible, to the emperor, the letter from the President of the United States, which we were charged to deliver, and had received an answer to the effect that no trade or intercourse could be allowed, and that our speedy departure was judged highly desirable. Accordingly, a day was appointed when we would sail.

On the evening before this day, a deputation of nobles visited the commodore, and returned to him many of the articles which had been presented to various of the Japanese, by members of our crew, articles, many of them, which could have been retained easily, had there not been a general search instituted among all who visited the ship. The authorities evidently desired to wipe out every trace of the visit of the barbarians.

With the emperor's answer had come instructions to the chief men of the Japanese to furnish the vessel with all that we needed, in the way of supplies, and accordingly, the commodore having intimated that water was a chief necessary, water-boats of tolerable size were crowded alongside, for three days, by which time we had taken in a large supply of most excellent drinking-water, the best we had met with during the whole cruise.

An intimation having been given that some fresh provisions would be highly desirable, two large junks made their appearance, from the upper harbor, bringing to us a supply of vegetables of various kinds, and several hundred chickens. Among the vegetables were sweet potatoes, egg plants, carrots, and pumpkins. There was also a quantity of small green apples, the first we had seen since leaving home. A bullock or two would have

been most welcome, but the Japanese do not kill or eat their cattle—using them only for draught and to milk.

During the entire period of our stay in Yeddo Bay, our ship was guarded by an immense number of boats, which were constantly, night and day, on the alert, with the intention of preventing us from holding any communication with the shore.

Boat and Crew, with Masked Gun.

These boats were anchored at various distances from the vessel, but forming a *cordon* about us, through which it would have been impossible to pass with any of our boats. Their boats are large and strongly built, and manned with from six to ten oars on each side. They do not use their oars as do the boatmen of most other nations, sitting with their back to the stern, and *pulling* the blade through the water, but stand up, facing to the

side of the boat, and *scull*, and by this means they propel their little craft with great velocity through the water.

At every motion of the oars, the whole crew give vent to a sharp hissing noise, at the same time putting out their whole strength. The continual hsh, hsh, has a singular effect, sounding at a little distance not unlike the hissing of an immense serpent.

At nightfall our guards hung lanterns upon masts in the stern of each boat, and the broad surface of the bay, dotted with numberless lights, looked like a vast city. This illumination had a beautiful effect on dark nights, and lent an additional touch of romance to the strange situation in which we were placed.

Having received all the commodore had asked for, in the way of stores, another and more earnest request was made for our immediate departure, and accordingly, our sailing day was appointed. We had been given to understand that no recompense could be received for the supplies of water and provisions we had received from the shore, these things being furnished by the emperor. The only service asked in return was to *stay away.*

On the morning of our sailing day, there happened to be but little wind where we lay, under the shelter of the land. But lack of wind was not to be any excuse for our longer stay. At early dawn, between fifteen hundred and two thousand boats gathered under our bows, and the commodore was informed that if we would now lift the anchor, these boats would tow us out.

Accordingly the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and two long hawsers passed over the bows to the waiting boatmen, who, fastening to these, and to each others' craft

when the hawsers would no longer reach them, soon towed us to the entrance of the bay, when, taking the breeze, the boats cast off, and, amid waving of fans and hats, we bade good-by to Japan.

We left Japan behind us without any regrets. Although sickness on board had not positively increased during our stay there, we were anxious to get out to sea, where there was hope that some of the emaciated sufferers whose cots now more than half filled the main-deck, might recover health and strength. Our visit had been a source of great pleasure to all on board—yet the many strange things we had seen had only raised in us an intense desire to see more in detail their every-day life—to visit the people ashore.

So strongly was this excited in many of the old tars that they blamed the commodore for not at once sailing up to the city, which we understood lay in the upper portion of the bay, concealed from our sight by an intervening promontory—and there going ashore, under cover of the guns, and at once forcing them to hold communications.

Two days after leaving the harbor, we met two Japanese fishing boats, which sailed boldly up alongside, and held up some fish for sale. They made fast alongside, and, on receiving a quantity of empty bottles, handed up in retun a number of fine fish.

They did not appear at all shy, and evidently were much rejoiced at the excellent bargain they had made. Glass is a scarce article in Japan, as we are informed in the descriptions of the country given by the Dutch agents who have resided there.

JAPANESE TOWING THE SHIP OUT OF YEDDO BAY.

Glass bottles are in special demand, and no doubt it was the anxiety to possess themselves of some treasures of this kind which induced the fishermen to come alongside. They manifested no hesitation or fear whatever, but appeared on the contrary very anxious to communicate. It struck us that if the discipline was so strict everywhere else through the island as we found it at Yeddo Bay, they would experience some difficulty in smuggling their bottles on shore.

The fishing-boats were the last we saw of Japan, and we were soon after bowling along under an eight knot breeze, every hour increasing the distance between ourselves and those *East Indies* of which we had seen so little, and that little the worst side.

There was not a man on board that was not heartily glad to find the old ship once more bound America-ward. It seemed almost like *homeward-bound*, (that magic word,) and in fact, we congratulated ourselves already upon the fact that we were *no longer outward-bound*, a species of negative comfort, of which we were glad enough to avail ourselves.

But, although in a few days far enough from the Chinese coast, so long the scene of our discontent, we were carrying with us saddening memorials of it, in the pale cheeks and emaciated forms, the lustrous eyes, and trembling hands of many of our poor shipmates, who would scarce return home the stalwart, light-hearted fellows they left it.

Our main-deck was still crowded with the cots of the sick, and although happily, now that we had exchanged the sultry and unwholesome air of China for the free and

inspiriting breezes of the wide Pacific, there were no new cases of dysentery, yet the disease hung obstinately upon those unfortunates who had become its victims in days past; and every few days some of the sufferers would drop off, on the very road to recovery, but so weakened, so, as it were, dragged down, as to have no longer in their systems the power to give it new tone. Like the scurvy patient, whose weakened powers succumb to the health-giving breezes of the shore, these poor fellows sank under the efforts of their debilitated systems at recovery. Peace be with them; they rest quietly in their ocean graves, unheeding the storms that blow, the billows that roll above their heads.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Sandwich Islands — Honolulu — The People — The Labors of the Missionary — Dexterity of the Natives in Swimming and Diving — Leave for the South American Coast.

SHORTLY after leaving Japan, I was made happy by attaining a long-cherished desire of mine, to be stationed in one of the Tops. I had grown too large (in my own estimation) for a mere errand-boy, and had a great desire to learn something of sailor-craft before we got back to the United States.

What I had been told by an old tar on board the Guardo, that "I had come to a poor place to learn to be a sailor," I found true to the letter. Of all the ships that sail, a vessel of war is the very worst wherein to learn sailorship. So well is this known, that officers of merchant vessels never ship man-of-war sailors, if they know it.

There are on one of these ships so many men, that the necessity for exertion, for learning, does not exist; and there were many boys and men on board of our vessel who positively knew no more about a ship, and the various duties of a sailor, when they left her, after a three years' cruise, than they did when they came on board.

This would have been my case, had I not been fortunate enough to be now stationed in the mizzen-top, where I applied myself diligently to learn somewhat of the duties which are required of the sailor-boy, such as loosing and furling the lighter sails, tarring and slushing, and lending a hand at reefing, etc. In addition to this, I practiced industriously at making the various knots and splices, in the neat performance of which the true sailor takes so much pride, and was soon master of long and short splices, manrope knots, turks-heads, and Matthew Walkers, and the fifty other artistical twists and ties which decorate a fancy ship's rigging.

My life in the top was a very happy one. I was relieved of the drudgery of running of errands, striking the bell, and lounging about the quarter deck, at the momentary call of the officers. I was *top-man*—and what more flattering to a boy than to be ranked among men, even if he is at the "tail of the heap."

I was no longer obliged to stand outside of the social circle, when, in the pleasant dog-watches, the song was sung, or the adventures of other days talked over. I had a rightful place among the sailors, and forthwith, in my pride of heart, at the glorious eminence to which I had arrived, I *patched* my trowsers, and rubbed tar on my frocks, that he that ran might read me a sailor. In short, I made a laughing stock of myself.

Our passage to the Sandwich Islands, where we were next to touch, was made with fine and fair breezes, and over a smooth sea, and as many of our invalids were now recovering, the ship assumed once more an appearance of life and gaiety, to which we had, for some time, been

strangers. The consciousness that, if we were not yet on our direct path for home, we were yet gradually nearing that point in our cruise, and had already passed through the severest scenes in it, no doubt aided materially in inspiring the crew with pleasant feelings.

There was, besides, a prospect that all hands would get a run on shore in one of the two or three ports at which we would touch within the next six months, and when "liberty" is ahead, Jack is always full of joyous anticipations.

It was on this passage, and some days before we reached the Sandwich Islands that we saw the first large school of whales we had met during the cruise. We had occasionally seen a spout, or the gleam of black skin, but always at too great distance from the vessel to enable us to distinguish aught of the form or actions of leviathan.

There was nothing, I think, that most of the boys desired so much to see as a whale. For my part, I was continually on the lookout for a spout, when in the top, and had a standing arrangement with a member of the other watch, that, in case one should make his appearance close to the ship while I was below, I was instantly to be called.

Great was our pleasure, therefore, when one afternoon, while I was in the top, a school of tolerably large sperm whales made their appearance ahead, and came right down toward the vessel. The bows and the lower and topsail yards were soon crowded with gazers, and as the school slowly approached the ship, the utmost silence was

kept, that they might not be frightened and disappear before we had time to inspect them.

I stood in the mizzentop watching their regular spoutings, and wondering at the vast shapes which seemed so easily propelled through the water. A friend and topmate, who was an old whaleman, explained to me the names given the various portions of the whale which we were able to see, as his hump, a triangular projection on his back, looking to a green hand not unlike a dorsal fin, but consisting altogether of blubber, displaying no affinity to a fin; his broad back and square head, the latter giving to the whole animal a singular appearance of incompleteness, as it is indeed merely a great shapeless mass of blubber.

As the school got a little distance astern, they went down, the leader making a beginning by turning flukes in grand style. "Turning flukes" that evolution of the whale is called, in which, on being about to descend to the depths of the sea in search of his food, he first gives his head a slight toss up, then launches himself headforemost into the deep, his broad flukes or tail being the last point visible of him in his perpendicular descent. It is a grand sight, and one too in which whalemen greatly delight, inasmuch as it shows them that they have not gallied or frightened their whale, as, in the latter case, his whaleship would not wait to turn his flukes, but would drop down horizontally out of sight.

In due time we arrived at Honolulu, the capital and principal city of the Sandwich Island group, situated on the Island of Oahu. We sighted the island early one morning, and standing in, were boarded about three

o'clock in the afternoon by a pilot, who brought the ship safely to anchor in the outer harbor, or Bay of Waititi, at five o'clock in the evening.

Before the ship came to anchor, she was boarded by several of the American residents, merchants and missionaries. I had always while at home been a greatly interested reader of the Mission Reports, and it was no small gratification to me now to see some of the men of whose labors in introducing the lights of Christianity and civilization among the savages of the South Sea Islands, I had read and heard so much.

On the next morning after our arrival, we saluted the Hawaian flag, the salute being returned from a fort which has been erected on the shore, fronting the harbor.

There is little striking or beautiful about the Bay of Honolulu. The scenery on shore, although agreeably diversified by hill and dale, has not the abrupt grandeur of many of the islands of the Pacific, and the country was not at that time in a sufficiently high state of cultivation to lend to it the charm which the labors of man effect in beautifying a natural scene.

The Bay is commodious and tolerably safe. Besides the outer harbor, where our ship was anchored, there is an inner harbor, formed by a coral reef, which extends directly across the Bay, and protects the ships in this smaller cove from any gale which would render the outer bay unsafe. Merchant vessels and whaleships, intending to make any considerable stay here, always go over the reef, and lie in safety inside, either at wharves, or at their anchors at but inconsiderable distances from the shore.

The Sandwich Islands were already at that time the constant resort of whaleships in want of refreshments, as well as of the trading vessels, which in those days plied a good business along the coasts of the Californias, and the North-West coast, going generally in the season as far north as the Russian fort of Peter Palovski.

Although the ship's company were not allowed to go on shore here, the boys were granted a day's run, at which we were no little elated.

On going on shore, a party of us first made the round of the town, taking a look at the fort, the king's palace, situated in a large pleasure ground, the houses of the missionaries, their chapels and school houses, as well as examining as far as we could the dwellings of the natives.

Honolulu was at that time (just before the discovery of the gold in California) a straggling, rather poorly-constructed or laid-out town. It contained a number of very respectable-looking houses, but the great body of the town was made up of small huts, and on the outskirts not a few tents were to be seen, reminding me somewhat of a camp-meeting scene in the western woods at home.

The whole place had a listless, impassive look, as though the inhabitants were only taking a rest, preparatory to a start on a journey. Except just down by the waterside, where the sailors by their uncouth gambols along the shore gave some life to the scene, a Sabbath stillness reigned throughout. There were few persons in the streets, not many shops, and but little signs of business; nevertheless, there was at this time a great deal of business done and money made upon the islands.

mostly by the American and English residents, and by some few Chinese, who were merchandising here in a small way, and cheating, as usual, to the full extent of their ability.

Of the natives, a fair proportion were clothed, although rather lightly, wearing in many instances nothing but a poncho—a square piece of cloth, with a hole cut in the center, through which the head is put, the corners of the garment reaching about down to one's middle—and, in addition to this, the tappa, or loin cloth. But very many stalked about in nothing but the tappa. The women were universally dressed in long loose gowns, fitting tightly around the neck, and hanging loose down to the feet, leaving no idea to be formed of the shape.

In the houses, we found the ground or floor covered with mats, many woven very skilfully and in fine colors. On these mats the natives were often seen rolling about in perfect idleness. In one corner of the room there was generally a raised structure of boards, covered also with mats, and which served as beds. Of furniture, there was little, everything seeming to be conducted on the most primitive scale.

In the afternoon, we rode out into the country, hiring horses for that purpose of some natives. We enjoyed the ride—a sailor is always delighted to get on horseback, a horse being something he knows naught at all about—but saw nothing very attractive. Riding out for some eight or nine miles, we saw nothing to disturb the dreary monotony but a few miserable native huts, each surrounded by its little taro patch, and a few of the natives,

much more ill-favored individuals than those we had seen in town.

Altogether, I was inclined to think that the islands and their inhabitants, judging from the samples we saw, were yet susceptible of great improvement.

Much fault has been found with the missionaries that not more good has been accomplished, but, on the whole, it is but just to say, that the result of their efforts has been much undervalued; that not sufficient account has been made by their censurers of the obstacles with which they have had to contend, not the least among which have arisen from the irregular conduct of the crews of vessels frequenting the islands, who disgrace the name of Christians by their actions, and have introduced new vices, and endeavored to foster into life the old ones of the natives.

And finally, it must be acknowledged, that much of the disappointment expressed by visitors to the islands, at the smallness of the results of missionary labors, is owing in a great measure to their having permitted themselves to entertain far too sanguine expectations.

Those who expect to see here a scene of Arcadian simplicity, and innocence, and happiness, find themselves wofully out in their calculations. Such a condition of things would hardly have obtained had the islanders held intercourse with no white men but the missionaries; for a country and a people are not completely regenerated in so short a time. But with the drawbacks of the constant evil examples set them by white men coming from Christian lands, and whose touch has been to the poor natives as a deathly poison, with these hindrances in the way of

a constant progress, it is surely sufficient to be able to say that they are no worse than their European and American brethren, taken collectively.

During our stay here we enjoyed greatly the fine fruits which are brought off in bum-boats to the ship. Besides the banana, the cocoa-nut, and the lime, we found here fine watermelons, a fruit we had not before seen since leaving the United States.

Here, I for the first time tasted bread-fruit. The fruit is about as large as a man's head. It has a rough, thick rind, which grows hard with baking. The inside is a soft pulp, in which are hid a number of pits or seeds. I did not like its taste, which seemed to me a mixture of acid and sweet, but with a sickening flavor that makes it unpalatable. I think the taste for it must be acquired, as, although I have since known many who were very fond of it, cooked or raw, I never knew of one who liked it at first.

There is, however, here another fruit, the taro, which serves the natives in lieu of the potato, and which is one of the most delicious of vegetables. It grows to about the size of a large cocoa-nut, and is round and hard, cutting precisely like a firm Irish potatoe. They are boiled and eaten as potatoes, or with milk. In the latter way, I can vouch for their being a delicacy.

I have before mentioned the existence of a coral reef forming the inner harbor. Within the bounds of this reef, and among the surf which is constantly breaking upon it, the natives were amusing themselves from morning till night, showing their dexterity in meeting and overcoming the heavy rollers of the surf, and bidding

defiance to sharks, and sharp rock. Unfortunate the shark, who, tempted by the smell of some savory morsel within the fatal harbor, pokes his nose over the reef. He is set upon, as a great prize, by the native amphibii, and, despite the most strenuous struggles, is generally overcome, dragged out on shore, and roasted.

On seeing a shark about the reef, a native provides himself with a long flat-shaped piece of wood, tolerably sharp at one end. With this in hand, he goes to meet the fish, and taking opportunity when he opens his mouth, pushes the pointed end down his throat. The entire mouth is filled up, and kept distended. The shark struggles for a while, but is unable to get rid of the encumberance, and is fairly drowned.

The natives are like all the South Sea Islanders, very expert divers. In fact, they seemed quite as much at home in the water as out. There was, one day, a canoe full of Kanakas alongside, desiring to sell some fruit. I noticed one of them in the stern looking for a minute intensely into the water. Suddenly he raised his hands, gave a leap, and darted into the water. He was below the surface nearly a minute, and came up with a small fish held between his teeth. It was this fish he had before been watching.

While lying here, the king, Kamehameha III. paid a visit to the ship. He was received on board with the appropriate ceremonies, the crew manning the yards, and a salute being fired when he came on board, and again as he left the vessel. He was a portly man, of fine presence, and looked quite intelligent.

He had at that time a very beautiful little schooner,

built for him in the United States, in which he spent a great portion of his time, sailing from island to island, visiting the different parts of his dominions. If report spoke true, he interfered but little with the affairs of government at this period of his reign, allowing his ministers to conduct these, as far as could be without his aid.

Oahu is the port of most frequent resort for whaling vessels cruising in the North Pacific. Here they spend a portion of their time every year, after the expiration of the regular whaling season on the north-west coast, refitting their vessels and frolicking on shore. The crews, by their ill conduct, have greatly impeded the success of missionary labors upon the islands, and it is not too much to say that they are justly blameable for most of the vices which, at the time we touched there, infected the natives, and under the deleterious effects of which, their entire race is gradually dwindling away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sail for Valparaiso — The Vale of Paradise — Two Sundays in one week — Liberty — Jack Ashore — Lassoing a Sailor.

Sailing along pleasantly, with fresh breezes, and beautiful weather, we arrived, in seventy days, at Valparaiso, Chili, from which place we were bound either to the Coast of California, or if not wanted there, *home*.

"Vale of Paradise,"—never was there such a misnomer. Surely some man-of-war's man had the naming of it. By them, indeed, this port is regarded as a species of elysium, for here they enjoy the most unbounded liberty and license—when they get ashore. Many was the yarn I had listened to during the voyage, of "last cruise, when we went ashore at Valparaiso."

All those who had been there before, looked forward to our going there with the most lively pleasure, and we, who had yet to make our first experience of it, of course, felt no little curiosity to view a scene of so much happiness.

We got in on a Saturday, according to our reckoning, but found that ashore they called it Friday. And accordingly, next day was our Sunday, and the next day after was Sunday, ashore; we keeping both days, in order to straighten our reckoning.

This happened by our having gone round the world, sailing east all the while, and thus gaining an entire twenty-four hours by the circumnavigation.

It was laughable to see the puzzled astonishment with which many of the crew regarded this curious conjunction of two Sundays. They could not understand, what is a simple matter to the merest tyro in astronomy at school, that sailing east we gain time, at the rate of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude, and that of course, by cutting through the entire three hundred and sixty degrees into which our globe has been partitioned off by geographers, there would be a necessary gain of twenty-four hours.

"Well," said one of my topmates to me, "I shan't tell of this when I get home, for they would be sure to think I was fibbing."

Which brings to mind a little yarn often alluded to at sea, when witnessing something so strange that one would scarce believe it without actually seeing it.

There was, once upon a time, so the yarn goes, a lad named, of course, Jack, who, returning home to his mother, after an absence of some years at sea, was desired by the old lady to relate to her some of the wonders he had witnessed in his journeying up and down the earth.

Jack commenced by telling her that, as his ship was one day sailing up the Red Sea, they had occasion to cast anchor, and, on weighing again next morning, there came up on the anchor a large chariot wheel, undoubtedly one of those belonging to Pharaoh's host.

"Well," said the old lady, "Jack, that's very fine indeed, but tell us something more."

Said Jack: "When I made a voyage to Jamaica, in the West Indies, we saw a great mountain of brown sugar, and a river of the best of rum running around the foot of it."

"That must have been a grand sight, indeed," said the old lady, "but go ahead, my child, with your stories."

Now, Jack began to feel some conscientious scruples about telling his mother any more lies—and thinking to rectify all mistakes by topping off with a bouncing truth, said:

"And when we were on the voyage home, mother, we saw great troops of fish flying through the air, some of which lit upon the vessel."

The old lady heaved a deep sigh as she said:

"Oh! Jack, Jack, you wicked boy, that you should stay away so long, and then come home to your old mother with a lie in your mouth."

"Why, it's truth, mother," began Jack, fearing that he had gotten himself into a scrape.

"Don't say any more, boy," rejoined she, angrily, "you'll only make it worse. About the chariot wheel being fast to your anchor, I can believe; because the Bible tells us that Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea. As for mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, that we know to be true, for it's all brought from there. But *flying fishes*—oh, Jack, Jack! that you should try to make fun of your old mother."

Before we got to Valparaiso, we had been given to understand that this was to be our liberty port, and accordingly, on the third day after we got in, one quarter of the

crew were sent ashore, with three days' leave and ten dollars in their pockets.

I was of the second party that went, which was fortunate, as my verdancy on the subject of "liberty" was somewhat enlightened before our party went ashore, by the appearance of those of the first party who came off in regular time. Of these, some few had black eyes and otherwise contused faces, evidences of the clearing up of some little matters which had been in abeyance the whole cruise; many were intoxicated, and nearly all looked as though, to use a significant New York phrase, "they had been boarding in the market and sleeping on the benches there." Nothing was said, however, by the officers, on their appearance, forty-eight hours more being allowed them, for the sick to get well, the drunk sober, the blind and lame to recover their organs of vision and locomotion.

Well, I went ashore, and, taking the advice of an old and steady tar, a good friend of mine, at once separated myself from the great crowd, who went on their way rejoicing—shouting, singing, and kicking up their heels like a parcel of school boys. I spent the forenoon, in company with another lad of about my age, in walking through the town, examining the churches, the plaza, and taking a shore view of the harbor. Getting our dinner at a hotel, we again sallied out, to look up our shipmates, hoping to find them a little quieted—the first wild burst over.

It is not a difficult matter to find a sailor in Valparaiso. He has here his peculiar haunts, where the genus hold out, and into which a landsman thrusts himself at the imminent risk of his neck. So completely have the

tars taken possession of the quarters of the town at which they most do congregate, that they have named them—of course, after various parts of the ship. Thus, there is the Foretop, the Maintop, the Mizzentop, the Mainroyal, the Cat-Harpings, and several other places of less note.

Valparaiso is divided into two portions, a lower town, lying upon a level with the harbor in the bottom of the bowl formed by the surrounding hills, and an upper town, built on terraces upon the sides of those hills. The *Tops* are three distinct suburbs, lying on the sides of three different hills, and separated from each other and from the town by deep ravines.

These are the strongholds of Jack Tar. Here he reigns supreme, lord of all he surveys, for the short time he is ashore. Here he has full scope to work out all the various eccentricities which go to make up "a glorious frolic," unmolested by troublesome *vigilante*, or treacherous captain of the port's-man.

On our way up to the Mizzentop, we met "Jolly Jack Brown," as he called himself, a sedate quarter-master on board ship, picking his drunken way down the steep hill, with a little donkey held in his arms, as though it were a child.

He was "nursing it," he said, "but the beast wouldn't keep quiet."

And no wonder—it hadn't been used to being carried about, lying on its back, with its thin legs vainly pawing the air, its tail keeping the flies from Jack's shining face.

He was hunting the commodore, he told us, to make

him a present of the donkey as a curiosity, having, as we afterward ascertained, given a dollar for it to a thieving Chileno, who was now following him up, waiting for him to drop the animal, when he would again take possession of it.

Getting farther along, we came upon our shipmates, sitting in the *pulperias* (grog shops), smoking their segars and having "glasses round;" some playing cards, others spinning tough yarns of the events of the cruise to some British sailors, whom they had invited to participate with them.

There is no greater gentleman than your true man-of-war's man, when he is ashore. His hand is open—as his mouth. His last dollar goes as easy as his first. Purse strings! bless you, they are a useless encumbrance. If he drinks, he treats the crowd. Does he light a segar: every mouth in the company must puff. Has a "cook-shop" hove in sight: "Walk up, boys, and let's take in some ballast; stow your ground tier well, so you'll keep right side up in the squalls;" as though any possible amount of "ballast" would keep upright so crank a boat as he. And so the money goes, and Jack, who was a gentleman for a day, is a nigger for the next six months.

Presently, a party on horseback hove in sight. Horse riding is one of the standard amusements of Valparaiso, and a large plain, lying above the town and harbor, affords grand scope for all the maneuvers incident to sailor horsemanship. When our presence was discovered, we were at once invited to join the party, and in

obedience to the command of one of the number, a Chilian hostler brought horses for us.

Accordingly, we rode up on the plain—and such riding—such *steering* of hardmouthed beasts, such urging on of obstinate ones, and holding in of refractory ones, such tumbling off, and tumbling on again, was never seen, except in just such a crowd.

"Starboard."

"Port your helm."

"Stern all."

"Hard up, you lubber, or I'll cut you down to the water's edge."

Such exclamations resounded constantly, as a shying horse would dart into the midst of the party, threatening to capsize the half of them. And with such shouting, galloping, and racing, we at length reached the top of the plain.

Here, indeed, was a grand view spread out before us. The town and harbor lay immediately at our feet. Beyond was the bay, in the distance Reef-top-sail Point, so called because, owing to its peculiar situation, there is, at almost all times, an eddy wind just off this point, before which vessels are obliged to shorten sail, on coming into the harbor. It was here, on this plain, that the entire population of Valparaiso were gathered, eager spectators of the most obstinate sea-fight on record, that between Commodore David Porter, in the United States ship Essex, and the British ships Phœbe and Cherub.

The action commenced just outside the harbor, and the vessels drifted out under Reef-top-sail Point, where Commodore Porter dropped anchor, and stood by his guns

until his decks were too hot to stand upon, and the ship was a mass of flames.

Standing there, we gave three cheers for the Essex and her commodore, and three more for our ship, lying far below us, upon the smooth waters of the harbor, and then galloped back into town.

We boys had been ordered to return on board at sunset, which we gladly did, well satisfied to have a good night's rest after our day's amusement.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, we were off for another day's jaunt ashore. My yesterday's companion and myself determined this day to see all of Valparaiso that had escaped us on the previous day. We first directed our steps toward the *Almendral*, a large pleasure ground, lying at the lower end of the town and harbor.

The way leads down along a beautiful hard sand beach, a grand spot for horse-riding. But riding a horse through the streets of the city of Valparaiso at a faster pace than a very moderate walk, is a finable or imprisonable offense, and this particular piece of beach is under the jurisdiction of the city. *Vigilantes* (the mounted police of Chili,) are stationed at every corner, in readiness to seize upon all offenders.

These vigilantes are armed (besides a sword big enough for William Wallace, the hero of Scotland,) with a lasso, which they manage dexterously to throw around the body of a galloping horseman, dismounting him rather unceremoniously from the back of his Bucephalus.

As we were walking slowly along, looking up at the queer old-fashioned houses, tiled with what looked to us

like long crocks, split down the middle, a loud voice at a distance shouted:

"Is the coast clear, Tom?"

"Yes," was the answer from one a little in advance.

"Stand clear there, boys," was shouted to us, "we'll show the vigilantes a clean pair of heels," and plunging their spurs into their horses' sides, a party of madcap sailors came tearing down the beach at a tremendous pace.

But they had not been altogether unobserved, and as they passed the first corner, at a flying gallop, a slender little line flew in among the crowd, and catching one unfortunate about the body, landed him upon the sand, as nimbly as one lands a fish; and then, with many "*carraillos*" and "*malditos*," a whiskered vigilante rode up to the prostrate tar, drawn sword in hand, and demanded in most guttural Spanish, what business he had that required such haste.

The sight of a Spanish dollar, however, seemed to have a marvelously quieting effect upon his Spanish rage, and upon a proper apology and a promise being rendered, in a mixture of Spanish and English, by our lassoed friend, that he would make haste slowly in future, and the transfer of the afore-mentioned dollar to the pockets of *his excellency*, as Tom persisted in calling him, he was released, and allowed to depart in peace.

The Almendral is a great resort for "liberty men," as here they can sit down or walk about among the trees and take a little quiet comfort, and as, moreover, at the lower end of the pleasure ground, there are a number of public houses, with skittle and bowling alleys, card tables and everything fitted for "a real day's sport."

After seeing all that was to be seen, we two hired a carriage, and took a long drive into the country, finding, however, nothing remarkable in the way of scenery, and returned in time to take a late dinner, with a bowl of good chocolate, at the "Golden Lion," paid another visit to the cathedral and the plaza, peeped into the calaboose, and returned on board, fully satisfied with our so long desired "liberty." Satisfied—at least I was, and I believe every reasoning being of the crew thought with me—that Valparaiso was a humbug, that "liberty" was a humbug, and that a man-of-war, considered as a standpoint, whence to see somewhat of the world, was the most egregious humbug of all.

Let us take a sober look at the matter. Here was a ship which had gone quite round the world, (for Valparaiso is in very nearly the same longitude as New York,) had visited various ports in the Brazils, the East Indies, China, and the Sandwich Islands, and now, when nearly two years from home, the crew was for the first time allowed to set foot on shore. Having passed by with a distant view, the places which we were most anxious to examine closely, all hands were at last permitted to set foot on a foreign shore, and saw—what? Speaking from my own experience: First, I saw a lot of drunken sailors. Next, a number of very fierce looking fellows, with long swords, and villainous countenances, whose principle duty (so far as I could ever discover,) was to keep said sailors within proper bounds. Thirdly, I had seen a few trees, a little grass, a number of grog shops and ten-pin alleys, the cathedral, the calaboose, and the plaza. And fourthly, I had seen, aye, and felt too, an innumerable host of

fleas. Were not these sights rather dearly paid for by a two years' cruise at sea, deprived of every comfort, outside the pale of all civilized society, living on stinking beef and pork, and worse than stinking water? Truly, I had "paid too dear for my whistle."

Seriously, on rehearsing all that I had seen during my first "liberty," the only circumstance that I could recall to mind with positive pleasure, was the fact that I had stood where once the entire people of a city were congregated, as in a vast circus, witnesses to two companies of Christian, civilized men killing and maiming each other, one calm summer afternoon, on the broad arena of the lower bay.

It was something even to view the scene, where obstinate bravery was so nearly victorious over superior numbers.

But it is always so. The sailor sees nothing of the world really worth seeing. Seaports, devoted entirely to the shipping interest, as the vast majority of such places are, generally contain but little that is of real interest to the traveler. And the sailor, who, if on board a naval vessel, comes ashore on a two or three days' spree, or if in a merchant ship, takes a ramble over the place when his hard day's work is finished, has neither time nor money, nor even inclination to hunt up *the lions*. What did Tom Starboard or Jack Halyard learn, pray, of the general customs and manners of the people of Chili, during their three days' visit to the shore? They experienced the presence of a mounted police; they had informed themselves of the localities of the various grog shops; they had perhaps made the acquaintance of sundry

other persons and places—not to be mentioned to ears polite; and the sum total of their real information concerning the country consisted in this, that the people speak a barbarous species of Spanish, and that their houses are infested with unaccountable quantities of very large fleas.

And it will be so. While you belong to a ship, you will see nothing. And if one tears himself loose from the restraints and influence of ship life, and undertakes to explore the country and gratify a laudable curiosity, or a prompting to adventure, he finds that he has not the powers of observation, the knowledge of other phases of life, with which to compare that which he is now witnessing, which are indispensable to the traveler.

We had on board a young fellow, Tom Bruce by name, a very intelligent, shrewd man too in his way, who some years before had run away from a whaleship in Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, and made his way overland, by way of the city of Mexico, to Vera Cruz. I looked upon him with the greatest interest, took him for a second Mungo Park, a salt-sea version of Humboldt, and gave him no peace until he had imparted to me the whole story of his journey.

And what think you was the information I gained from him concerning the country and the inhabitants? Why, that the women were pretty, the men ugly, the people generally hospitable but poor, the liquor bad, and the country unhealthy. What the country produced; how the people lived; what handicrafts were practiced among them, and to what degree of perfection they were carried; what were the prevailing species of woods; in

what differed the vegetation or the general face of the country from that at home—all things which an intelligent traveler would notice, on even the most hasty tour through a strange land—he, in his long and tedious journey of many hundreds of miles, on foot, had never thought of noting. The events of his trip were jotted down in his mind, in the formula of a sort of land-log, as, "such a day, fine weather; a smooth road; we made so many miles headway; met numbers of people; got dinner at one o'clock," and so on—and, will it be believed, he had not even asked the names of the places he passed through, and could not when he got to Vera Cruz have pointed out his route, on the chart.

Yet, as before said, this man was intelligent enough; but he had lost, in the monotony of sea life, those powers of comparison and observation, without which one need not go traveling.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Valparaiso — Callao — California — Monterey — San Pedro — San Francisco — Prizes.

When all the crew were once more on board and sober, we got underweigh, and in twelve days ran down the coast to Callao. This is the seaport of Lima, which latter city is situated nine miles from the sea.

Here I would dearly liked to have gone on shore, as Lima is a place really worth seeing, and quite accessible from the seaport. Its splendid churches and palaces, its many reminiscences of the days of Pizarro and the Incas, and the various ancient customs still in vogue among some classes of the Peruvians, make it a place of absorbing interest.

But the business of the ship did not admit of our taking a jaunt ashore here, and so Rolla's Bridge was not crossed by me, nor was I permitted to see the beautiful Peruvian ladies, in their queer head-dresses, concealing all of the face except one eye.

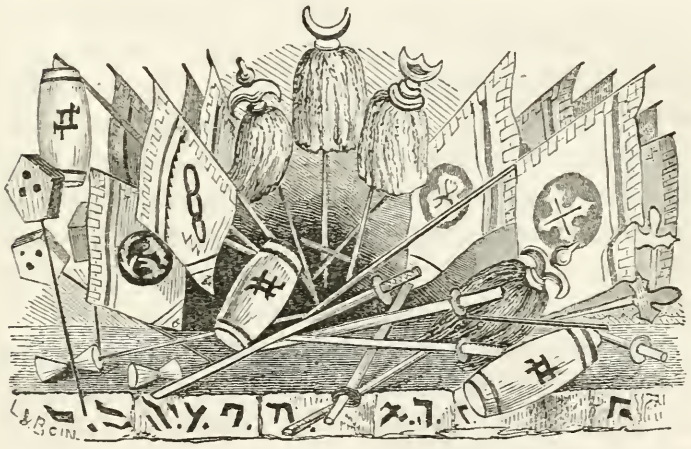
Peru is a country where it never rains; but the nightly dew is equally powerful with the most violent rain, so far as moistening the earth is concerned. It is a dense

mist, lasting all night, and wetting through everything that is exposed to it. The night watches, passed amid such weather, are of course very unpleasant. The customary naps on watch must be foregone, as the decks are drenched, and on such nights I always found the top to be the most comfortable place. Here, snugly ensconced under lee of a stout tarpaulin, we sang songs and spun yarns, and kept up a running fire of jokes, amid which the outside discomforts were forgotten.

While in Callao, we witnessed some preparations for a ceremony which takes place annually on the Friday preceding Easter, called "Hanging Judas." On this day, all the Peruvian shipping, as well as the castle, and I believe all the public buildings in the town, are dressed in mourning. The vessels hang their yards a-cock-bill, that is, as nearly perpendicular as may be, but in different directions; thus, by the intentional disarray, expressing their sorrow.

Early in the morning, an effigy representing the traitor who sold his Master, is hung upon one of the battlements of the castle, amid considerable ceremony, and in view of a large concourse of people, gathered together for the occasion. Flags are at half-mast all day, and everything betokens an occasion of mourning. At sunset, amid firing of cannon, the effigy is taken down and consigned to the tender mercies of an expectant mob, who kick it about and abuse it in every imaginable way, not leaving it until the poor man of straw is pretty effectually used up; all of which, evincing, as it does, a high state of moral sentiment among the rabble, is considered very edifying by the authorities of Church and State.

We remained but a few days in Callao; just long enough to allow time for *the officers* to pay a visit to Lima, and were then off for the coast of California. The fine, pure breezes of the Pacific had by this time done their work upon our crew, in restoring all, with a very few exceptions, to health, and once more the main-deck was clear of sick cots, and all was gay and pleasant, where for so long there had reigned sober faces, and perhaps sober feelings.



Japanese Colors, Arms, Lanterns, etc.

After a pleasant but rather tedious passage, we reached Monterey, then the principal port in all California, San Francisco being as yet a rather unimportant village of some sixty or seventy houses; but which bade fair, so said the only paper then printed in the whole country, to have, in ten or twelve years, quite a population, *perhaps*

—this was hazarded as an extreme guess—perhaps as high as nine or ten thousand.

The California of those days was a most unproductive, or rather nothing-producing country—a great fertile waste, in which everything would grow, but nothing was made to grow, except, indeed, beef. We spent a long and tedious nine months, principally in Monterey, paying only one visit during the time to San Francisco.

The American troops had already possession of the entire coast when we got there, but there were as yet few alterations or improvements made. The American Government would be but a poor advancer of civilization, I opine, without American people, with American enterprise, to back it up. The hills surrounding San Francisco Bay yet swarmed with cattle; one man, named Miller, an American, who lived at Sousolita, a watering place some seven miles across the Bay from what is now called San Francisco, then Yerba Buena, was the owner of upward of ten thousand head.

A bullock could be bought for a dollar and a half; and if one made a purchase of a saddle and bridle, a horse was given in the bargain. The country, at least the portion adjoining the seacoast, which was all I was so fortunate as to visit, had a bleak, forlorn aspect, somewhat like a long-neglected garden. There was not a vegetable on the whole coast, nothing eatable but beef, beef, beef—a never-ceasing round of boiled beef, of which we grew so tired that to this day the sight of a soup-bone takes away my appetite. All imported provisions were exorbitantly high; in fact, nothing but beef was at all accessible to any one of a moderate income. Flour

sold at twenty-seven dollars per barrel at Monterey, and even at that price, an enterprising Yankee skipper bought up all that was in the market—one little ship-load—to take to the Sandwich Islands, expecting to make a handsome margin on his investment.

The natives, the *Rancheros*, lived, as nearly as ever I could find out, on jerked beef, tortillias, (little cakes of very coarse meal, baked on ashes, by dirty looking Indian hags,) and monte, a Spanish game at cards. The few American residents fared but little better, except perhaps in the matter of cleanliness.

In fact, the whole country was so desolate that we, the crew of our ship that is, were permitted to go ashore on several occasions, to ramble over the lonely hills and sterile beach, gathering California shells, and soda onions. This last production of California is quite a curiosity. It grew at that time in wild profusion all over the hills about San Francisco Bay, and was used very generally by sailors in the place of soap. It is, in shape and general appearance a perfect onion, but on being rubbed in water produces a lather, equal in whiteness and cleansing properties to the best of soap. Our crew gathered great quantities of this vegetable, and it was for a long time almost exclusively used on board for washing clothes.

On our arrival at Monterey, we found that the different vessels composing the United States Squadron on that coast had been doing no insignificant business in the way of capturing prizes, and the crews of several vessels had an amount of prize-money due them fully equal to their regular wages.

The war was pretty much over when we arrived, and we therefore had but little chance to distinguish ourselves in that line. Nevertheless we had the satisfaction of taking a prize under the very noses of the entire squadron which was at this time gathered in the Bay of Monterey.

A little schooner, called the William, and displaying American colors and papers, had been for some weeks lying quietly in the bay. She pretended to be waiting for a cargo of hides, and little attention was paid to her by the officers of the men-of-war. Our commodore took it into his head to have her hold thoroughly searched, and lo! and behold! snugly stowed away beneath a superincumbent mass of casks and other lumber, were found several cases of arms, the remnants of a full cargo which her captain had succeeded in disposing of to the Mexicans, at various points along the coast. She of course became our prize, and nearly fifteen thousand dollars in silver, the proceeds of her voyage, were transferred from her cabin to our treasure-box.

Most of the vessels taken as prizes by the United States Naval vessels on this coast, during the war, for selling ammunition and warlike stores of all kinds to the Mexicans, were Americans, fitted out for this purpose in American ports, and sent out here by their owners to furnish arms to those who were fighting their countrymen—a nefarious speculation, to say the least of it.

The Mexicans themselves had but one or two small vessels on the coast, and the English and French seemed to have entered into that business to but very small extent. It was left for our money-loving countrymen to follow the example set in times past by the Dutch, of old,

of selling to the enemy the arms wherewith to defend themselves.

Among the vessels belonging to the Mexican fleet on this coast at that time, was one, to which, from the strange vicissitudes of her career, (if a vessel may be said to have a career,) a good deal of romance attached. This was the Malek Adhel, a fleet little brig. She had been, first, smuggler, on the coast of China, then pirate, next slaver, and finally was bought by the Mexicans, taken into the Mexican Navy, and captured while lying under the guns of the fort at Acapulco, by the boats of the United States sloop of war Warren. She was a very finely built vessel, and it was reported would sail like the wind. Certainly, if sharp bows and square yards, breadth of beam, and tauntness of rig indicate a clipper, she was one.

Her story was a strange one. As it was told to me, by one who had been in her when she was a slaver, it ran as follows:

She was built in Baltimore, and had been originally fitted out for an opium smuggler. After running in that trade two years, proving herself the while the fleetest of the fleet, her crew, on a return passage from China, mutinied, and, killing the officers, hoisted the black flag, and boldly steered for the Atlantic, laying under contributions all vessels they met with on their way.

As the vessel, while in the smuggling trade, was well provided with arms, the piratical crew found her ready fitted to their hands. After robbing several Indiamen, and one or two country ships, they got round the Cape of Good Hope, and steered for the Coast of Brazil, where

they committed various depredations, until, ere long, their actions came to the ears of the authorities, and they found the American and English men-of-war hot in chase.

As those seas were no longer safe for them, the mutineers resolved to take a flying trip through the West India groups, and here the vessel was captured, after a hard fight, and those of the crew left alive, were gibbeted in Havana.

The vessel now came into the possession of a slaving captain, who refitted her, thoroughly armed her, and shipping a crew of thirty of the most desperate characters he could pick up in the *pulperias* of Havana, sailed for the Coast of Africa. Here, in too much haste to proceed in the usual manner to procure his cargo of slaves, and forgetting the old proverb of "honor among thieves," he lay in wait for, and intercepted two homeward-bound slavers, and robbed them of their ill-gotten freight.

Having in this way made up his cargo, he set sail on his return. Several days after meeting with and robbing the slavers, the vessel was chased by a British brig of war. With a roaring breeze, the Malek Adhel held her own for two days, but found it impossible to shake off the Britisher. All manner of devices were tried, but without success. Even the horrible expedient of throwing a portion of his slave cargo overboard, was resorted to, thinking by thus lightening the ship she would sail faster—but all in vain.

Now the monster who commanded her grew desperate, and double shotting his guns, and arming his crew, he put the brig about, and steered down for the British

cruiser, determined to decide the fate of the day in the speediest manner. The two brigs fought for three hours, not coming however during all the time to a hand-to-hand conflict, as, in such case, the slaver's captain was aware that the advantage of superior numbers was with the cruiser.

Each tried by skillful gunnery to cripple the other, and finally the captain of the slaver, by a lucky shot, succeeded in destroying the foremast of the British brig. Hauling his wind immediately, he now quickly ran down athwart the bows of his almost helpless enemy, and discharging two raking broadsides at her, which swept her decks fore and aft, he set all sail, and in a few days had his slaves landed on the Island of Cuba.

The vessel made two more trips under the command of the wretch who was her captain on the first voyage, and then fell into the hands of Brazilians, who still however kept her in the slave trade, although procuring their cargoes in the more legitimate manner of paying for them on the coast.

On the last of these voyages, she had been closely pursued by an American vessel of war, but had succeeded in throwing her off the scent. She ran into one of the smaller bays not far to the northward of Rio de Janeiro, and there succeeded in landing her slaves.

Scarcely had they gotten on shore, when an American schooner-of-war made her appearance at the mouth of the harbor. At sight of her, the entire crew, officers and men, of the Malek Adhel, seeing escape hopeless to the vessel, put off hastily for the shore, leaving her an empty prize in the hands of the American schooner.

By them, she was condemned as a prize, stripped of her armament, and sold to an American firm, who resold her to the Mexican Government, and she had been for some time already doing duty on the California coast when she once more fell into the hands of the Americans. Of her after history, I know nothing, except that some of our oldest tars prophesied no good for her. There had been too much blood spilt upon her decks to make her a lucky craft, they said.

By a fortunate accident, I was transferred to the United States sloop-of-war Warren, while our ship lay idly at Monterey, and in her made a trip to San Pedro, a bay some two hundred miles farther down the coast. I thus saw more of California than most of our crew. San Pedro Bay is a rather poor harbor, formed by a slight indentation in the land, fronted and partly protected from the sea by two small islands.

It was, at the time of which I write, notable simply as a hide-station, and as the port of a good-sized town, lying some thirty-seven miles in the interior, called, with true Mexican rodomontade, the Puebla de los Angeles, or City of Angels. Several of the angels, in enormous hide-boots and spurs, and fierce-looking mustaches, came down to the vessel to transact business with the captain. To say the best of them, they were rather dirty-looking fellows, with a good deal "of the earth, earthy" about them.

The town which, by an effort of the imagination, was generally supposed to be located at San Pedro, I found to consist of one hide-house, and a man to take care of it.

The most interesting spot in the entire neighborhood,

to me, was the island fronting the harbor, to seaward. This was the abode of numberless sea-fowl which had here their nests, thickly studding the ground, and which sometimes, when suddenly disturbed, rose up in vast crowds, almost hiding the light of the sun, and filling the air with their discordant cries.

A boat's crew of us paid a visit to the island, where we found the entire shore covered with nests, nearly all containing eggs or young birds, and so thickly were they clustered together that one could hardly walk between them without treading upon them. The birds were quite tame, and sat still upon their nests or screamed discordantly above our heads, while we walked through their settlement.

We procured a quantity of eggs, taking of course only the freshest looking. The eggs are quite palatable (almost anything was considered palatable in California in those days), but the birds, mostly sea-gulls, have a strong, fishy taste (arising, probably, from their living almost constantly on fish), which makes them suitable only for strong stomachs.

We remained at San Pedro but a few days, as the harbor is not a safe one, and as soon as our business was finished returned to Monterey. Here, everything was as we left it—the same dull routine of nothing to do, the same everlasting beef.

While lying here this time, and before, at my earnest petition, I was returned to my old ship, from the Warren, I had frequent opportunities to visit the shore, and on one of these occasions rode out to the "Missions," a

decayed Jesuit settlement some seven miles from Monterey.

Making application to an old fellow, near the water-side, for horses for the party going out, he mounted, rode into a herd, and lassoed the requisite number of beasts for us in a short time. Providing them with saddles and bridles and their riders with one tremendous spur each, we were fitted out for the trip.

Arriving at the Mission, we found a church of respectable dimensions but dilapidated appearance, with a small house adjoining, for the padre, and a cluster of miserable huts, tenanted by a lazy and dirty looking set of Indians, who sleepily hailed us as Christian brethren, and demanded, in return for the compliment, the wherewithal to procure some *aguardiente*. Drinking this *aguardiente*, the native liquor, and playing cards, seemed to be their only amusements, and so far as we could see, the only objects of their lives. They were a miserable set, and the kind of Christianity inculcated on them by the Jesuit priests seemed only to have debased them even to a lower standard than that of their roving brethren. During the Spanish occupancy of the land, these Mission Indians were used as slaves by the priesthood, who forced them to cultivate their fields, and perform their menial offices, granting them in return the name of Christians—how little deserved it is not necessary to say.

At the time we were on the coast, the country about San Francisco and inland was being settled up by Mormons, to whom this had been proclaimed a second promised land. Immigrant parties of them were arriving constantly, a few by ship, but most of them over-land,

crossing the Rocky Mountains. The poor people, intent only on reaching as speedily as possible their new Canaan, and possessed in general of but little practical information regarding the perils of the way, started not unfrequently at the most unpropitious season of the year for crossing the mountains, and suffered dreadfully from exposure to the cold among the snow-drifts on the higher ranges, as well as from want of provisions.

While we were lying at Monterey, one of these caravans was caught in the snow in one of the passes, and the history of their sufferings scarcely finds a parallel in any account of shipwreck and suffering at sea.

The party, consisting, if I remember aright, of some sixty persons, men, women, and children, arrived at the highest point on the summit of the range, in the beginning of February. Here, already weakened by previous exposure and suffering, they were overtaken by a severe snow-storm, in which to travel was impossible. They found it necessary, therefore, to pitch their tents in this place, and endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as possible, until the weather should moderate.

Meantime the provisions, already short enough, began to fail, and ere long they were reduced to the necessity of eating their animals. Still the snow continued, and they were now imbedded in an enormous snow-drift, out of which it seemed an almost hopeless attempt for them to make their way, encumbered as the party was, with helpless women and children. It required their utmost exertions to keep the flickering torch of life from going entirely out, in the midst of this frozen snow-bank. Soon they found it expedient to build themselves snow

houses; and now it truly seemed as though they were never to get away. Already some of the weaker had died, and others were fast failing, when it was proposed that a party of six of the stoutest and most experienced should try to make their way to Suter's Fort, then the most easterly settlement in that part of California, and there obtaining aid and provisions, return to the succor of their unfortunate companions.

This was speedily determined on, and six of the best woodsmen, taking with them a scanty supply of mule meat, departed on their rather desperate mission for relief.

Four of these died on the way, and it was not until entirely exhausted, and upon the point of also giving up, that the two survivors were found by a friendly band of Indians, who brought them to the Fort. Here one of the two died of pure exhaustion. The other, named Foster, by kind attendance and proper care was soon sufficiently recovered to accompany a band of hardy backwoodsmen, amply supplied with all the necessaries of life, to the place where he had left his distressed companions.

After a most difficult journey of ten or twelve days, they succeeded in reaching the snow huts in the mountains. Six long weeks had already elapsed, since Foster and his five companions had started out for the settlements, to procure help. They found, out of sixty, but two left alive.

It appeared that, not long after the party had started for Suter's Fort, the mule flesh was all consumed, and those still alive saw utter starvation staring them in the face. In this extremity, tortured by the incessant

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gnawings of hunger, they exhumed out of the snow the frozen bodies of their dead companions, and one after another *these too were eaten.*

But even this desperate resort failed to keep life going, in the ice-cold fastness, and one after another, children, women, and strong men ceased to struggle with their fate. A few of the women and children had refused to touch the loathsome meal set before them, and of course these were the first to go.

But a few days, and the survivors no longer buried the dead. They had not strength, nor was it necessary, as one after another the corpses were taken to provide sustenance for those who were still obstinately struggling for existence. Hoping against hope, the fast dwindling few still managed to retain their hold on life. They no longer moved about, except as it was necessary to hunt up a fresh corse, from which to satisfy the cravings of hunger. They ceased to hold communication with one another, but eyed each other greedily, thinking of the time, perhaps not far off, when one would dine upon the other.

It was not until the number of the living had been reduced to two, that the succoring party reached them. And as Mr. Foster anxiously rushed to the tent where he had left a wife and two children, alive, when he departed on his mission for help, he saw one of these two survivors reclining between the corpses of his two children, of one of which he had devoured all that was available, while of the other, only part of the body had been consumed. The soul sickens at the contemplation of such a scene.

The party returned to the settlements, where, it was said, one of the two survivors soon died of horror at the remembrance of the scene through which he had passed. One can not help thinking that death must have been a relief to one who had so horrible an experience in his memory.

CHAPTER XV.

HOMEWARD-BOUND — Good-by to California — Valparaiso — Another Liberty, and its Consequences.

WE were heartily tired of the dull monotony of our California life, ere we were in Monterey three months. To be confined on board ship, in harbor, is wearisome enough at any time, but more especially so in so lifeless a port as Monterey. In places of so great resort for men-of-war as are Rio de Janeiro or Valparaiso, various little incidents keep the mind excited, and cause time to pass quickly, if not pleasantly. Now, some saluting takes place in the harbor, and the causes for it form a topic for conversation. Again, some great admiral or governor-general comes aboard to review the ship, and what with cleaning and polishing, mustering, being gazed at, and gazing at the strangers in return, a day is passed. And so, with occasionally exercising topgallant and royal yards, and loosing and furling sails, listening to the band, and once in a while an agreeable book, and an after dinner game at backgammon or checkers, the time does not hang so heavily on one's hands.

During our long stay at Bocca Tigris, in China, although

deprived of the pleasure of going ashore, the continual novelty of the objects on the river, and the daily ramble of several hours through the well-supplied bum-boats, inspecting the curiosities, etc., served to keep the mind in a state of healthful activity.

But in Monterey Bay there were none of these things. No bumboats, no foreign people to look at, no strange vessels coming in or going out, nothing to see, or to do, or to think about. And a more tedious life than ours could not therefore well be. I had read through already, before we reached the port, every accessible book in the ship, including a prayer-book. I had matched myself at backgammon, against every player of note on board, and had become tired of continually beating certain ones, and being beaten by others. I had spun a teetotum, until disgust at the infantile amusement took possession of me.

Every means of amusement had been tried and thrown aside; and, in despair, I was at last reduced to the desperate expedient of having my arms covered with pictures, pricked in with needles dipped in India ink, after the long-approved fashion of old salts. This, between the novelty of the experiment, and the pain attending it, served to while away some tedious hours. But, alas! even this could not last forever; and when there was no longer left any room on my arms, for additional Neptunes, ships, and whales, I was compelled in despair to re-read some of my old acquaintances among the books.

My experience was only that of all the crew, not excepting even the officers, and heartily glad were we, therefore, when it began to be whispered about, that our sailing-day was not far distant. Great was the rejoicing

amid which we got the ship ready for sea, and more willing hands never bent sails or sent aloft topgallant yards.

The boatswain's hoarse summons to "all hands up anchor for the United States," was received with three deafening cheers, attesting the heartiness of our joy. The capstan bars flew round; the anchors were quickly at the bows; the topsails sheeted home and hoisted; and as the ship's head swung to the breeze, we manned the rigging, and gave three times three cheers, which were cordially returned by the crews of some half dozen men-of-war, then in port.

And so we left California behind us—with an inward vow (which *I* have kept) never to return thither.

For home—for home—this was what tingled in every ear, wreathed every face with smiles, warmed every heart, and changed the entire life, on board. Homeward-bound is the magic word which causes the most obstinate to relent, the fiercest spirits to soften. Under its happy influence, old feuds are forgotten, and friends and shipmates who have been estranged, or perhaps at bitter enmity all the cruise, now edge toward each other, and, almost before they know it, are shaking hands and laying out plans together for the future.

Discipline, before so strict, is now greatly relaxed, and many little misdemeanors are overlooked, many little liberties granted, which make the rough life a comparative pleasure. The bonds of restraint, which have hitherto kept every man in his own part of the ship, and among his own class, are to a great extent broken down, and, in the dog-watches, topmen are seen clambering

over the stays, from top to top, making social visits, while, on fine nights, half the watch below stays on deck to yarn it, and sing songs, and talk about home.

These are really halcyon days, when everything looks bright, and the pleasures to come cast a pleasant sunshiny gleam over all the hardships of the present, while the troubles and suffering left behind serve only to give a keener relish to the enjoyment of the day.

"Well, boys," said an old quarter-master, "it's plain, the girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope now—and just see how they are dragging the old ship along."

She was going along, with as fine a breeze roaring through her rigging and distending the sails, as the most eager of us all could have desired. We were blessed with favoring winds all the way, not being detained by the usual calm on crossing the line, and arrived at Valparaiso in forty-six days from Monterey.

Here, all hands were given another run on shore, a privilege of which we were not sorry to avail ourselves. As homeward-bounders, we were looked up to, ashore, and among the crews of the other men-of-war, in the harbor, as fortunate beings, as much to be envied as though we had come into the possession of great wealth. And, sooth to say, we looked down with infinite pity upon the poor fellows who were doomed to pass another year or two upon *the station*, and presumed not a little upon our superior fortune.

The ship's company was divided in four shore parties, each division being allowed three days liberty. It is usual to make the division in such cases by watches, or quarter-watches, but, in this case, it was made from a

good-behavior book, kept by the captain and commander, those whose names stood highest on this being permitted to go first on shore, while those whose previous misconduct had placed them lowest, were reserved for the last party Among this last party were, of course, included all the worst drunkards, and wild fellows. But it so happened, as is too often the case at sea, that those whose characters for sobriety and general orderliness of behavior stood lowest on the captain's book, were at the same time the smartest men in the ship, the very best seamen. Among them were included nearly all the foretopmen, some forecastlemen, and a number of maintopmen. These the commander called his *hoo-hoo gang*, and their turn on shore came last.

Having no liberty-men to follow them, these fellows determined upon having a grand spree, and agreed not to come off to the ship until they were fairly driven on board. Accordingly, when their allotted three days were out, but a very few came off, the balance now stowing themselves away in the Tops, their regular haunts, where with plenty of everything which a sailor's heart desires, they awaited the turn of events.

Such action was scarcely provided for on board, and one day's grace was given them, in which to render themselves up. Scarcely a man availed himself of this, those who still remained having organized themselves into a band, determined to resist any attempts at a forcible capture, and to return on board voluntarily when they had their spree out.

The second day after the expiration of their liberty, notice was given the *vigilantes*, ashore, that five dollars

reward would be paid for every man of the crew rendered on board.

Several who had carelessly strayed out of the Tops were brought aboard in the course of the day, the reward for their capture coming, of course, as it always does in such cases, out of their own pockets.

The third day came, and now the reward for each man taken was raised to ten dollars. This set the entire police force of Valparaiso agog, as it was known that there were still nearly one hundred men ashore, and if they could only capture the entire party, they would clear a neat little sum.

By this time, our tars had had their spree out, and were willing to return on board—but not as captives, and, worse yet, with the prospect of paying for their own capture. But the vigilantes were unwilling to allow their prey to escape so easily, and refused to let them pass out of the Tops, except as prisoners.

"Well," said one of the party, when this news was brought into the Tops by a few of their number who had been holding a parley with the police, "if they want us, let them come and get us—and let us get ready for them, boys, for we must get aboard to-day, somehow."

All hands now armed, some having shovels, some hammers, others old chairs, billets of wood, table legs, in short, anything that came first to hand, and the entire party moved in a solid body down to Mizzentop, that part of their stronghold nearest the Mole.

While consulting what was next to be done, they were near being surprised by a considerable party of dismounted *vigilantes*, who, having skirted around the base

of the hills, were now advancing upon their rear. At the same time, another force appeared in front, and the party seemed about to be surrounded.

"Stick together, boys, and we'll drive these fellows before us down to the Mole; and if we reach that, we are safe," said one of the leaders.

No sooner said than done. Without giving the party approaching their rear, time to catch up, the tars charged upon the company of *vigilantes* in front, and, throwing some down the steep side of the Mizzentop hill, knocking down others, and driving the balance before them, they fought their way gallantly down through the narrow street leading to the Mole, and reached the plaza at its extremity, without serious injury being done to any one of them.

On reaching the plaza, they were stopped by a multitude of the people, who had congregated there to witness the capture of Jack. Forcing their way through these, and still keeping the *vigilantes* at bay, they finally made their way to the water stairs; but here, alas! there was no boat to receive them. This was an emergency which had not been foreseen by our tars, who now saw themselves caught in a trap—the water at their backs, the police in front and flank.

But they did not give up. They asserted their privilege to render themselves on board without the aid of *vigilantes*, while these latter demanded the right to deliver them to their officers.

"Come and take us," was again the cry, and the police and the multitude closed in upon the little band, charging upon them with swords and lances. Our fellows,

who had intrenched themselves behind some spiles, defended themselves desperately with stones, of which there was a plentiful supply at hand, and not a few Chileno skulls bore witness to the accuracy of their aims.

All this passed in plain view of us who were on board, impatient and excited witnesses of our shipmates' defense. As ever and anon a Chilian would fall victim to some well-aimed missile, a little subdued shout would go up from the crowd congregated upon the forecastle, while a low murmur attended a similar misfortune to one of our fellows.

But now the battle grew fiercer. The police, pressed on by the multitude behind, charged desperately, and succeeded in dislodging a part of the sailors, who were driven by main force off the wharf and into the water. Some few of these were fortunate enough to be picked up by several merchant vessels' crews, which chanced to be there, but these rapidly pulled away from the scene of action, fearful of getting their boats stove by some of the rocks which now began to fly. Those still remaining in the water clung to spiles and floating timber, and were there helpless and at the mercy of the police, who stood above them, throwing pieces of rock upon their heads. The little band on shore still defended themselves as best they could, and maintained their position behind the timbers.

But a few minutes more, and our boats were at the stairs, and, making a last mad rush at their assailants, our tars, picking up their wounded, ran hastily down the stairs, the boats shoved off, and all was over. Those in the water had of course been picked up first. The boats

arrived none too soon to save our men. Many of them were wounded, and several were so badly hurt as to be confined to the sick bay the greater portion of the passage to Rio de Janeiro.

To what extent the police force of Valparaiso was injured in the melee, we never learned, as we sailed the succeeding morning for Rio, which port was to be our last, this side of home.

Sailing once more past Reeftopsail point, we made the best of our way with a strong and favoring breeze toward Cape Horn. Our cruise was now fast drawing to a close, and every one that knew how was busied about some kind of fancy work, with which to make a show on shore, or perhaps for the next voyage or cruise. Some spent weeks in making a nice suit to go ashore in, and frocks with beautifully embroidered collars and bosoms, of blue silk, blue jackets with velvet collars and cuffs, and *two* rows of pearl buttons on each side, threatened to become the fashion, while there were not wanting tars whose extravagant fancy was not satisfied with less than a complete row of pearl buttons down the outside seam of their mustering trowsers.

Others—these were the utilitarians—giving little heed to fancily-embroidered clothes, were busied about braided hammock lashings, and clews, and bag-lanyards, while a few, remembering the young folks at home, were expending all their sailor craft in fitting up skip-ropes, or arranging the rigging for some miniature vessel, destined to grace the parlor mantel, and form a reminiscence of the days spent in the Service.

All this work was however put a stop to by our

approach to the cold weather of the southern latitudes. For ten or twelve days after leaving Valparaiso, we held our course to the south-south-west, in order the more surely to strike the south-westerly winds, which would then, having made a good southing, be entirely fair for us. In two weeks after leaving the coast of Chili, we were in the long, powerful swell of the South Pacific, and bearing along gallantly under a press of canvas, for the Horn.

While yet steering south, we one day saw a large school of whales, the largest school we had seen during the cruise. They were standing to the north, forging ahead slowly through the water, their vast heads dividing the waves, their smooth, black backs gleaming over the surface as they made their way against the wind and sea. They would have been no inconsiderable prize to some outward-bound sperm-whaler; to us they were simply objects of curiosity. I watched them as long as I could see the bushy spray of their spout, and determined within my own mind that if life was spared me I would experience myself some of the hardships and dangers associated with whaling.

It being the latter part of November when we sailed from Valparaiso, we were off the Horn in December, the hight of summer in those latitudes. We, therefore, confidently expected that we should have fine weather and fair winds, in neither of which expectations were we deceived.

By summer off the Horn is not to be understood such weather as is called by that name in the United States. The wind is sharp and biting, and the nights are

generally uncomfortably cold. The days are much like fine March days in the latitude of New York, and pea-jackets and mittens are at all times welcome. Yet this weather is infinitely preferable to the bitter cold, stormy winter of the same latitude. The difference between the two seasons here is said to be even greater than in the more temperate climes.

The most important advantage gained by doubling the Horn in the summer season, is in the length of the days. When we were off the Cape, the sun rose at a little after two o'clock, A. M., and did not again disappear below the horizon until ten o'clock at night. Having at the same time a brilliant full moon, with the long twilights of the high latitudes, we were able to read, on deck, at any time of the night.

In stormy weather, this long continuance of daylight greatly facilitates the working of the ship, and eases the labors of the sailor. In the winter season the days are from four to six hours long, and for the balance of the twenty-four hours the storm wind is to be met and overcome in the dark.

It seemed very strange to us to turn into our hammocks at broad daylight, and for some days I persisted in remaining upon deck, until at least the sun sank out of sight. These daylight night-watches were very pleasant. Although broad light, it was *supposed* to be night, and all the etiquette observed in daytime was dismissed. All work, of course, was suspended, and the watch on deck, with a goodly portion of the watch below, congregated on the quarter-deck and in the waist, and sitting close together to keep warm, played at various nautical

games, such as the Priest of the Parish, and Doubling Cape Horn, the merry jest and song going the rounds in the meantime, until, in the pleasing excitement of the hour, we forgot cold feet and hands and other minor discomforts.

When directly south of Cape Horn, although not in sight of land, being too far to the southward, our breeze died away, and we lay for three days becalmed, surrounded all this time by albatrosses and cape pigeons, the only inhabitants of the lonely waste about the Horn.

In a calm, these birds approach very near to the vessel, eagerly picking up any scraps of meat or other eatable that may be thrown overboard. Taking advantage of their greediness, we caught several dozen albatrosses, by means of a hook baited with a piece of pork, and allowed to float astern. The hook and bait are kept at the surface of the water by means of a broomstick or other light piece of wood, to which the line is made fast. The albatross no sooner gets his eye upon it than he gulps it down.

Then begins in general some exciting sport. They have great power of resistance in their feet and wings, and use it to the utmost, making it quite an undertaking to haul one in. To this purpose, you watch the pitching of the vessel. As her bows go down and her stern rises high in mid-air, the captive bird is dragged along by the resistless power of the wave. When the stern begins to settle, the slack line is quickly pulled in, and again belayed as she rises aft. And so by degrees he is dragged up under the stern, and pulled in on deck, amid a great fluttering of wings, and an ugly snapping of his heavy

sharp bill, which tells plainly that his ire is roused by this treatment.

Once on deck and he is safe—so far as getting away is concerned. No real sea-bird can take wing off the flat deck of a vessel, and the albatross is a particularly awkward and heavy bird in rising on the wing, often, when the sea is calm, being obliged to paddle along the surface for two or three ships' lengths, flapping his wings all the while, before getting a fair start. But when he once gets underway, there is not a grander sight than to watch him sailing along, for half an hour at a time, without the least exertion of his immense wings, now skimming along the glassy surface, now rising grandly skyward, and anon darting down like a flash, into the wave, and bringing up in his beak an unfortunate fish, or piece of blubber, or refuse from the ship.

Standing on deck, a captive, the albatross has a noble, proud look, which often makes him friends among his captors. He casts his eye around him with an air of lofty scorn, as though disdaining to beg his life at the hands of man. He is not, either, above cherishing a desire for revenge for the indignities he has suffered, as the quick, sharp snap of his powerful beak, when anything is presented near it, sufficiently attests.

But, like his conqueror, man, his better qualities only come to light when adversity overtakes him. Place him in his element, and give him prosperity (plenty of unromantic fat pork), and he becomes at once selfish, and greedy, and mean, and uses the power of his beak and wings to oppress the weaker among his brethren, and rob them of the products of their skill or daring.

I have often watched a wary old albatross, who had felt the hook, and learned to view a piece of pork with a certain degree of distrust, as he would lay off at ease, while a little inexperienced fellow would confidently swim up and get the prize. But, alas! before he had time to swallow it, the large one is upon him, and wrests it from his very throat.

The sailors take advantage of this greedy disposition, to make themselves a bit of sport. They take a stout cord, two or three feet long, and fasten solidly to each end a lump of pork, then throw this contrivance to the birds. No sooner does it strike the water than it is pounced upon by a *gony* (as they are called by seamen). He swallows one piece, but ere he has time to gulp down the whole mess, another bird has taken down the remaining piece of pork, and the two are linked together by the head.

Now comes a tussle and tugging, each one of course desiring to go his own way, until generally the weaker of the two, after a desperate struggle, gives up his share—only, however, to be seized by another, when the same scene is re-enacted, until at last some lucky fellow manages to get off with the entire booty.

We captured a "gony," on the last day of the calm, who measured from tip to tip of his wings, thirteen feet six inches. They are not unfrequently found to spread fifteen feet.

Our calm was succeeded by a strong breeze from south-south-west, with which behind us, we wallowed through the vast billows off the Horn, at a rate which filled every heart with pleasure. A few weeks brought us again into

pleasant weather, and once more we had exchanged winter for summer, the sombre albatross for the gay tropic bird, the bright and many-colored dolphin for the lonely Cape pigeon.

Then came the scraping, and scrubbing, the tarring, painting, and trimming up, which was to give to our ship an appearance in accordance with the gay harbor of Rio, which we were now fast nearing.

At length, Cape Frio hove in sight, and the vast Sugar Loaf, looming up against the sky, was hailed as an old acquaintance, whom we were glad enough once more to look upon.

And as the dear old craft bore nobly into the harbor of Rio, there were few hearts on board, I opine, that did not send up a fervent and deep-felt thanksgiving to the Giver of all good, who in His mercy had brought us safely through so many dangers, so many trials and hardships, thus far on our way home. And when, on the first Sabbath in port, the white Bethel flag at the peak called all hands *to church*, an unusual stillness and respectful attention to the services of the occasion, proclaimed the deep feeling of gratitude which reigned throughout the ship.

Sailors are rough fellows, and have their full share of the weaknesses incident to our common humanity; but, careless and light-hearted—and often positively wicked—as is your real tar, no man has a warmer or more easily touched heart than he; no one is more susceptible to the deeper and better feelings of our nature; and, as his life is one of so constant vicissitude, as he is so unceasingly held as it were in the hollow of His hand, who rules the

storm-wind and the billow, so are there in the experiences of his soul depths of gratitude and upheavings of the spirit toward its Creator and Preserver, to which the landsman, pursuing the more even tenor of his way, is perhaps a stranger. Rough and plain spoken as he is, there is no tenderer heart than Jack's. There is no kinder nurse in sickness, no less selfish companion in the every-day pursuits of life, no more open-handed and free-hearted giver to the poor and needy, than he of the bronzed cheek and tarry frock.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVE Rio de Janerio—The Last Passage—Norfolk—Paid off.

WHILE assisting the quarter-master in trimming the after windsail one day, during our stay at Rio, he pointed out to me a little heavily sparred, black schooner, lying in the inner harbor, among other shipping, which he declared to be a veritable slaver. My curiosity was greatly excited, and I gave my friend no rest until he permitted me to take a long look through the spyglass, at the suspicious craft.

As may be supposed, I found her to differ but little from other vessels of her rig and build. Her spars were disproportionately heavy and taunt, and she was coppered high up above the water-line, both peculiarities likely to aid her in getting through the water, but otherwise she had, to my disappointment, nothing about her which might not be seen on the most common-place coaster or pilot-boat.

"But," said I to my friend, "how dares she show herself in here if she is really a slaver?"

"All her slaving gear, decks, irons, and galley, were taken out of her in the port where she landed her slaves, and she probably came in here with a false set of papers

certifying her to be a trader of some kind. She will procure here her stores for the next trip, return to her last port for deck, etc., and then start again for the coast of Africa. And thus, although every body in the port knows her real business none of the men-of-war can touch her, because they can't prove it. But sometimes they catch them nevertheless, by following them out, tracing them to the refitting port, and then lying in wait for the vessel outside. But they have got up to that trick now-a-days, and manage to circumvent the cruisers, by sending out spying boats, who make report whether or not the coast is entirely clear."

While we were yet speaking, a mizzentopman, one of my watchmates, came up, and took a look at the object of my curiosity.

"Ain't she a beauty, Jack," said the quarter-master, admiringly.

"Yes, and many a beauty like her, I've seen sawed in two on the beach in St. Helena. That's the only thorough cure for a craft that's once got into the habit of going to the West Coast."

"Do they saw them in two, then, when they catch them?" inquired I.

"Yes, and old Jimmy Squarefoot himself could not put them together again. I've seen some of the finest craft that ever sailed, spoiled in that way, and rotting on Jamestown beach."

I had long been desirous to know what was done with slavers and their crews, when they fell into the hands of the English cruisers, and as Jack Matthews had been some years on *the Coast* (as the West Coast of Africa is

called), in one of the British cruisers, and had assisted at the capture of many slavers, I did not let slip the occasion to get him to promise me a yarn on that subject, when we were once more at sea.

"The first quarter-watch we have aloft, Jack," said I.

"Yes, if you put me in mind of it," answered he, good-naturedly.

Our stay at Rio was short. To replenish our supply of water, and take in a few stores, was the work of but little more than a week, and then we were off for *home*, indeed. The few days spent this time in Rio harbor passed very pleasantly. The one thought which seemed uppermost in every mind—that we were now homeward bound—was in itself sufficient to lift us above the common every-day disagreeablenesses of man-of-war life. But in addition to this rather imaginary lightener of labor, we experienced at this portion of the cruise, many pleasures of which outward-bounders are left in ignorance.

Among these, not the least was the deference paid to us by the crews of the men-of-war in port, which had but lately arrived from the States. We were looked up to, not only as privileged mortals, in that we were now upon the eve of concluding happily a not unimportant episode in our lives, but also as the heroes (self-constituted, to be sure) of a somewhat eventful voyage around the world.

As there was but little to do on board, and these were the days of unusual privileges, little parties were permitted to spend a portion of each day on board one or other of the American men-of-war in harbor, a species of liberty of which we were glad to take advantage. Many of our men had shipmates on board of the other vessels,

and those who had none soon made acquaintances, so that these visits formed a very pleasant variety in our life.

On these occasions, I always found that our crew would consort principally with those of the other vessels who were stationed in the same part of the ship as they. Thus, our foretopmen were sure to be found, when on a visit, among the foretopmen of the other ship, the forecastlemen took their stand about the bows, while the maintopmen were seen congregating in the waist. And not unfrequently, when one found an old shipmate, on learning that he was stationed in a different part of the ship, there would be an expression of disappointment, and often a positive estrangement. The spell seemed to some degree broken. So much are we the creatures of habit, that a friend in altered circumstances seems a friend no longer.

On going for the first time on board a strange ship, among several hundred men, with not one of whom I was acquainted, I felt somewhat ill at ease, fearing that I should not be so fortunate as to make some friends. But my uneasiness was needless. I was not five minutes on board, was still standing in the gangway of the frigate, looking at the arrangement of the upper deck, somewhat different from ours, when I was accosted by a boy of about my own age, who said:

"To what part of the ship do you belong?"

"To the mizzentop," I answered.

"That's all right, come along with me," said he, slipping his arm through mine, and ere half an hour was past, I was sitting in the midst of a crowd of topmates,

as much at home as though we had made a cruise together.

Of course on such occasions, numberless questions were asked concerning the ports we had visited, to some of which they too were bound. Tough yarns were spun by our fellows, of scrapes ashore, and of various events of the cruise, while we in turn got the latest news from the States, what changes had taken place afloat and ashore, during our long absence, together with advice as to the best course to be pursued after we should be paid off and discharged.

Visiters are always entertained with the best on board. The stranger has the place of honor at the mess; he is served first, and with the choicest portions of the rough fare, and no possible mark of attention is omitted. And if there is anything he particularly fancies, yea, even to the half of Jack's possessions, it is his.

Thus, on the first visit I made, when of course, I was thrown among entire strangers, I was shown some new books. I looked them over with great interest, and chanced to say that I would like to read a certain one. No more was said at the time, but when I was about to return on board, in the evening, a package was put in my hand by a stranger, who vanished before I could ask him what it was. On opening it when I got on board our ship, I found the identical book I had desired to read. To refuse a gift of this kind, or even to express any sense of obligation in accepting it, would cause pain to the donor, and to offer pay for it would be an unpardonable offense.

There is no more liberal-hearted fellow than a man-of-

war's-man. His greatest delight is to divide his little stock of worldly goods with some ill-furnished acquaintance, and he would give away his last shirt and to an utter stranger, and feel happy as a king in doing so. Numberless were the souvenirs of friendship exchanged between our crew and those of other vessels, while we lay in Rio. A party of mizzentopmen of one of the frigates, sent aboard to me one day, before we sailed, and when I had already taken leave of them, probably never to see them more, a complete suit of winter clothing, to wear when we should get into cold weather on the American coast. And I am sure that nothing gave the donors greater pleasure than the knowledge that I would not have a chance to thank them—that, in fact, I scarcely knew whom to thank. Many of our crew were favored in the same way, and scarcely one but was able to show some article of use or ornament, the gift of one of our new-made friends. In like manner, as we were about to leave the Tropics, we distributed our white frocks and trowsers, and light hats among the crews of the other vessels, and few that had any curiosities to give away, but parted with them here.

Having taken in our stores, bid good-bye to friends, and fired one last salute, we weighed anchor and stood out to sea, taking our last look at the Sugarloaf and Cape Frio, with feelings much more pleasurable than were entertained when we took leave of these objects somewhat over two years and a half before, a period when we were just launching out on the cruise which was now nearing its completion.

The passage home was a real pleasure-trip. No more

general quarters, or exercising at the guns, no more black-listing, or other punishment, no work of any kind, except what was actually necessary. Nothing to do, but talk of home, and lay plans for the future which now loomed out so brightly, ahead.

How impatient we grew at any slackening of the breeze, or signs of its hauling ahead! How each hour's progress was counted, even before it was made! How attentively each one kept his reckoning, and from the daily progress made hazarded guesses at the probable duration of the passage! I still look back to those last few days spent upon the old ship, with unalloyed pleasure. The feeling of hopeful suspense, the being about to turn a long-expected and bright future into a joyful present, seems, after all, the happiest of which humanity is capable.

I had not forgotten the yarn promised me by Jack Matthews, and after the chafing gear was all on, and the first few days of bustle, succeeding the departure from port, had passed, I took occasion of a quiet afternoon, when the quarter-watch were gathered together in the top, to call upon my friend for the fulfillment of his promise.

"Don't get that old fellow yarning, again; he'll bring on a head-wind with his tough stories that nobody believes," said the captain of the top.

"Never mind, Harry; more days, more dollars, you know," answered another.

"I've got more money coming to me now than I know what to do with. I'll have to hire somebody to take care of me when we are paid off. A light craft like myself

would make but poor headway, with such a cargo in as I shall have to carry away from the purser."

"Get spliced, Harry," sung out one of the youngsters from to leeward, which elicited a burst of laughter, as, if Harry's own tale was to be believed, he had at least half a dozen wives then living in as many different places, having made it a point of duty to "get married and settle down," as he called it, at the expiration of every cruise for the last fifteen years.

"But this ain't the yarn," I ventured to say.

"Well, if you'll promise not to believe a word he says, Charley, I'll make him tell it," said Harry, who pretended to absolute authority in the top.

"You'd better believe me, than look for proof," suggested Jack himself, as we gathered around him to hear the yarn.

"And, now," asked he, "what shall I tell you?"

"We want to hear what is done with the crews of slavers that are captured."

So, taking in, as a preliminary, a huge quid of tobacco, Jack began:

"You know, boys, I was two years in one of the little ten-gun brigs which Johnny Bull keeps on the West Coast to catch slavers. In that time we took more than twenty prizes, and our prize money, when we got home, amounted to upward of five hundred dollars each.

"The vessels, if the slave cargo is already on board, are generally taken to Sierra Leone; while, if they are yet empty, they are sent to St. Helena. Most of our prizes were taken to the latter place, as our cruising ground was just between there and Ascension and the

Coast. Many a hard chase we used to have after the slippery fellows, for they all sail like the wind, and don't spare the canvas when a cruiser is in their wake. A stern chase is a long chase, and mostly an unsuccessful one; and if once one of them got a fair start, it was but little use to follow him up.

"Our chief game was to lay in wait for a vessel that our captain knew, from information received, would be at a certain point at an appointed time. Taking him then, just as he came out from under the land, they would have to heave to for us in short order.

"Not unfrequently, too, we would come by chance, during the night, or in a fog, and in light winds, upon one of them, and when daylight appeared, or the fog cleared off, the poor wretch would find himself under our guns, with no alternative but to back his topsail, and receive our boat. If it was calm and smooth, we would bring the two vessels close together, and then transfer the crew to our brig, while a prize crew took possession of the capture, and set sail for St. Helena.

"The officers and crew of a captured slaver are permitted to retain nothing, but a change of clothing; all other property is forfeited to the captors, excepting, however, any provisions which the captain may desire to bring on board for himself and crew. A thorough search is made, as each man steps on board, to make sure that he has no money or other valuables concealed, as the most ingenious devices are sometimes practiced by the old hands at the business, in their desire to retain their property.

"I remember one captain, whom we captured four times in the course of two years, and who had no end of

expedients to smuggle his property on board. He got to be quite an old acquaintance of ours, and as he met his ill-fortune with unflinching good humor, he was quite a favorite, fore and aft.

"He would come on board, segar in his mouth, and shake the first lieutenant by the hand, declaring, in his broken English:

"'Pon honor, ver glad to see my friends, again.'

"He always had a quantity of provisions to bring aboard with him, and as he divided with our fellows with no niggard hand, we were ready enough to help him get them in, and find a place for them.

"For the first three times that we took him, we could find no money in his craft, which was somewhat strange, as if the slave cargo is not yet in, there is generally some specie in the lazarette. Our first lieutenant was puzzled how to account for the deficiency, but Captain Xavier declared that he was such an unlucky bird that his owners would not trust him with specie.

"At last a bright idea struck the skipper. Said he:

"'If we catch that rascally Spaniard again, I'll find his money, or I'm mistaken.'

"It must have been his very next voyage, when, a thick fog clearing away one forenoon, we found to our gratification an unmistakable clipper, lying not half a quarter of a mile under our lee. On running down alongside, we were hailed by our *nonchalant* friend, Captain Xavier, who by this time considered it evidently rather a good joke to be caught by his friends in this way.

"After transferring his crew to our vessel, we gave th schooner a thorough overhauling, but found no specie.

"'It's no use,' said her good-natured captain, 'there's no money there—the bank was closed when I sailed.'

"Meantime the usual bountiful supply of provisions had been passed on board, and among other things several crocks of butter. Upon these, Captain Xavier seemed to keep a particularly sharp eye, urging us to handle them tenderly, and not break the jars. They were set apart upon the deck, where he took the first opportunity to lash them, that they might not roll over with the motion of the vessel.

"This over carefulness aroused the suspicions of our skipper, who asked what was in the jars.

"'Butter,' said our friend; 'I can't bear to eat dry bread, and consider a supply of good butter indispensable.'

"'Well, we are just out; suppose you let the steward have a jar for the cabin.'

"The captain protested that it was not fit for cabin use; that it was rancid; that—in fact, that he did not want to part with it.

"But, 'Steward, Captain Xavier says you may have a jar of butter for the cabin; so, come and take it away immediately,' was the unceremonious answer.

"The crock was no sooner in the cabin, than its contents were emptied—and, lo and behold! in the bottom were found fifty Spanish doubloons. We had the captain's secret. Among his plentiful supply of provisions, he had shrewdly managed to stow away all the cash, and until the present voyage had succeeded in retaining it. He was not half so pleasant a man after he had been

deprived of the balance of his butter crocks, in each of which was found a moiety of gold.

"Upon the arrival of the slaver's crew on board the cruiser, they are mustered, to ascertain if any of them are Britons. Of course no one is so foolish as to own to it if he is, as the law condemns all Englishmen found in that pursuit, to be hung. This is, however, not carried into effect, but when, as sometimes occurs, the Englishman is detected, notwithstanding his disguise, he is compelled to serve a period of two or three years in the cruisers on the Coast, a punishment hard enough to bear in all faith.

"The crew are now taken to St. Helena, and there set ashore. The British Government pays for nine days' board and lodging for each individual, and at the expiration of that period, they are left to shift for themselves, to get a ship as best they may, or to remain upon the island—where, however, they are quite likely to starve, for provisions are, at all times, extravagantly high there, almost everything having to be imported from the Cape, or the neighboring African coast.

"As St. Helena is only a chance place of call for outward or homeward-bound Indiamen, but few vessels stopping there are in want of men, and often from fifty to one hundred of the slavers' men are gradually collected upon the island, unable to get away. In such cases, as they are reckless characters, and might make trouble, they are sent away to the South American coast, in vessels chartered by the Government.

"While we were yet on the station there were one hundred of as hard cases as ever lived, sent away in this

manner. We heard afterward that they played curious pranks on their passage to Rio de Janerio.

"It appears that a captain of a trading barque had agreed to take them at a certain sum per head, and as he was desirous to make as good a speculation as might be out of the trip, he had furnished for them but very poor provisions, probably thinking that anything was good enough for a parcel of sailors. He plainly had no conception of what a rough set he would have to deal with.

"They had the entire between decks to themselves, and amused themselves tolerably well for the first two or three days out. By that time, however, they had arrived at the conviction that the captain was not feeding them half well enough. They sent a committee to him, to inform him that as passengers, they wanted a better quality of provisions. To this demand the captain rashly gave an uncivil answer, calling them a parcel of rogues and gallows-birds. This roused their ire, and resolving that they had been treated in a very ungentlemanly manner, and that none but gentlemen ought to occupy the position of commanders of vessels, they very unceremoniously deposed the officers of the barque, took charge of her themselves, took possession of the captain's reserved store of provisions, and navigated and worked the vessel until within a day's sail of Rio. There they very quietly returned her to the control of her lawful captain, threatening him at the same time with a bloody revenge, if he took steps in law against them. Being a prudent man, he said nothing, glad enough, probably, to get rid of his passengers on such easy terms."

"But, Jack, what do they do with the vessels that are captured?"

"They beach them, and saw them in two parts. If they were sold, as prizes usually are, their former owners would be sure by some means to get them back into their possession, and thus, but little injury would be accomplished to the business of slaving, as it is calculated that one safe voyage in five will pay all expenses, and yield a small profit, allowing for the entire loss of the other four vessels and their outfits.

"The vessels used for carrying slaves are, of course, the finest models in existence. No expense is spared in their construction and fitting out. It is, therefore, quite an object to prevent a vessel once caught, from getting back into the same trade. The only sure means to effect this object, is to so completely destroy her, that she can never again be put together. They are therefore dismasted, and stripped of all removable rigging and iron work. Then the spars are sawed in two, and the vessel is divided in the middle, the remains being sold for firewood, or such other purposes as they may be required for on the island. In no case is a portion allowed to be removed from the land."

So ended Jack's yarn.

I took great interest in listening to the plans of my many particular friends, my topmates, and those to whom congeniality of thought and feelings had drawn me with a closer bond. Many thought to go *home*. Back to the homes of their early childhood, whence they had first launched their barque upon the great ocean of life; back to father and mother, sisters and brothers, from whom

they had been separated by long years of self-imposed exile. And as in the fullness of anticipated joy their hearts opened, and they spoke of the pleasures of the meeting with the loved ones, of the cheerful fireside, with the so long vacant seat now filled, of the walks among the trees where they played in childhood, of the renewing of old friendships, the living over again the old times, I could not help wondering how those who seemed capable of so keen enjoyment of home pleasures, could have strayed away so many years.

My plans, too, were laid. I had started out to see the world—and had failed in accomplishing my desire; and I would try again. I would sail in merchant vessels, and having a choice of voyages, would visit such countries as seemed to me most desirable; and when I had seen all I wanted, *then* would I go home.

Ever since I had been stationed in the top, I had been fitting myself to be a merchant sailor. By dint of inquiry among the old merchant seamen on board, with whom I was always a great favorite, I had familiarized myself with all the details of life on board such vessels, as much as it was possible to do so from mere hearsay.

I had made myself perfect in all those duties which could be learnt as well on board a man-of-war, as in the merchant ship. I had learned to furl a royal, to reeve an earing, could bend a sail or send aloft a yard, do various jobs about rigging, and was, altogether, a very tolerable *theoretical* sailor—so I flattered myself.

As I had made no secret of my intention to try the merchant service, several of my own particular friends, among the old tars, offered to take me a voyage with

them, in order to induct me regularly into this new department of sailor-craft. But I thought to try it alone, being desirous to conceal the fact of my having been in a man-of-war—something which, as has been before mentioned, is not by any means considered a recommendation in the merchant service.

Never did days seem so long, as when, on being about to cross the equinoctial line for the sixth and last time during our cruise, we were for nearly a week becalmed.

"Blow, Saint Antonio, blow!" muttered the commodore, as he paced the poop. And,

"Blow, good Devil, and you shall have the cook," sang the boatswain, as with impatient strides he walked athwart the forecastle.

At last, the so much desired breeze came, and the studding sails were run up to the yard-arms, with a jerk which threatened to carry away the halyards. Every available stitch of canvas was put on her, and when she was once more bounding through the water before a good eight-knot breeze, we all drew a long breath, as though relieved of some great load.

We left Rio in the middle of January, and of course expected to meet some cold weather, on the coast of America. Great preparations were made, old flannels patched up, pea-jackets mended, and a general refit of woolen clothing had.

We had been so long in warm weather, had found even off the Horn so little of what might be called cold, that most of the crew looked forward with some concern to a possible encounter with one of the March gales on the coast. It was, therefore, with no little pleasure that we

received the news that Norfolk, Virginia, was to be our port, for at that distance south, the cold was not to be dreaded.

A few weeks of fair wind brought us into cooler weather; and the daily increasing rarity of the atmosphere, being an evidence of our gradual approach to port, was carefully marked.

At last, we struck the Gulf; and passing it, after two days beating about with a head-wind, made the low beach of Cape Henry. Lying off and on that night, we got a pilot next morning, and the succeeding evening found us anchored safely in Linnhaven Bay.

Now began a scene of utter confusion. All discipline was at an end. No more quarters or muster; no more cleaning or dressing. No more scrubbing decks, and even no more cooking.

Our credit ashore was unlimited, and who was going to eat "ship grub," when boat loads of delicacies from shore were brought off at every meal-time. Norfolk is celebrated among man-of-war's men solely on account of the abundance and cheapness of oysters. The colored women, who bring off on board all kinds of victuals for the sailors, do not fail to have, among other matters, a plentiful supply of these shell-fish, prepared in all the known modes; and on these the tars "bowse out their kites," as they call it, at a great rate.

I said, our credit on shore was unlimited. And to the praise of our crew and of sailors in general, be it said, that in no case was this credit abused, although chances to do so were not wanting. I never saw our captain of the top more troubled, during a three years' cruise, than

he was on the day he was paid off, at being unable to find an old black woman to whom he owed a dollar, for provisions brought off while we were yet on board. He hunted for her for more than an hour, and when at last he found her, it was hard to tell which was the happiest, the old woman at getting her money, or Harry at having been enabled to pay her.

Two days after anchoring in the Bay, we were towed up through the shipping, at anchor in the upper harbor, to the Navy Yard, where, hauling to the wharf at but little distance from that monster man-of-war, the Pennsylvania, the work of stripping ship was begun.

It was while being towed through the fleet of small shipping which at this time densely crowded the harbor of Norfolk, that I, for the first time, got a distinct idea of the vastness of the structure which had been my home for nearly three years. This was the only time, in the entire cruise, that we passed sufficiently near to a merchant vessel, to allow us to make an estimate of the size of our craft, by comparing her with others. Our enormous hull loomed up among the little craft against whose sides we rubbed as we glided between their narrow tiers, like a leviathan among little fishes. A tolerably large schooner's maintopmast passed under our mainyard without touching, and the men on our foreyard, ready to bear off should we be like to come in contact, were on a level with the royalyards of a large barque which we passed. Custom had caused us to forget, in a short time after coming on board, this great difference in sizes, and it was thought no more to run to the royal masthead, on board

our seventy-four, than it would be to go to the same place on board a diminutive merchant barque.

Our ship's company being so large, it was judged expedient to pay us off in two parties. Accordingly, one half of the crew was sent ashore on the next day after we hauled to the Navy Yard wharf, while the balance, among whom I found myself, were kept on board to *strip ship*—that is, to take down the lightest of the top-hamper, send down the topgallantmasts, and topmasts, and topsail and lower yards. The rest of this labor is left to the dockyard men. Stripping ship is pleasant work, inasmuch as it proclaims the conclusion of the cruise. Everything is sent down by the run, and "a sharp knife and a clear conscience" is the word.

At last—at last—the long wished for day came, on which we were to leave the ship. When, on the evening previous, as I took a last walk about the now deserted decks, a final look up aloft, where now everything was dismantled, I felt—I must confess it—as though I were about to depart from my home. The moment to which I had looked forward so long, and with so much eagerness, was come; but the gladness which I had anticipated I would feel at this consummation so devoutly wished for, was not there.

All the pleasures of the voyage came rushing athwart my memory. The remembrance even of the many deprivations and positive sufferings of our long cruise, seemed to loom up before me with a pleasant sort of indistinctness, and I regarded the old craft, the scene of many, to me eventful, passages in my life, with

a feeling of affection which I had never before experienced.

I was not alone. Old tars, and young lads, all were walking about, taking their leave of the various familiar objects and places about decks. Here was a powder-boy, holding up to the light, for the last time, his bright priming-wires. There, a gray-beard seaman was brushing the dust off his cutlass, and placing it carefully in the rack, overhead. Some ascended to the tops, where so many pleasant hours had been spent, during the past three years, and sat down sorrowfully in the old places, to have "another yarn;" while yet others fidgeted about decks, evidently feeling themselves sadly out of place, and more than half wishing the good old craft was yet off the Horn.

The next morning, the final leave-taking came, and we gathered bags and hammocks, and went ashore—*free* at last. Then first came the full realization of the fact that I was once more my own master, and with the feeling, I half involuntarily straightened myself, and threw back my shoulders, as though to fling off the long-borne yoke. I felt as though no consideration in the world could induce me to ship in the Navy again. I had had a surfeit of bondage.

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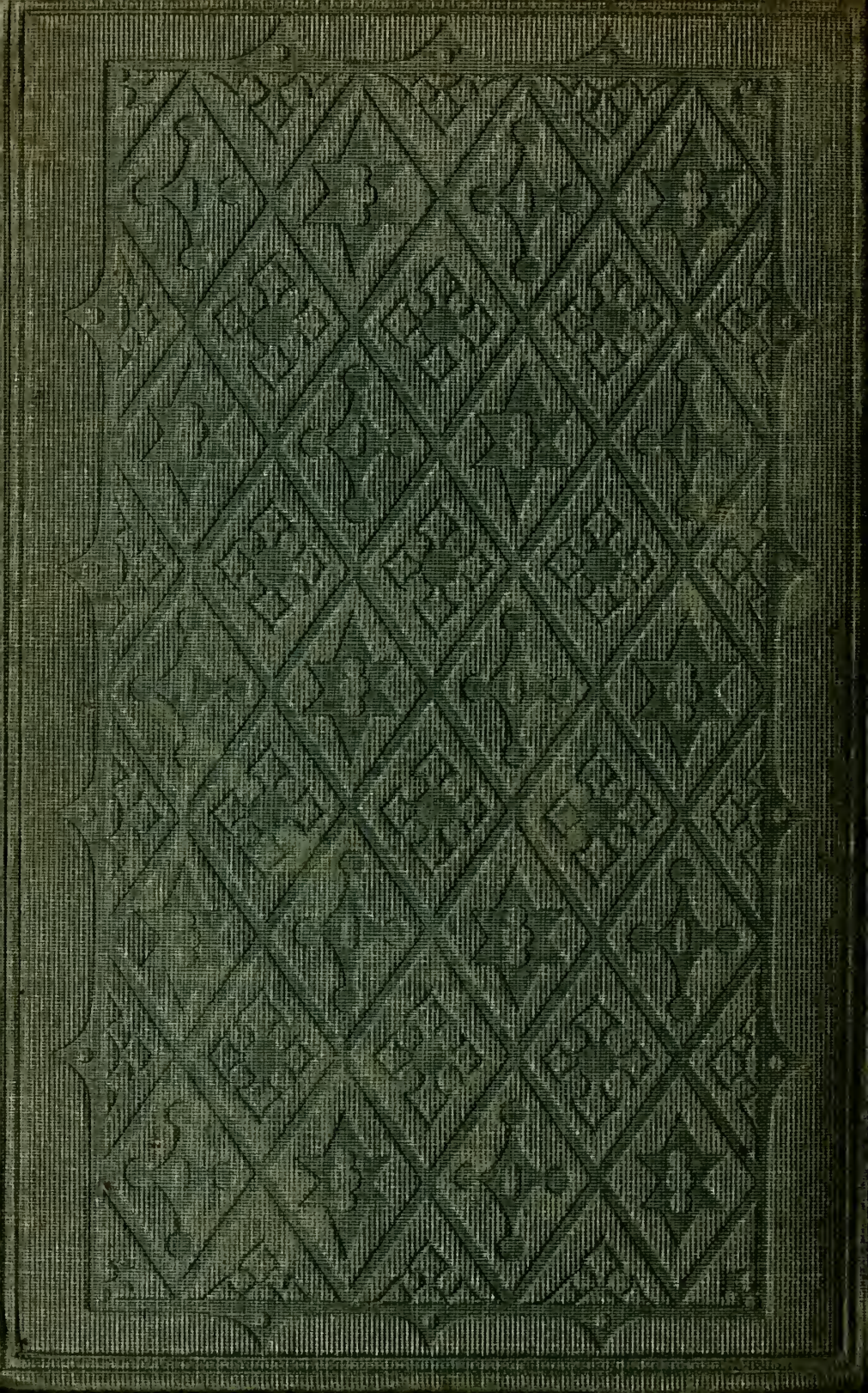
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